JUL 9 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
July 13, 1957 — 15¢

ORDEAL OF EIGHT AIRMEN:
THEY FLEW WITH TERROR

CAN WE STAY RICH?
Your Pocketbook's Future — *By Harold H. Martin*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Door, Big New Roll-Out Freezer

in the new "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

Fits flat against wall or square into a corner. Available in Mix-or-Match colors—and white. With right- or left-hand doors.

THIS SMART new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer with its trim new "Straight-Line" look was designed for beauty—and convenience.

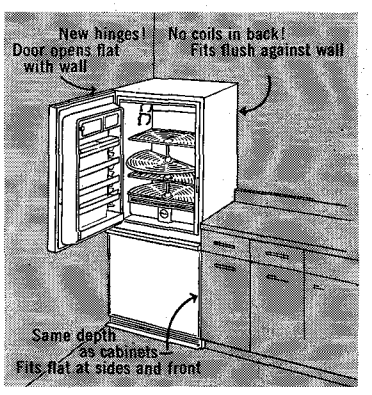
Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its smooth, straight lines. Sides, top and back are all *flat and straight*. That's why you can set it flush against the wall in line with your other appliances or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" simply by hanging wall cabinets around it.

And General Electric's wonderful "Touch-Action" Features put all foods within easy reach in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section and in the 5-cubic-foot Roll-Out Freezer.

Magnetic Safety Door! *A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. Since this door has no latch, it helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.*

Consider dependability, too! Today more than 3,500,000 General Electric Refrigerators have been in use 10 years or longer. Ask your G-E dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

New "Straight-Line" Design. Refrigerator fits squarely into a corner. No dirt-collecting waste space at back, none needed at side for door clearance.

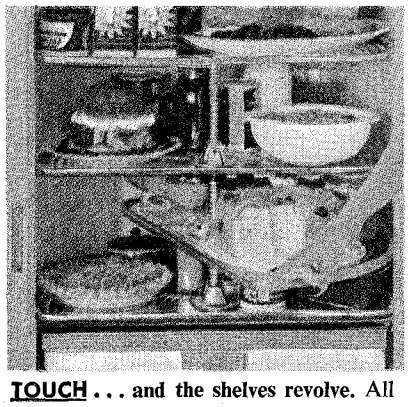

New hinges! Door opens flat with wall
No coils in back! Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets
Fits flat at sides and front

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

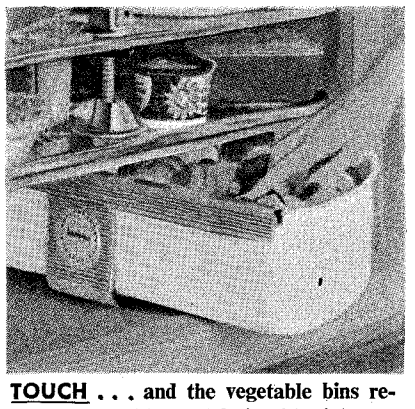
LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC "TOUCH-ACTION" PUTS ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS



TOUCH . . . and the shelves revolve. All the food you want is within easy reach . . . practically *handed* to you!



TOUCH . . . and the vegetable bins revolve. Vegetables and fruits ride right out in front of you for easy choice!

TOUCH . . . and the 5-cubic-foot freezer rolls out. You see what you want at a glance! Holds 175 pounds of frozen foods!

TOUCH . . . and the Magnetic Safety Door opens to the big automatic-defrost refrigerator. Closes silently, securely.

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
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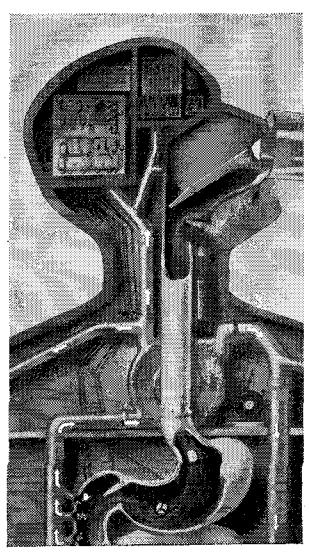
Headache?

Muscular aches? Painful cold miseries?

Take Bufferin®...acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does

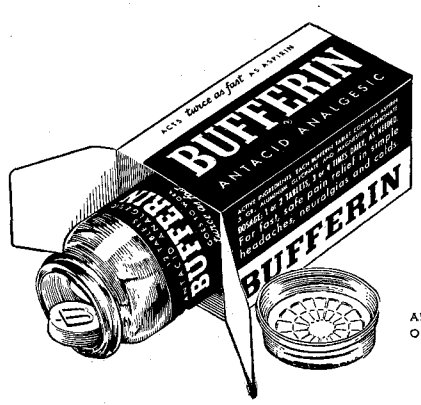


1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream in order to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients which speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin.

3. So Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. Take *two* Bufferin tablets the very next time pain strikes. You'll find you get *fast*, wonderful relief.

If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.



ANOTHER PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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TOP TRUCK TIRE IN ITS CLASS because it's built with *Triple-Tough* 3-T Cord!

New RIB HI-MILER Simply can't be matched at $19.95

for size 6.00-16, 6-ply rating, plus tax and recappable tire—no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced—including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes. Prices subject to change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS! Pay as little as $2 weekly for a *pair* of these truck tires, at most Goodyear dealers'.

Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive process precisely controlling "Tension, Temperature and Time"

Deep skid-resistant tread

Rugged shoulders, built to take it

Broader tread—more rubber grips road

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs

From first to last—it proves itself!

With this through-and-through TRUCK tire, your first low cost buys you *outstanding* performance.

Outstanding because 3-T Cord takes HEAT as no UNtempered cord can possibly do.

Outstanding because 3-T Cord takes the SHOCK of bumps that ruin lesser tires.

Outstanding because 3-T Cord wards off the FATIGUE of hard wear—keeps RIB HI-MILER rolling thousands of miles after other tires in its price class are worn out!

TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T Cord—and the secret triple-tempering process that makes it—are Goodyear exclusives. *No other make tire AT ANY PRICE has them.* That's a big reason why the RIB HI-MILER gives the most outstanding performance in its price class—simply is not matched for the money! At any Goodyear dealer's—and ONLY Goodyear dealers'! Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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IN THIS ISSUE

July 13, 1957 *Vol. 230, No. 2*

4 Short Stories

The Iron Lady . . . . . *Conrad Richter* 20
Dry Madness . . . . . *Laurence D. Murphy* 24
The Education of Maggie . . . . . *Burnham Carter* 28
I Won't Come Home! . . . . . *John Reese* 31

7 Articles

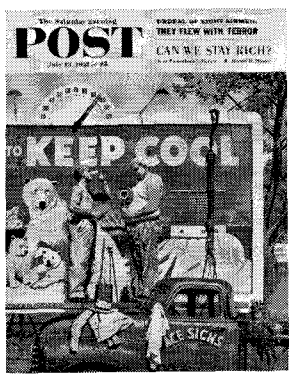
They Flew With Terror . . . . . *Paul N. Williams* 17
Can We Stay Rich? (First of three articles) . . . *Harold H. Martin* 22
Why Judges Can't Sleep . . . . . *Ruth and Edward Brecher* 25
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Yankees? . . . *Al Lopez, as told to Milton Richman* 26
You Americans are Murdering Our Language . . . . . *Lord Conesford* 30
The Deep South Says "Never!": The Border States Relent (Last of five articles) . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 32
The Face of America: Relic of 90 M.P.H. . . . *Photograph by Frank Ross* 34

2 Serials

California Passage (Third of eight parts) . . . . . *Cliff Farrell* 36
The Artless Heiress (Seventh of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 41

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 38
Verse 47, 67, 89, 94
Keeping Posted 100



THE COVER

Isn't life a crazy, mixed-up thing? Polar bears and perspiration, ice cubes as far as the eye can see and 95 degrees of Fahrenheit; keep cool, but the air conditioner won't turn on. It might be argued that if these artists really felt what they are painting, as true creators should, they would be chilly, and have to put their coats on. Yet on the other mixed-up hand, how can they get creatively aglow about such an irrational theme as a polar bear who apparently owns a cold-air unit which she needs less than about anybody else? Would it comfort these fellows to be told that years ago (Feb. 14, '48), Steve Dohanos had a Post cover about two frostbitten sign painters standing knee-deep in snow while painting a vacation ad for the sun-drenched, subtropical Southland?

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 224

The greatest star of the screen!

We urge you to see Arthur Freed's production starring Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse in "Silk Stockings" which M-G-M brings to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Freed, who has produced such successes as "An American In Paris" has now turned out another in the same locale. He artfully combines Cyd's beauty with Fred Astaire's dancing feet, a funny story and delightful Cole Porter music.

FRED ASTAIRE

★ ★ ★ ★

The stage version of "Silk Stockings" ran two years on Broadway.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to the original song hits, they've added "Fated to Be Mated" (which is Porter at his smartest) and "The Ritz Roll and Rock," which is the same composer having fun with the current rhythm craze. (Hear the song-hits in the M-G-M Records Album.)

★ ★ ★ ★

Janis Paige, who is redheaded and luscious, and Peter Lorre, who is short, round and funny, head the supporting cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rouben Mamoulian is the director. His deft touch makes the whole thing zing.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Silk Stockings" happens in Paris, not the only place where people fall in love but certainly where they do it with enthusiasm.

CYD CHARISSE

★ ★ ★ ★

There is a heroine who knows more about tractors than mutual attractions and a lot more about dynamos than dating. But she learns fast from a Hollywood, U.S.A. movie producer who likes girls, girls and girls, in that order.

JANIS PAIGE

★ ★ ★ ★

That's how Fred and Cyd start dancing together. They set the pace of a picture that's full of songs, dances, fun.

★ ★ ★ ★

The pretty girls are in MetroColor and not too much else, except CinemaScope.

★ ★ ★ ★

Honorable mentions: For brilliant comedy-assists: Jules Munshin, George Tobias, Joseph Buloff.

★ ★ ★ ★

For the gay screenplay, Leonard Gershe and Leonard Spigelgass who were inspired by Melchior Lengyel's "Ninotchka."

PETER LORRE

★ ★ ★ ★

Also—for the book of the original musical play, George S. Kaufman, Leueen McGrath, Abe Burrows (produced on the stage by Cy Feuer and Ernest H. Martin).

★ ★ ★ ★

If you enjoy seeing a good-looking girl in silk stockings, (and who doesn't?) you'll enjoy M-G-M's "Silk Stockings."

★ ★ ★ ★

On the big theatre screen, too. Bet you'll have a wonderful time!

—*Lea*

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Pete Penn is an
Engine's Friend
Your car's engine is in the best of hands with Pete Penn. It means you always have the finest lubricant in the crankcase . . . a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil.
Maintenance, due to wear of precision parts, is reduced when you use a motor oil made from Nature's finest crude. Engine performance stays at "new-car" peak for thousands more miles.
Refill with a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil next time you're in for an oil change. You'll get matchless lubrication for today's high-speed, high-compression engines, and you'll keep the power you bought.
INSIST ON A BRAND OF
PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil
MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Penna.

Letters

The Burning Issue

Dear Sirs:

THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!" [by John Bartlow Martin, June 15–July 13] is a masterpiece.

JULIAN C. ADAMS
Melvin Village, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

In the June 15 issue . . . as part of the article entitled THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!" a quotation found on page 72 [the "Supreme Court refuses to recognize that it cannot by a mandate shrink the size of a Negro's skull, which is one eighth of an inch thicker than a white man's."] is erroneously attributed to me.

The statement was made by Honorable Tom P. Brady.

HERMAN E. TALMADGE
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *Our apologies to Senator Talmadge. Mr. Martin quoted from an incorrect report in a Birmingham newspaper of June 23, 1955, which attributed the remark to Talmadge. Judge Brady confirms that he made the statement ("I said it because it is the truth.")—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am fourteen years old and I am in the ninth grade . . . I just don't see how someone as highly educated as Tom P. Brady could deliver a speech such as Black Monday. It was enough to turn my stomach. . . . We're all children of God, but he doesn't seem to know that.

BARBARA MANGER
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

We extend our most grateful felicitations to you-all for publishing THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!" . . .

Judge Brady urges that we send some of our colored folk to the states from which those learned Supreme Court Justices graduated. We also ought to compel BY LAW all integrationists to live in the same home with an "average" colored family one whole year. . . . We expect a sure cure would result.

J. D. JOHNSON
Mangham, La.

Dear Sirs:

Of all the evil, base and bigoted orations I have heard during the course of my life, "Black Monday," by the "Honorable" Judge Tom P. Brady, is the corker!

JUDITH PIERZCHALA
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

If the time ever comes when another country with a totalitarian form of government takes over the South, the people as a whole will welcome its coming. That is what they already have.

THE REV. MERRILL C. SKANG,
Eagle, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

If the good people of the deep South want to fight school desegregation, more power to them.

Those nine justices that sit on the Supreme Court should be deported to Africa.

GUS THOMAS
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I wonder whether John Bartlow Martin will ever get around to what the American Negro really wants. High on the list, I am sure, is the elimination of the word "nigger." . . . I think, too, the American Negro would like the word "Southerners" to have a completely literal application instead of one limited exclusively to Southern white people—as if Southern Negroes weren't people too.

WILLIAM S. GOODHUE
Belmont, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

There is only one thing that the Negro wants and that is to be white.

HERMAN GERBER
Maywood, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As a sixth-generation Southerner I was particularly intrigued by the quotation of one segregationist leader that it was determined to keep the South segregated "sexually." That is a laugh. Where did all those mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons come from?

GUY W. WOLF
Fresno, Cal.

Is Marriage a Hoax?

Dear Sirs:

Say, what does Post mean by allowing such malicious propaganda to be spread on its June 1st cover? What is the artist

trying to do—belittle the institution of marriage and spoil every girl's illusion of being able to quit work when she gets married? As an eligible young bachelor, I resent seeing anyone stirring up such contempt for the American male. What could young ladies possibly think when they see the cover except that matrimony is merely a big hoax.

MARVIN JENKINS
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

To a certain majority of the young men of today marriage means: a permanent cook, wash woman and bedfellow—all free for nothing.

To the girls who marry them it means: continuing with their office jobs, and two or three times more work than ever before when they get home. . . .

Anyway, ain't love grand!

MRS. W. B. WILLIAMSON
Lake Charles, La.

(Continued on Page 6)

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CADILLAC

BUICK

OLDSMOBILE

CHEVROLET

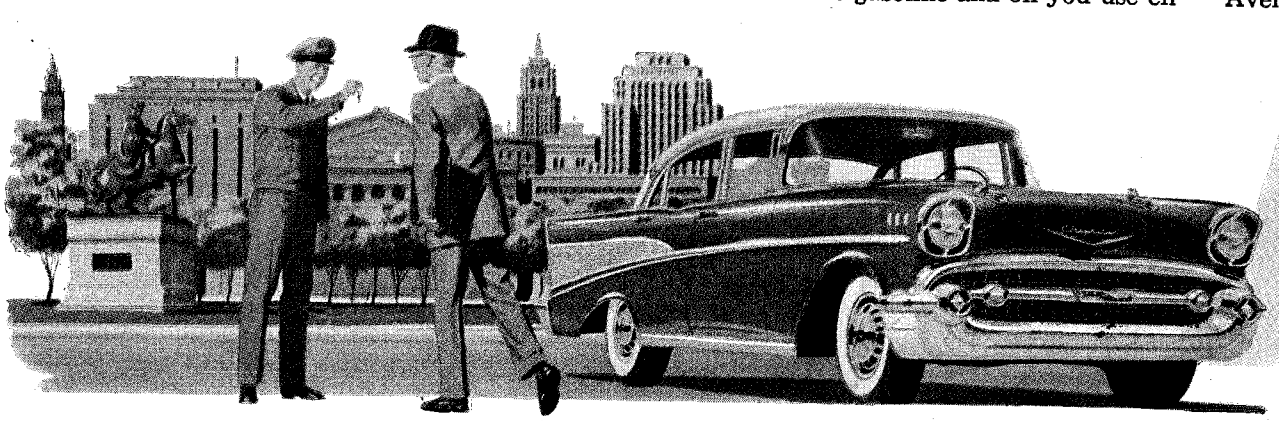
Hertz rents the kind of cars you like to drive!

What's your pleasure? A Cadillac, maybe? Hertz rents Cadillacs. Hertz rents big Buicks and Oldsmobiles, too. Thousands of new Chevrolets and other fine cars. Station wagons, convertibles, sports cars. Take your pick at most Hertz offices.

They're all in A-1 condition, expertly maintained, more dependable, cleaner cars. More with power steering. That's The Hertz Idea. You'll get the kind of car you like to drive at over 1,350 Hertz offices in more than 900 cities —world-wide. That's *more* offices by far where you can *rent* a car. *More* cities by far where you can *leave* a car. *More* locations where you can make a *reservation* for a car!

Just show your driver's license and proper identification. The national average rate for a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air is only $7.85 a day plus 8 cents a mile. And that includes the cost of *all* the gasoline and oil you use en route... and proper insurance. In addition to the Hertz charge card, we honor all air, rail, Diners' Club and hotel credit cards.

To be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' more efficient reservation service. Call your local Hertz office for fast, courteous service. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far... use

HERTZ

Rent a car

"Rent it here... Leave it there" Now, nation-wide at no extra charge! (on rentals of $25.00 or more).

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Swindlers

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler's THE WORST SWINDLE [June 8] should make the SEP a must in every American home. Each succeeding year Mansfield, as well as other Ohio cities, is visited by the "drag syndicate," and it never fails to take some elderly woman for her cash, and most likely her life's savings.

ALEX W. FRERICHS
Mansfield, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It is beyond me why you are apparently so sympathetic with the victims. Man alive! If they weren't inherently dishonest themselves it would never happen to them. . . .

Just once, why doesn't one of them say, "Let's take it to the police station; they'll know what to do." . . . All I can say for people who are fleeced in this manner is that it serves them darn well right.

ANN HILL
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

We need more of these informative articles.

GARY L. ANDERSON
Brady, Nebraska

A "Shocking" Story (Cont.)

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for publishing NO BLADE OF GRASS [by John Christopher, April 27—June 8]. If your readers will see in this story a hint of what would follow an attack on our country, it will have accomplished more than all written on civil defense to date.

ALLEN R. HILBERT, O.D.
Hicksville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I . . . am shocked at some of the silly and unfavorable letters, regarding NO BLADE OF GRASS [LETTERS, June 8].

These people missed the whole point of the story. Granted, it *was* a "shock" story . . . but only because it pointed out the fact that people are prisoners of their circumstances, and behave accordingly.

Those readers who are quick to condemn others would do well to think of this story, and remember the old saying, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

JOAN KAUFMAN
Oradell, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Almost as enjoyable as Mr. Christopher's fine tale were the anguished cries of the intellectual pygmies who won't read stories that might frighten them.

ROBERT SMITH
Palo Alto, Cal.

● *Since the June 8th issue, seventy-six readers have come to the defense of NO BLADE OF GRASS.—ED.*

Black Eye for the Blackout

Dear Sirs:

My sincerest compliments to Evan Hill for the objectivity with which he presented the telephone-blackout story [CITY OF SILENCE, June 8].

How could he remain so objective? I'd have blown my top. . . .

I don't know which shocked me the most: The callous disregard of public and individual welfare exhibited in this strike, the irresponsibility of the state legislators toward the public's utilities or the slashed telephone cables.

MRS. ARTHUR W. WOERHEIDE
Hamden, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Being a twenty-one-year resident of Portsmouth, Ohio, I found your article . . . very impressive and thorough. . . .

MRS. JOHN B. FISKE
Portsmouth, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

What is the matter with us anyhow? . . .

Do we have to be ruled by goons and murderers—deaths occasioned by failure to reach doctors and firemen? . . .

Mob rule is not our way of life.

MARGERY W. BROCKWAY
Clermont, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

CITY OF SILENCE . . . reminds me of my last business trip to Portsmouth, Ohio.

Although I had nothing to do with the telephone company nor the strikers, when I went to my car, next to a hotel where I had stayed overnight, I found the rear window had been shattered. . . .

Later I learned mine was one of more than thirty cars given the same treatment.

GEORGE RILLING
Anna, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is nothing new to us. We plan ahead of time by writing letters or meeting people; leave notes on doors when we find them not at home, and often require return of answered notes or personal calls; run out to get help, no matter how available a phone is—because we are deaf.

FRANCES P. NEITZIE
San Diego, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17—George Burns. • 18—Lemuel B. Line, two by George Burns; U. S. Air Force. 19—George Burns. • 20, 21—Harold Von Schmidt. • 22—Peter F. Petraglia. • 23—Gene Lester, Jacob Lofman, two by Ollie Atkins; Bill Shrout, Gene Lester, Elliott Erwitt (Magnum). • 24—Paul Nonnast. • 25—Chicago Daily News. • 26—Two by Hy Peskin, Wide World. • 27—Hy Peskin, three from Wide World. • 28, 29—R. G. Harris. 30—Tom Blau. • 31—Lynn Buckham. • 32—Harry Saltzman, United Press. • 33—Harry Saltzman. • 34, 35—Frank Ross. • 36, 37—Amos Sewell. • 41—Robert Meyers. • 76—Wide World. • 100—Arnold Warren, anonymous, Ollie Atkins, anonymous.

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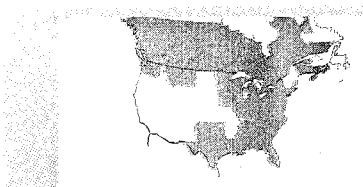
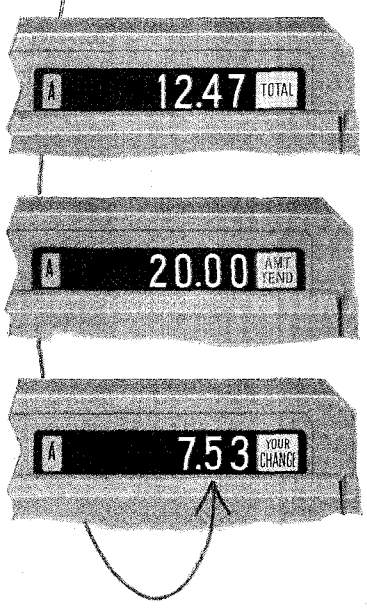


225 stores in 30 states, the District of Columbia and 9 Canadian Provinces

H. L. GREEN COMPANY, INC.

Owner and operator of:
H. L. Green Stores
F & W Grand-Silvers Store
Silver 5¢ to $1 Stores
Metropolitan Stores
Schulte United Dept. Stores
Metropolitan Stores, Ltd.



Store owners must see this new register to appreciate its advantages. Call your nearest National Office for a demonstration today!

"National Change Computing Cash Registers return over 100% a year on our investment."

—H. L. GREEN CO., INC., *New York*

"Our constant aim is to give the best possible service to our millions of customers throughout the U. S. and Canada. While ours are basically Variety stores, many of them also have Self Service Food Departments. According to the latest complete year's figures, H. L. Green stores in the United States have the largest Average-Sales-per-Store of the Variety chains.

"As a further important step in supplying the most modern and accurate service, we have been installing National Change Computing Cash Registers which mechanically and instantly figure the exact change due our customers.

"These new Nationals show at the top of the register (also on the receipt) *every* step of the transaction—price charged for each item, tax (if any), total purchase, money given checker, and *exact change due the customer.* All this not only eliminates mistakes in addition—and in figuring change—but saves time for both customer and checker, practically eliminates cash shortages, and builds customer confidence and good will.

"We estimate these combined savings and advantages repay the cost of the registers every year, returning over 100% annually on our investment."

H P Boynton *President, H. L. Green Co., Inc.*

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

National

CASH REGISTERS • ADDING MACHINES • ACCOUNTING MACHINES

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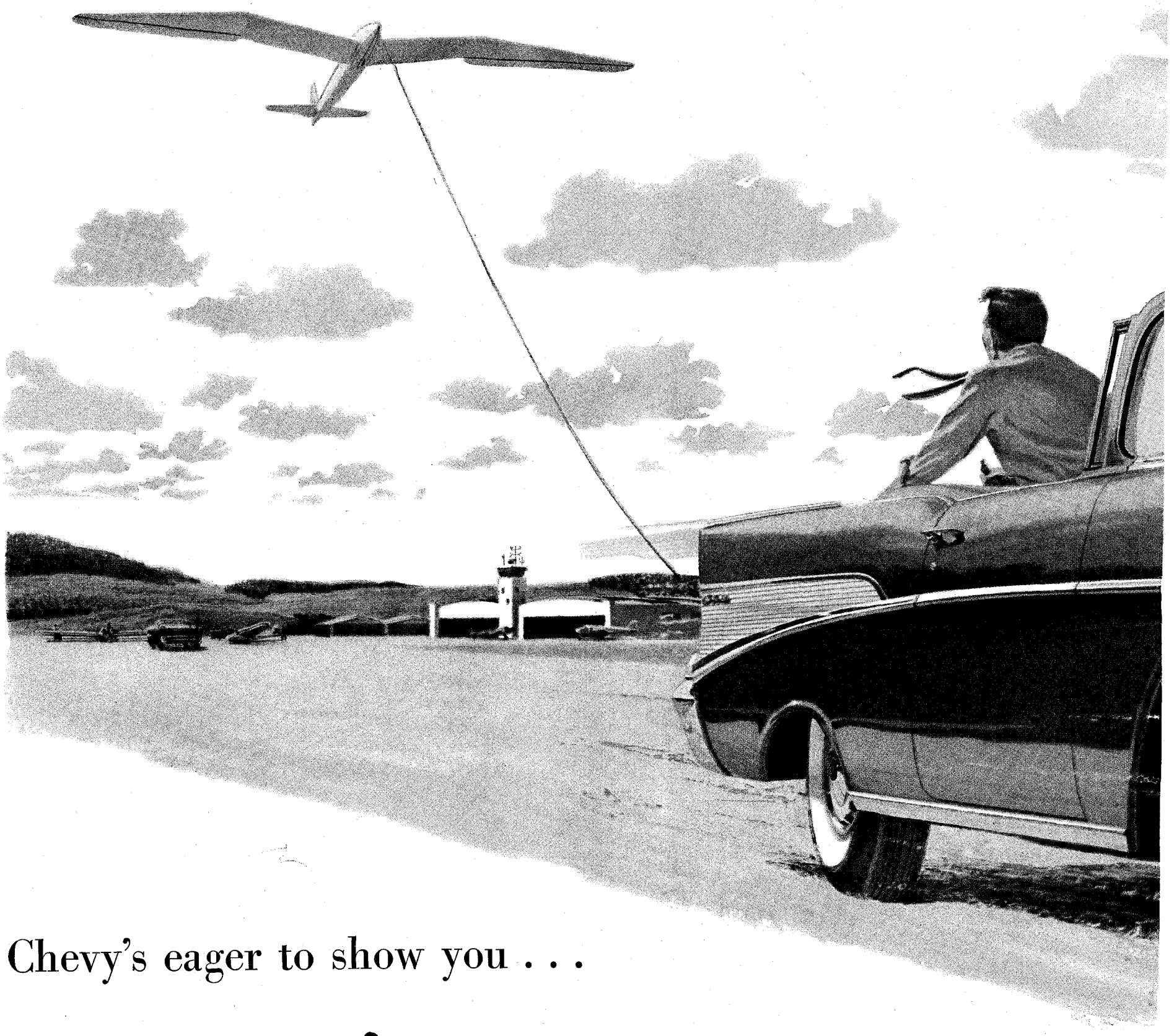

Chevy's eager to show you . . .

it's sweet, smooth and sassy!

Sweet handling, Chevrolet's famous for that. *Smooth* right from the start with new Triple-Turbine Turbo-glide. And *sassy* enough to please anybody's yen for action! This one you've got to try!

All it takes is a quick visit to your Chevrolet dealer's. Tell the man you're ready for a trial run and you're in.

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The Bel Air Convertible with Body by Fisher—one of 20 Chevy beauties!

You're into a Chevy and in for a sample of what it's like to own the car that's sweet, smooth and sassy about everything it does.

Behind the wheel, feeling its solid, sure control and "right-now" reflexes, you'll know for sure why Chevy's so famous for eager spiritedness and easy handling. You'll command enough velvet-smooth power to know exactly why Chevrolet owners are so enthusiastic about its performance.

If you're driving a Chevrolet with Turboglide—the new triple-turbine automatic, available at extra cost—you'll like its silken responsiveness right from the start. And you'll realize there's never been anything like it before. Turboglide even puts new letters on the selector—GR, for Grade Retarder. You and your brakes can take it easy going down hill.

Your Chevrolet dealer's ready to arrange that trial run any time you are. But the sooner the better! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

1 USA

CHEVROLET

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Editorials

Those "Bad" Union Leaders Were Created by Law

It would be shortsighted to dismiss the excesses of certain labor-union leaders as due exclusively to the arrogance and cupidity of ambitious individuals who have muscled their way to the top in these organizations. Those Fifth Amendment labor leaders are not a race apart. They act about as men in powerful positions can be expected to act when they have been exempted from many of the legal restraints which restrict the doings of other men.

What are union leaders free to do that their contemporaries cannot do? In an impressive brochure called Legal Immunities of Labor Unions (American Enterprise Association), Roscoe Pound, former dean of the Harvard Law School, takes account of several reasons why a labor boss is privileged to say with the Pharisee, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

For example, union picketers may not be forced, as less-privileged people may be, to leave the premises of an owner who objects to their presence. "Interference by pickets with streets and highways, which would be a nuisance if done by ordinary people, is an everyday matter," writes Dean Pound. "So are assaults on drivers and overturning of trucks and breaking of windows and destruction of cars . . . for which there is no effective legal remedy." Donald Richberg in his new book Labor Union Monopoly (Regnery) comments on the arrogance with which defenders of these practices describe as "educators" or "experts in collective bargaining" the goons who are sent in to terrorize workers into joining their organizations. Such semantics have helped perpetuate the immunities referred to.

Nor is there any effective means of enforcing a wage contract when a union leader decides to break it, although the enforcement of contracts upon people and corporations generally is fundamental to our system.

Boycotts can subject the average citizen to civil suit or prosecution, but the Kohler Company is being subjected to a nationwide boycott by a labor union apparently safe from penalty.

Furthermore, unions may combine with employers to interfere actively with trade and commerce with impunity. Even when these practices are clearly against the spirit of the anti-trust laws, labor unions cannot be proceeded against under statutes designed to curb monopoly.

Although an employer may not discharge a man for belonging to a union, a worker may be barred from work by a union for failing to join one.

Dean Pound's remedy, or part of it, is to limit the concept of "unfair labor practices" to "actual practices in the employer-employee relation, and look upon the activities of unions outside of their proper sphere . . . just as we look upon such activities by other organizations."

With their legal immunities cut down to size, plus some requirement to respect the "right to work," union leaders would have to sell the merits of their organizations to the workers instead of relying on force and pressure, as they now frequently do. Then there would develop a distinct shortage of chiselers in the labor movement.

Unsightly Billboards Need Not Clutter Up Our Costly Highways

By NEIL M. CLARK

This writer and his wife have driven more than 37,000 miles in the last year and a half. During a recent 9200-mile trip from Vermont to California and back, with much side travel, we made a game of counting b.p.m.—billboards per mile. We were amazed. In one three-mile stretch we counted twenty-nine in the first mile, fourteen in the second, nineteen in the third, an average of one every 255 feet. That typifies what we saw time after time within twenty or thirty miles of business centers.

Sentiment is growing for control of this nuisance. Satisfactory provisions have not yet been written into the highway legislation. The administration suggested cutting a state's Federal-aid allotment unless billboards are banned for 750 feet on either side of the highway. Sen. Francis Case, of South Dakota, a member of the subcommittee considering control of advertising on interstate highways, has proposed a bonus if states ban billboards within 660 feet of the paved surface. There is no certainty that this is decisive enough.

Without control, billboards can make the best-engineered highways look like slums. U.S. 66 in Arizona traverses startlingly beautiful scenery, and the road is generally excellent. Just before entering the Coconino National Forest we came to a tragic mile where the great yellow billboards of a curio shop marched at intervals of 100 feet or so. The eye couldn't avoid them. Only by chance did we glance over their tops and see in the distance the glorious snow-capped San Francisco Mountains beyond Flagstaff.

There are highways without billboards. Northern Ohio and Indiana are not scenically spectacular, but whoever crosses those states on the new turnpikes can see with pleasure what scenery there is. From the Michigan City interchange in Indiana to the Ohio line we saw two billboards in 117 miles. Crossing Ohio we saw none. Driving south on U.S. 522 from Winchester, Virginia, we were assailed for miles by the signs of motels, eating places, caves. At Front Royal we turned onto the lovely Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park, which has no commercial billboards. It was like leaving a noisy subway for a quiet cathedral.

Effective action is difficult, but less difficult than restoring scenic beauty once it has been destroyed. Heavy taxes on billboard users have been suggested. Clubwomen in California boycotted sponsors of offensive billboards, reportedly with some success. Vermont limits billboard size, which seems to result in fewer billboards. Legal restrictions of some sort are imperative. States can authorize use of the police power. Right-of-way purchases can be made subject to enforceable agreements which go down in the deed, specifying that sellers will not allow billboards on impinging land that they still own; turnpike authorities have done this.

Threats to billboards bring a cry from vested interests that their property rights are being invaded. A far higher vested interest is the right of every citizen to travel pleasantly and safely on the highways.

Let's Not be Upset by Those Soviet Industrial Miracles!

Why are the Soviet planners decentralizing a large part of their industry and liquidating several of the ministries which have hitherto had charge of things? So accustomed have we become to trembling every time Mr. Khrushchev belches a new and horrendous threat that few dare suggest that maybe free enterprise is doing better than Communism.

The New York Herald Tribune's Moscow reporter pretty well summed it up when he wrote, "The drastic shake-up in the economy does not indicate, in the opinion of experts here, that Soviet industry is falling apart. But it indicates clearly that things are not proceeding as well as the Kremlin would like." This correspondent's summation could turn out to be a classic in understatement.

A few months ago Prof. G. Warren Nutter, of the University of Virginia, gave an account, in U. S. News & World Report, of an inspection tour of various Russian industrial plants where conditions were distinctly far from modern and efficient. Professor Nutter conceded that the plants he visited were engaged in the production of consumer goods and that Soviet heavy industry might well be more advanced. Just the same, after forty years of Communism and a great deal of bragging, one might expect a little efficiency to spill over into the stocking and lipstick industries.

Anyway, it's time to forget the prophets of gloom, who, instead of wisely refusing to overestimate a rival, hysterically attribute to the Communist system feats which it is highly unlikely to have achieved. Scaring us to death is an important item in Soviet planning. Up to now, the Soviet Frighten-the-Capitalists program seems more likely to succeed than its economic projects.

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Nighttime, daytime

Swimtime, playtime

your clothes never stop talking about you

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear

The good old summer is time for all kinds of vacation and week-end fun... including the fun of Dressing Right for whatever under the sun (or moon) you're doing. When you look good, you *feel* good—sure of yourself, relaxed. You're ready to meet new people, go new places, try new things. Before you start out on vacation, stop in at men's or department stores near you that display the Dress Right emblem. They'll give you help and advice on how to Dress Right—to be at ease!

Dress Right—

you can't afford not to!

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ADIRONDACK STATE PARK, in northeastern New York, two million acre mountain vacation playground. Mirror Lake (above) is one of park's 200 lakes over one mile square in area. Full range of land and water sports, camping and hotel accommodations. Write: Division of Lands and Forests, Arcade Building, Albany, N. Y. *Photo by Ivan Dmitri.*

How to Have More Fun This Summer

There's no fun like the fun of going places in a brand new car, or a bright, late-model used car. The complete C.I.T. Time Purchase Plan makes it easy for you to drive the car you want now, while you pay for it out of current income. And you get all these extra protections and services, too:

The Best Car Insurance Service Offered Anywhere

Your car is insured against collision, fire, theft and many other causes of loss. And, in case of an accident, you don't have to shop for bids. Repairs can be made expertly by the man who knows your car best—your own car dealer. In addition, if your car should break down on the road, you are reimbursed for towing and roadside service—up to $10.

These protections also apply when you, or any relative living with you, use a borrowed passenger car.

Plus these Personal Protections and Services

First, your credit is established wherever you drive, so that if you should have an emergency car repair anywhere on the road, you simply request any of our offices to pay the bill. You repay in convenient monthly instalments when you return home.

Then, you get life insurance coverage, and while this policy is in effect, your family will own your car outright, without further payments, in the event of your death. In addition to credit life benefits, you get *added* insurance that will pay $1000 to your family if you lose your life in a traffic accident. Greater benefits may be paid if you should lose your life, or sight, or limbs in certain other kinds of traffic or travel accidents.

What's more, you get a bail bond certificate that provides you with bail bond up to $5,000 if you, or a member of your family, are arrested on traffic accident charges.

The Most Sensible Way to Buy

All of these protections* are yours when you buy your car on the complete C.I.T. Plan. And, anywhere you drive in the U. S. or Canada, there's one of C.I.T.'s 465 offices nearby, ready to give you immediate action and assistance on these protections.

Don't wait any longer. This week select the car you want to drive. Then ask your dealer to finance it on the complete C.I.T. Plan. In a few minutes, he'll make all the arrangements. And you'll protect your family, yourself and your car with the plan that helps you enjoy carefree driving.

Universal C.I.T. Credit Corporation. One Park Avenue, New York 16, New York. In Canada: Canadian Acceptance Corporation Ltd., Toronto.

**Some details vary in Calif., Mass., Ohio and Canada. See your dealer.*

OFFERED BY ALL AUTO DEALERS WHO DISPLAY THIS SYMBOL

CIT

The Time Purchase Plan For Carefree Driving

© U.C.I.T.

COURTESY • INTEGRITY • THRIFT
SINCE 1908

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The Picture of Health for July

by MAXINE DAVIS

"Come on youngsters, I'll do your backs," I tell my son and daughter each morning. I apply UTOL. It hides pimples on their backs as well as on faces. Our children are at the acne age, when a "spot" little larger than a pin's head can blot out the summer sun and seem mountainous and malevolent.

So—before they're off to the beach, on goes UTOL. You see, this antiseptic antibiotic ointment helps relieve the minor irritation and itching that gets them down, and it prevents reinfection as well. When blemishes are covered up and the discomfort gone they lollup happily as spaniels!

Always valuable, UTOL is a special blessing at vacation time. Girls use it as a foundation under make-up and know they look their best even under midday's glare. Boys put it on and just forget it.

On our family seaside holidays, there has been only one drawback in the past. When we've gone home Dad and I have found our city clothes have shrunk. Or something!

The gay casual eating, the hot dogs and potato salads, the midmorning soft drinks and afternoon ice creams didn't seem too serious at the time. And what's the fun of forever counting calories!

After talking to my doctor, I find there *is* a painless way to get back in line . . . and stay there. KESSAMIN #14 Tablets, combining essential nutritional vitamins and iron, also contain a neutral additive that helps make you want less and feel more satisfied with what you do eat! And if you start out overweight, the new KESSAMIN PLAN that comes with the Tablets will help you to train down into your last year's sleek swim suit.

No matter how well you feel from July's sports and rest or how slim KESSAMIN helps you stay, nobody is ever really comfortable these hot weeks if she perspires a good deal.

You don't object to the perspiration; that's part of the body's built-in cooling system. But germs which inevitably grow in it produce an unlovely smell.

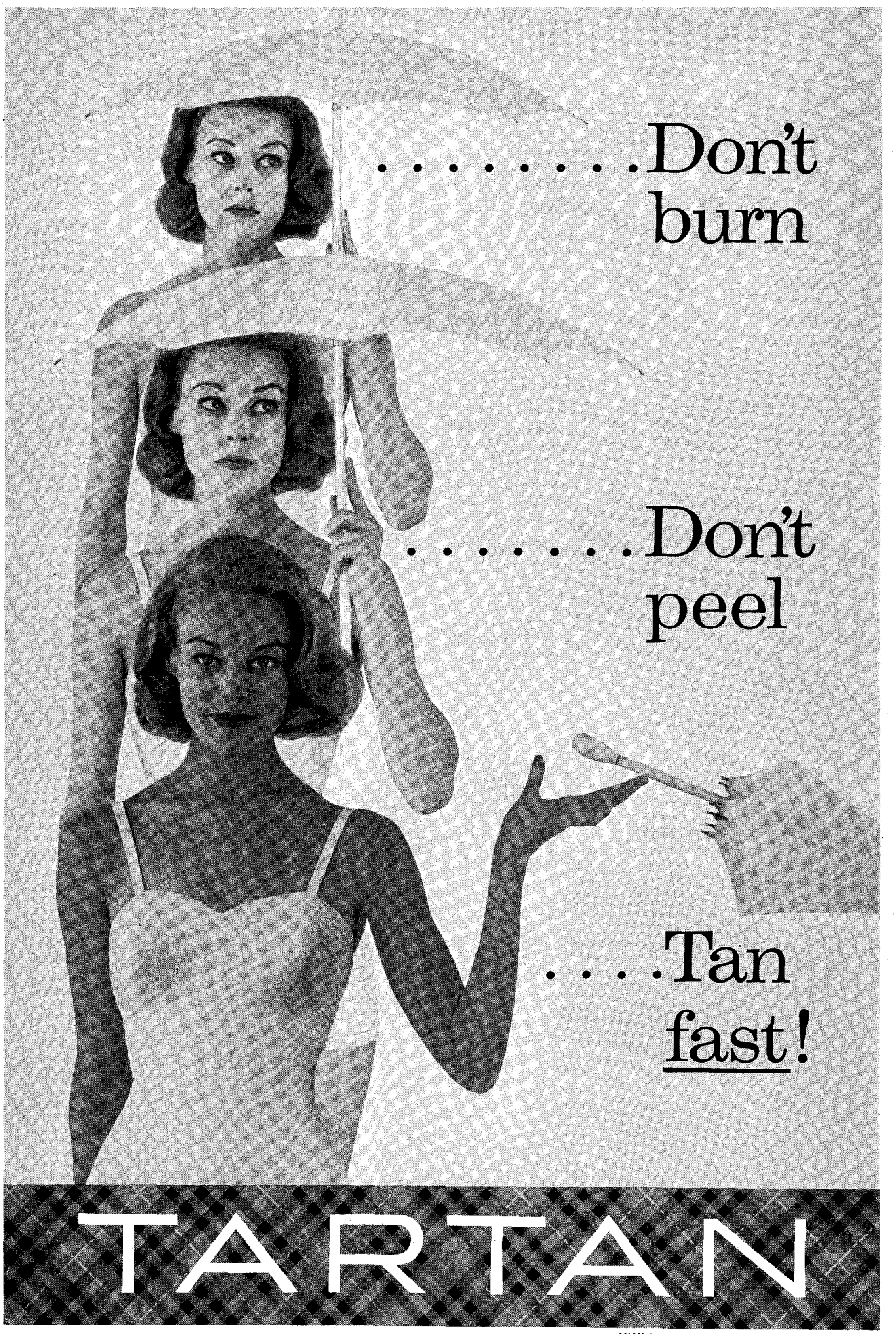
I've just found the best answer to the problem of keeping underarms fresh and dainty. It's the New YODORA.

This is a deodorant, the only one compounded with an antibiotic that slugs those germs. YODORA is a light delicately-fragrant cream that not only does its main job well but also soothes and helps heal ordinary surface irritations. And it lasts all day and can last even through tomorrow!

Your joy in summertime can be clouded if you are susceptible to athlete's foot. This is a disease of civilization afflicting people who wear shoes. It's worst in hot weather when feet perspire. So—you need OCTOFEN.

OCTOFEN LIQUID is designed to stop an attack. OCTOFEN POWDER is an excellent preventive; it's well to use it routinely.

Hospital tests have clinically proved the effectiveness of OCTOFEN. It is the only medication for athlete's foot approved by the National Foot Health Council.



AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Pure sun-gold—Tartan's specific sun-screen action lets you stay in the sun 8 times longer without burning! Use Tartan as directed for richer, really flattering tan. No other lotion gives outdoor-loving Americans a better tan than Tartan. Get it in your favorite form. **Lotion—Foam—Cream.**

TARTAN LIP POMADE

Summer or winter —it relieves "weathered" lips —no chapping, drying, cracking; heals sore lips; does not show.

BETTER . . . by McKESSON ©1957—McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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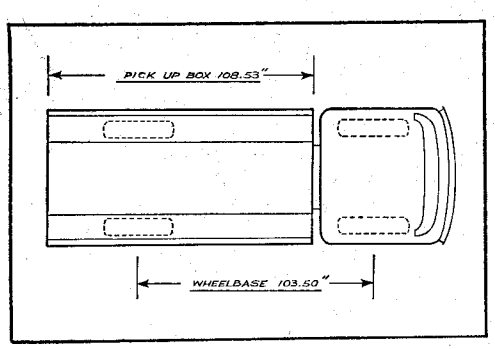
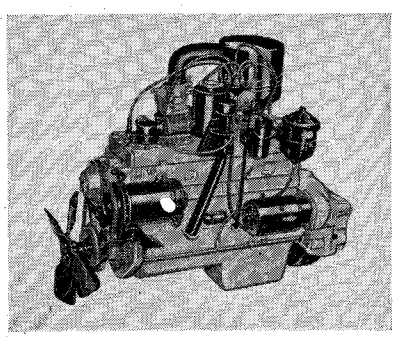
NOW

All-new Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-170

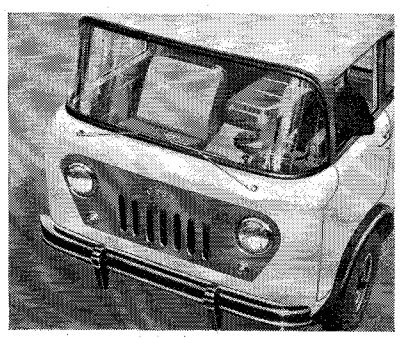
The newest addition to the 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' family... ready for the bigger, tougher jobs!



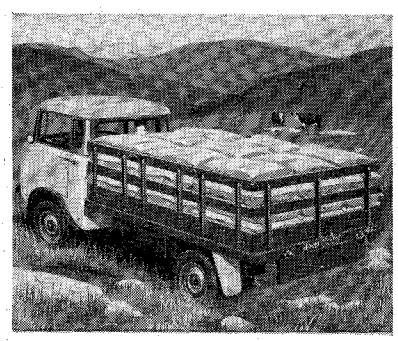
ADVANCED FORWARD CONTROL DESIGN does it again! This time it puts a big 9-foot pickup box on a 103½-inch wheelbase. With the engine behind the driver, more space is available for cargo. And you get a range of visibility not obtainable in ordinary trucks—a very important safety factor for both highway and off-road travel.



HIGH TORQUE HURRICANE 6-226 ENGINE, performance-proved the world over. Many new features are incorporated in this rugged, dependable engine which gives 190 foot pounds of torque at a money-saving 1400 RPM—for real working power at low cost.



SPACIOUS SAFETY-VIEW CAB with large wrap-around windshield puts you in a "Forward Control" position for greater command of any driving situation—on rugged off-road terrain or in congested city areas. Plenty of head and leg room for greater driving comfort.



MORE LOADSPACE CAPACITY in big 9-foot platform stake body. You carry payloads of up to 3300-pounds. There's room for 30 milk cans, 35 cement bags, or 60 bushel baskets. The stake platform is only 35½-inches from the ground for back-saving ease of loading.

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Another New and Bigger Forward Control 'Jeep' Truck!

Here's the bigger, more powerful Forward Control 'Jeep' Truck—the all-new FC-170. It has the same completely new design features that made the Forward Control 'Jeep' FC-150 an immediate success!

This completely new 7,000 pound GVW 4-wheel drive truck sets an all-time high for "big-load" maneuverability! Here's the proof—and you almost have to see it to believe it! The new FC-170 puts a 9-foot pickup box on a wheelbase only 103½-inches long.

Compare this efficient space utilization with any other 4-wheel drive truck. The new FC-170 is the *only* one that gives you so much cargo space per inch of wheelbase—the *only* one that gives 'Jeep' maneuverability to carry payloads of more than a ton almost anywhere. Its functionally designed chassis provides 8-inch ground clearance to prevent "hang-up" in rough open country, or on deep-rutted roads!

The new 'Jeep' FC-170 is engineered as a 4-wheel drive truck from the ground up! It's *not* a modified 2-wheel drive truck, *not* a conversion! Powered by the performance-proved, economical 6-226 engine, it has all the stamina and versatility you expect from a 'Jeep' vehicle. With power take-off, it operates a wide range of special equipment from winches to belt-driven machinery.

See your 'Jeep' dealer for a convincing, off-road demonstration that will *prove* how the FC-170 can do your jobs better—in areas ordinary trucks can't reach.

'Jeep' / Forward Control

4-Wheel-Drive / FC-170

Willys... world's largest manufacturers of 4-Wheel-Drive vehicles

;O-ANYWHERE" 'JEEP' TRACTION — with the :tra traction of its 4-wheel drive, and ;-inch tread, the FC-170 takes the load most anywhere, in good weather or bad, ith ground-gripping stability. It shifts :sily into conventional 2-wheel drive for ghway travel at top legal speeds.

©1957 WILLYS MOTORS, INC.

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A new idea in smoking...

Salem refreshes your taste

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Think of Spring and its clean, green freshness because that's the *Springtime* freshness you get in every puff of a menthol-fresh SALEM cigarette! Through SALEM'S pure, white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed because SALEM refreshes your taste. Try SALEM—you'll love 'em.

Smoke **Salem** . . . smoke refreshed!

- **menthol fresh**
- **rich tobacco taste**
- **most modern filter**

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Inside the aerial tanker, which is joined to the B-52, 30 feet below, by the refueling boom.

They Flew With Terror

By Paul N. Williams

A spine-tingling true story of one arctic night, when a deadly cargo of explosive jet fuel flooded an Air Force tanker and turned it into a flying time bomb.

Thule Air Base is a surprising, solitary haven of military-made civilization in the bleak emptiness of Northern Greenland. From its narrow runway, cradled in a headland ringed by hills, jet bombers and piston-powered tankers sortie at frequent intervals to keep the free world's peace power strong. Over exotic checkpoints like Princess Thyra Island and Petermann Gletscher, the craft of the Strategic Air Command rendezvous in darkness to practice missions the world hopes will never be executed in earnest.

At six hundred gallons a minute, a B-52 bomber gulps fuel for its eight jet engines from a KC-97G.

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What kind of woman was this that feared neither pain nor the threat of death?

THE IRON LADY

By CONRAD RICHTER

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

The old man in the big house heard the carriage stop and the sound of men's voices. He guessed what they wanted. Let them come, he said to himself, and his lip twitched in sardonic humor. Others had come before them, and none had got the secret out of him yet. But they'd better move fast. Wasn't he supposed to be on his deathbed? Any day now his mind might not be clear or he might be gone to that bourn from which no man returneth, or so the parson on his visits to cheer the sick had told him.

Well, it was true he was old and had taken to his bed. But he wasn't laid out yet, not by a long shot. He wasn't even upstairs. He'd ordered his housekeeper, the cook and yard man to fetch his bed down. He told them it would save them running upstairs with trays and downstairs with slops, but all the time he and they knew the real reason. He didn't want to give up being among the living. He didn't want to leave this corner room on the first floor he called his office. Most of his life had been spent here with his high desk and stool, his low desk table and chair with the familiar worn red cushion. Here were his shelves of furnace accounts and records, on the wall a row of wooden pegs with his clothes, including his blue army overcoat, his cocked hat and sword.

Upstairs, the green clutter of leaves shut out everything. Down here he could look out and see his furnace against the hill, built of the same gray-brown stone as the house, everything still intact outside and in, even the ore barrows and charcoal wagons on the upper level. The stack needed only ore, limestone and charcoal to be fired. But the brown-painted shutters on the furnace were closed tight and the experienced eye saw no heat waves rising against the sky.

He could hear the men now entering the iron gate to the grounds. They would lower their voices presently. The house always sobered people when they got close—the huge solid bulk of it, the tiers of white shutters against the mountain stone, the large windows with their small panes, the big front door with the carved window light above and the long lights on either hand. The furnace men used to say that if the sidelights would swing with the door, you could drive a team through.

The bell on its long rope tinkled. Presently the old man could hear Manda moving through the house to answer it. His lips pursed in ironic anticipation. They were curious lips seen sometimes on the Scotch; not exactly thick, but ropy, as if they got in the way and he had them always to contend with. Ansell Sloan had white hair above, while a ring of the same ran below from his ears like a thin strip of hairy hide pasted around his bare chin. In this frame his face looked like that of a crabbed but lovable saint, so that you forgot the uncompromising lips and wondered how a man with such a gentle, wry face could have had the nickname of Iron Sloan as a soldier before he became an ironmaster.

You could see the strangers relax when they saw him. The house and grounds might be formidable, but this old man would be easy to handle. He didn't look like an iron soldier to them. They were shrewd, sharp-eyed men from Uniontown, with fine clothes and well-fed faces. First they complimented him on the house and grounds. Then they asked about the two paintings.

"This one toward the road was my wife," he said. "The other one, with the flowers under it, was my mother-in-law."

"Isn't that a little unusual, general?" one of them smiled. "Flowers for your mother-in-law?"

"Not for Mary Harris," the old man said quickly. "But that's a long story."

They didn't press him. They were interested in something else, something more valuable than a mother-in-law.

"We understand, general, that not all your iron came from the Cornwall mines," the leader of the group got down to business. "You told some people, I believe, that the best quality iron you ever had came from a secret source of your own."

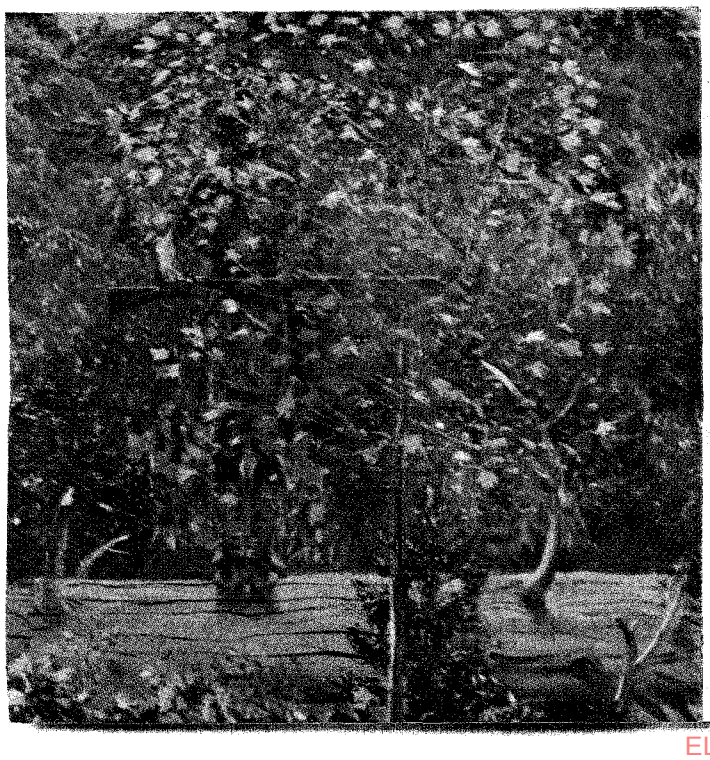
"Ah!" The ironmaster rubbed a stubbly chin. "So you heard this even as far as Uniontown?"

"It's true then, general, that you owed your success to a secret iron mine?"

"Well, yes, I guess it's true, though I wouldn't call it an iron mine. It's just where my best iron

(Continued on Page 88)

All was silent, but they knew that an Indian stood nearby, listening for the first sound to give them away.



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Mary Harris snatched up the rusty a...
like a she-panther, sprang at the sav

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By HAROLD H. MARTIN

CAN WE STAY RICH?

A Post Editor's report on America's fabulous wealth, which we spend faster than ever before. What are our chances of going broke?

Part One

For three weeks recently this reporter, an illiterate in matters of business and finance, wandered about the country asking men who were supposed to know about such things a few questions of the type a puzzled college freshman might ask of his economics professor.

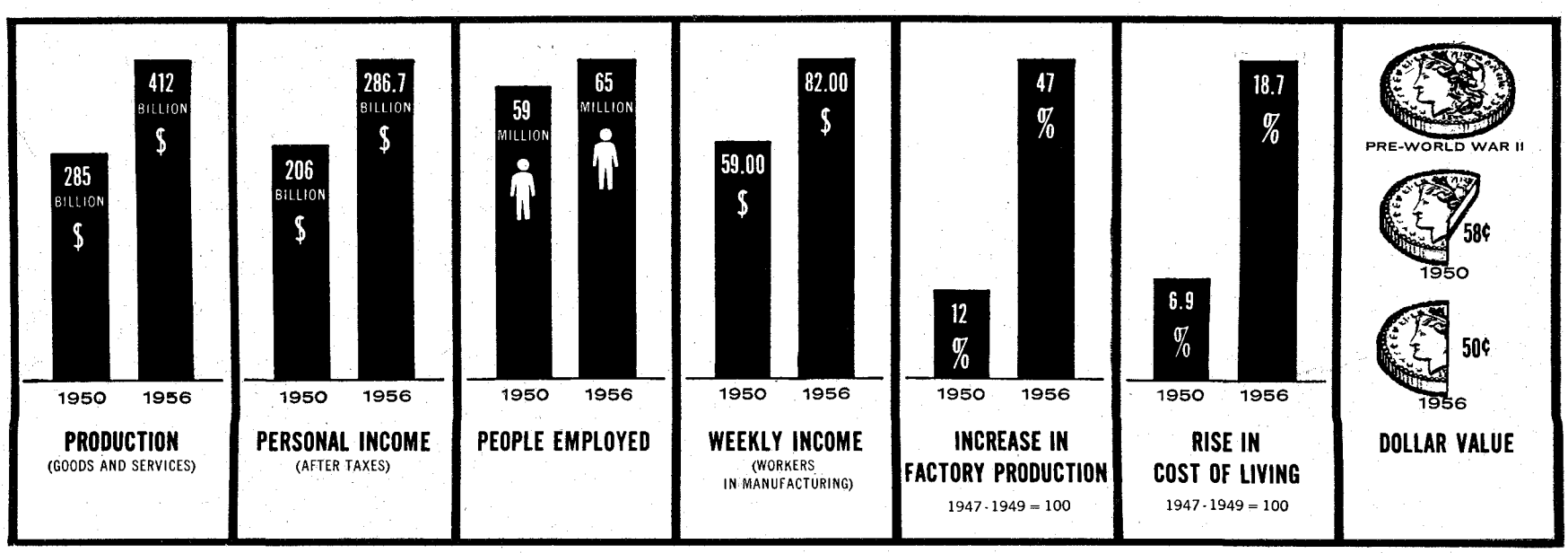
The questions, in essence, were simply these: What has happened to the American economy in the past ten years? What caused it to happen? And what seems likely to happen next?

The bankers, merchants, psychologists, economists, sociologists and Government statisticians questioned came in many shapes and sizes. Their fields of interest varied, and so did their points of view. Invariably, however, their reaction was the same. They took off their glasses, breathed heavily upon them and polished them earnestly. Then, vacant-eyed, they stared off into space while their thoughts assembled. Finally, they would speak, in tones tinged with awe and incredulity, as if they sought to describe some great upheaval of nature.

They began by pointing out that never before, in all the world's history, had any nation known such a flood tide of prosperity, nor one so long sustained. Never on earth before had so many people produced so many goods and services, earned so much reward for their labors, acquired for themselves more of the material things which make life happier and more comfortable. Never before, also, some of the more dour ones pointed out, parenthetically, had more people loaded themselves with more things they didn't really need, nursed more ulcers, swallowed more tranquilizer pills and found in the midst of their material possessions less serenity of spirit.

All were agreed, however, that the great boom of the past decade was a thing of majesty and splendor, whose many blessings far outweighed its few unhappy by-products. It was an economic explosion of atomic force that changed the

(Continued on Page 92)



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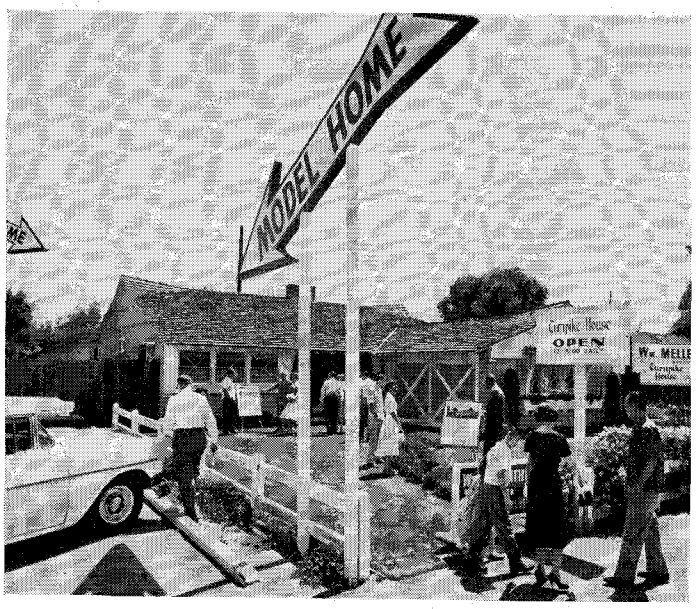


Sample house in Los Angeles: The nesting instinct induced Americans to shell out some 15.3 billion dollars for brand-new houses last year.

Here's where the money goes . . .

a nation of carefree spenders on the

biggest buying spree in history.

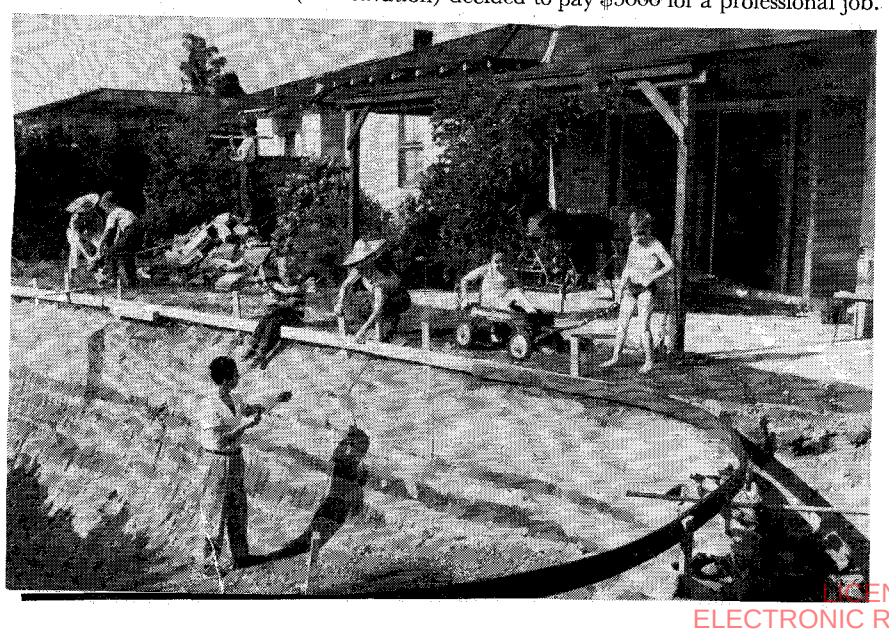
Free make-up demonstration lures the ladies in a New York department store: Women who want to be beautiful spend over a billion and a half dollars a year on cosmetics and related items.

A St. Louis couple shops for a new car. In 1956 Americans plunked down 14.6 billions for automobiles.

A Richmond, Va., housewife gets a new TV. For furniture and household appliances, the nation spent 15 billions in 1956.

Supermarket in Mobile, Ala.: This family helped run the national grocery bill up to 71 billions.

This back-yard swimming pool in Los Angeles began as a do-it-yourself project until owner Fred Bofird (in excavation) decided to pay $3000 for a professional job.



Living it up at the Café Continental in San Francisco. Thirsty Americans spend about 9.2 billion dollars a year for liquor, according to a recent Government estimate.

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About the Author

Henry Strauss was created—the English word for it, although no reference to the first book in Holy Writ is implied—the first Baron Conesford in May of 1955. Less than two years later the new member of the House of Lords caused a sensation when, in a speech before the Authors' Club in London, he launched a frontal assault against what he called "American pretentious illiteracy." He said that the English language was threatened with "corruption, decay and dissolution" and he blamed Americans for a good deal of the damage. We asked Lord Conesford to be a little more specific on the subject of what is wrong and what is right—if anything—with The American Language. He agreed to do so and this article is the result.

It should be added that even before he was made a peer, Lord Conesford was a man of strong opinions in politics as well as in the linguistic field of human endeavor. As long ago as 1945, then a member of the House of Commons, he resigned as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in Sir Winston Churchill's government, because he disagreed with the treatment of Poland by the Yalta Conference. It looks as though his lordship calls them as he sees them.

You Americans are Murdering the Language

By LORD CONESFORD

A British baron, outraged by American desecration of "the noblest language in the world," indicts us for high crimes against the mother tongue.

LONDON.

As a lover of English I am appalled by the growth of illiteracy and the flood of gibberish. I am determined to fight them. Those who think like me may be a minority, but we have many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. More than twenty years have passed since my friend Sir Alan Herbert wrote What a Word to rouse and encourage the warriors in this good cause. Since then, that cause has been greatly strengthened by Sir Ernest Gowers, whose book, The Complete Plain Words, is the most practical work on the subject. In the United States, too, though most Americans appear not to have noticed what is happening to their language, there are determined critics of "gobbledygook," an admirable word which they have invented to describe one of the things that we are fighting. In Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey has thrown himself into the fray in a recent university lecture on Uncertain Sounds.

There are three good reasons why we should fight for our language: The need for clarity of thought, the need to be understood, and the duty to enrich and not to injure the noblest language and the richest literary heritage in the world.

Clarity of thought is impossible without clarity of language. Never has clear thinking been more needed than today; never has the correct use of words been more neglected. Since language provides the essential tools of thought, you cannot have a clear thought unless you frame it in clear words. The woolly word betrays the muddled mind.

Secondly, the purpose of language is to convey the thought of the speaker or writer to another mind. It will not do so unless the thought is expressed with clarity and precision. Even that will not be enough if the language used is so verbose or repulsive that those addressed will not trouble to attend. Why should they? You insult your audience or your reader if you do not take the trouble to express yourself briefly and clearly. I say deliberately "take the trouble." It is, of course, much easier to be long-winded and vague. The great (Continued on Page 71)

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By JOHN REESE

I WON'T COME HOME!

Why did she run away? What was the only reason that would make her go back?

"A Mrs. Laura Duerr to see you, sir," came the voice of the receptionist over the phone. "She has no appointment, but if you can possibly spare the time, Mr. Falk ——"

In his tiny office in the suite of Cannon, Cloyd and Bessey, in Los Angeles, Ted Falk flinched. One week from this sweltering August day, he had to rise in Superior Court and open for plaintiff in a case entitled Scarborough vs. Duerr, a suit for $4950 for singing lessons for defendant's wife. Left to himself, Defendant Duerr would probably have paid the money—of that, Ted felt sure.

But defendant was not being left to himself. His attorney was Jack Angier, the city's most expensive jury pleader, a man with a melodious voice, a hypnotic eye and a wardrobe of exotic waistcoats that charmed a jury into forgetting most of the evidence. Ted, by contrast, was a dark, quiet youth so recently out of law school that his hands still bore the marks of the trowel that had bought him his education.

There are easier jobs than plastering, but few that pay better. And the moment he heard that name, Duerr, Ted began wondering how much it would cost to pay up his back dues in the plasterers' union.

Why would defendant's wife come to see him? Was this one of Jack Angier's slick tricks? Or was it merely coincidence that the name was Duerr? He could not think of any way to avoid seeing the woman, in any case.

"All right, ask her to come in, please."

He was waiting at his door when she came hurrying down the inner hall, a beautiful woman with huge black eyes, tawny skin and a stunning figure. About thirty, he judged, and what she was wearing had cost a small fortune. He tried to keep cool, but the deeply troubled look in those big black eyes went straight to his heart. (Continued on Page 48)

"You can't possibly understand the situation at home," Virginia said. "Try me," Ted replied.

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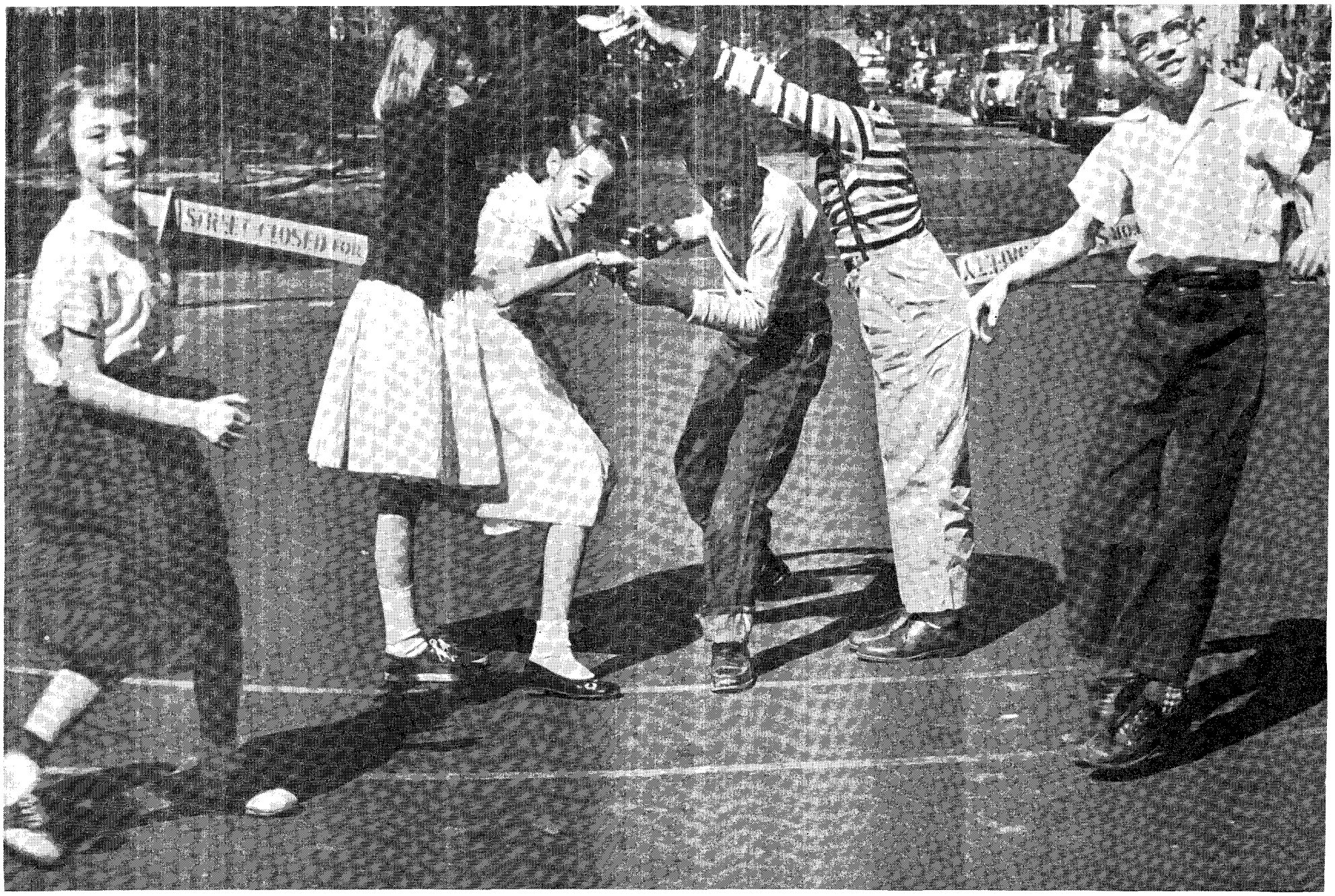

Pupils at a desegregated elementary school in Baltimore rehearse their May Day Dance. The school board here was unanimous and firm, and integration is now a fact.

THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER

CONCLUSION

Sturgis, Ky.: Guardsmen protect Negroes who tried to enter the town's white high school last fall.

The Border States Relent

Outside the inflexible areas, some Southern cities have integrated their schools. Here's what has been accomplished—sometimes quietly, sometimes over dying protests.

By John Bartlow Martin

On May 25, 1954, only eight days after the United States Supreme Court outlawed school segregation, the District of Columbia announced it would comply when school opened that fall. Nine days later Baltimore said the same. Louisville said it would comply later. St. Louis scheduled high-school desegregation for January.

Twenty-five West Virginia counties desegregated—and when a group of mothers thereupon picketed a school, a judge said if they didn't desist "I'll fill the jail until their feet are sticking out of the windows."

For three years now, while the Deep South fought to frustrate the Supreme Court, the Border States have moved to comply with its momentous decision. How have they done it? How far have they actually gone? What have been the results? Thus far in these articles we have studied four Deep South states which have defied the Supreme Court—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. Let us now visit three Border States—Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri—which have obeyed it. And finally let us cast up the national account on school desegregation.

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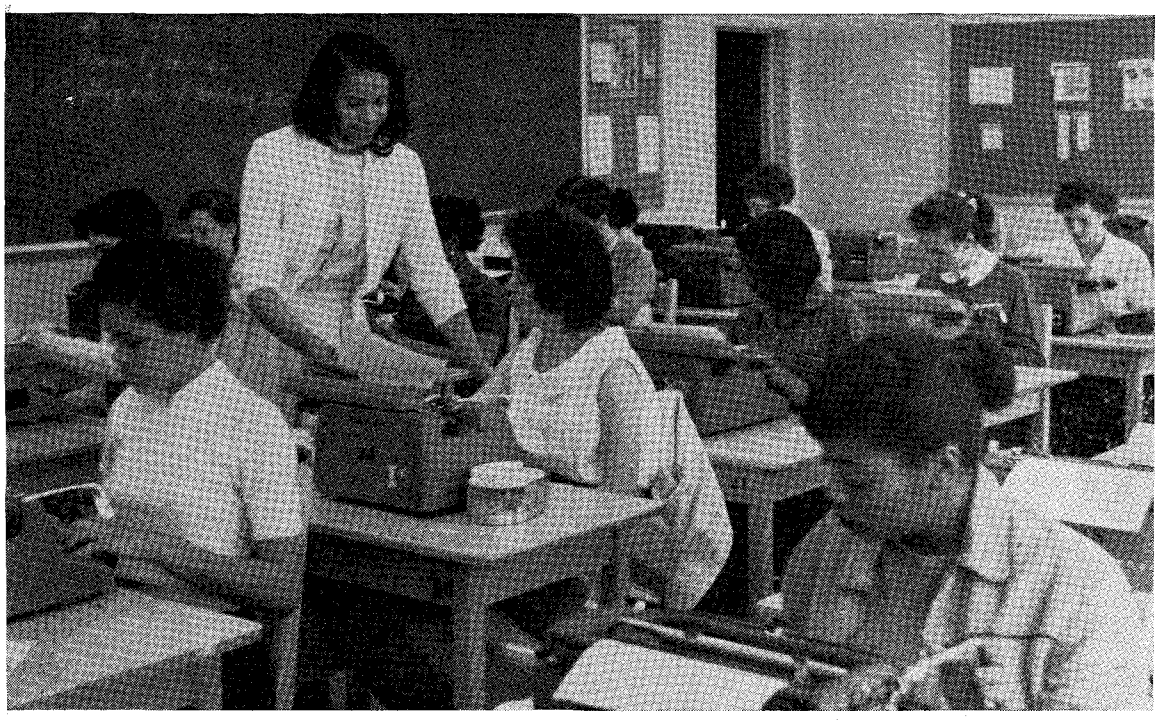
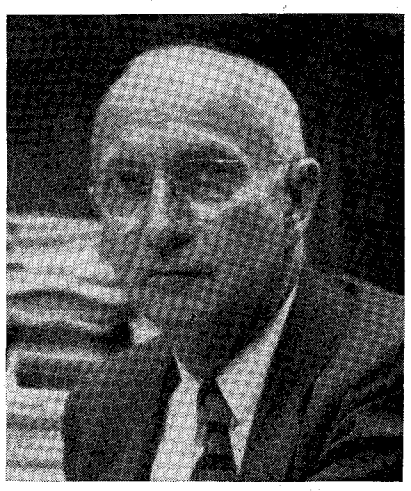
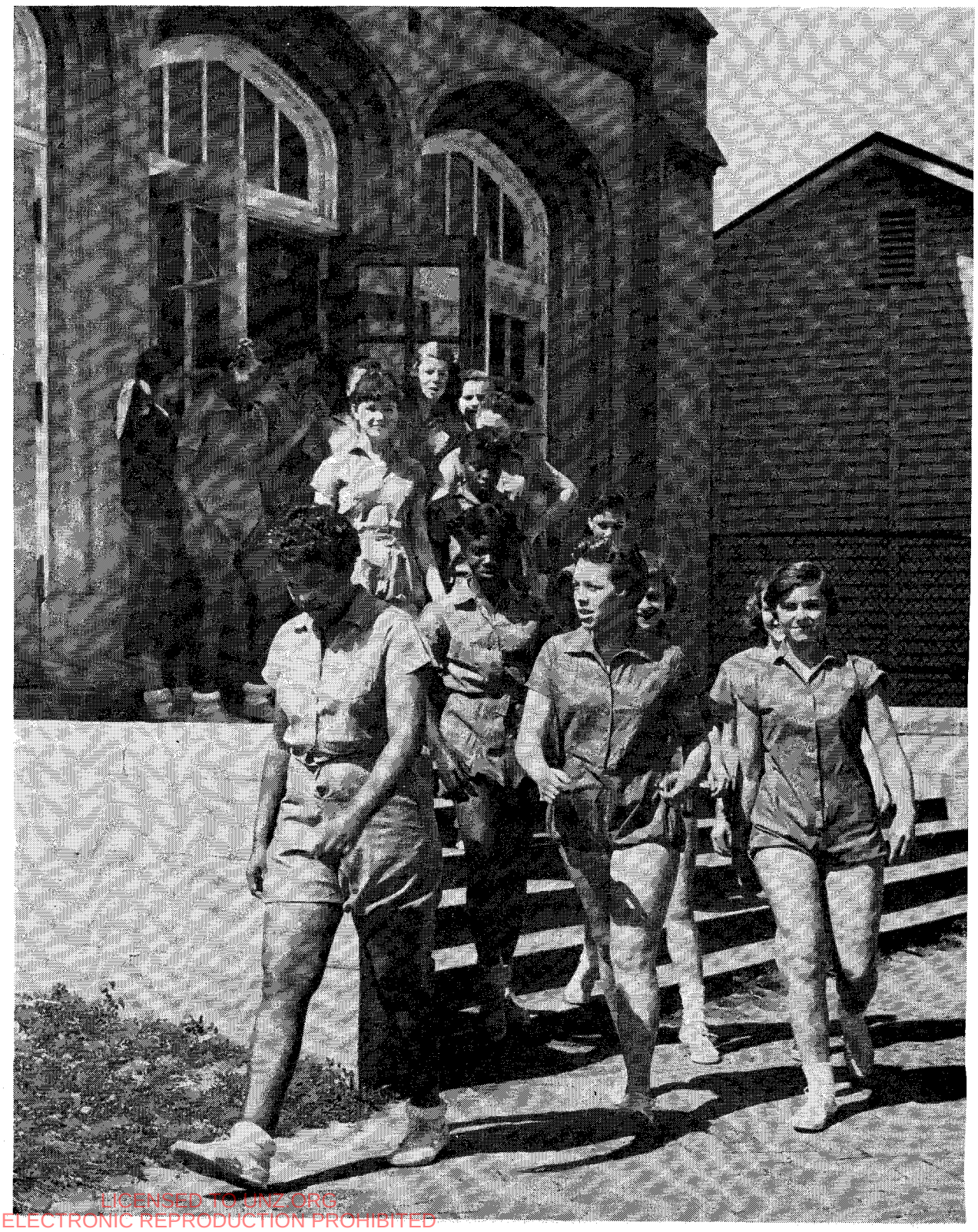


A Negro teacher at Baltimore's Southern High School instructs a mixed typing class. Today 28.7 per cent of the city's Negroes attend integrated schools.



School superintendent Omer Carmichael of Louisville: "I think I've always felt the Negro is a human being like the rest of us."

Western Junior High School in Louisville, Ky.: The races are mixed in classes, but after school the youngsters walk home almost entirely in segregated clusters. About 225 of the 1077 pupils are Negroes.



CHANGING PATTERNS

In the first four articles of this series, John Bartlow Martin reported on the Deep South's intransigent resistance to integration. In this, the fifth and last article, he reviews the integration picture in other states which formerly had segregated schools. Here's how Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri have altered their racial patterns since the historic Supreme Court decision of 1954.

THE EDITORS

About 30 per cent of Baltimore's people are Negroes. As they spread out from the center of town, block by block, white people move out. Segregation is still widespread in hotels, restaurants and theaters. Negroes hold few but menial jobs in private industry. Since the war, Negroes have gone to work as bus drivers, policemen, firemen; public swimming pools and public housing have been desegregated. But it is likely that if the question "Do you favor racial segregation?" were put to a referendum, Baltimoreans would answer, "Yes."

The Baltimore School Board appears to have long favored desegregation. After the Supreme Court decision, it moved swiftly. The school superintendent, John H. Fischer, recalls, "The board asked how long it would take to work it up and I said, 'Give us a week.'" The plan he submitted on June tenth was three paragraphs long. "I could have said it in a sentence, but I didn't want it to look too blunt." He simply proposed that any child attend any school in the city. Baltimore never has had rigid school districts.

Fischer, a well-dressed, pipe-smoking man with a firm manner and a precise mind, made no preparation, except to call all teachers together and explain that children would not be forced into integration, most pupils would continue to attend

(Continued on Page 55)

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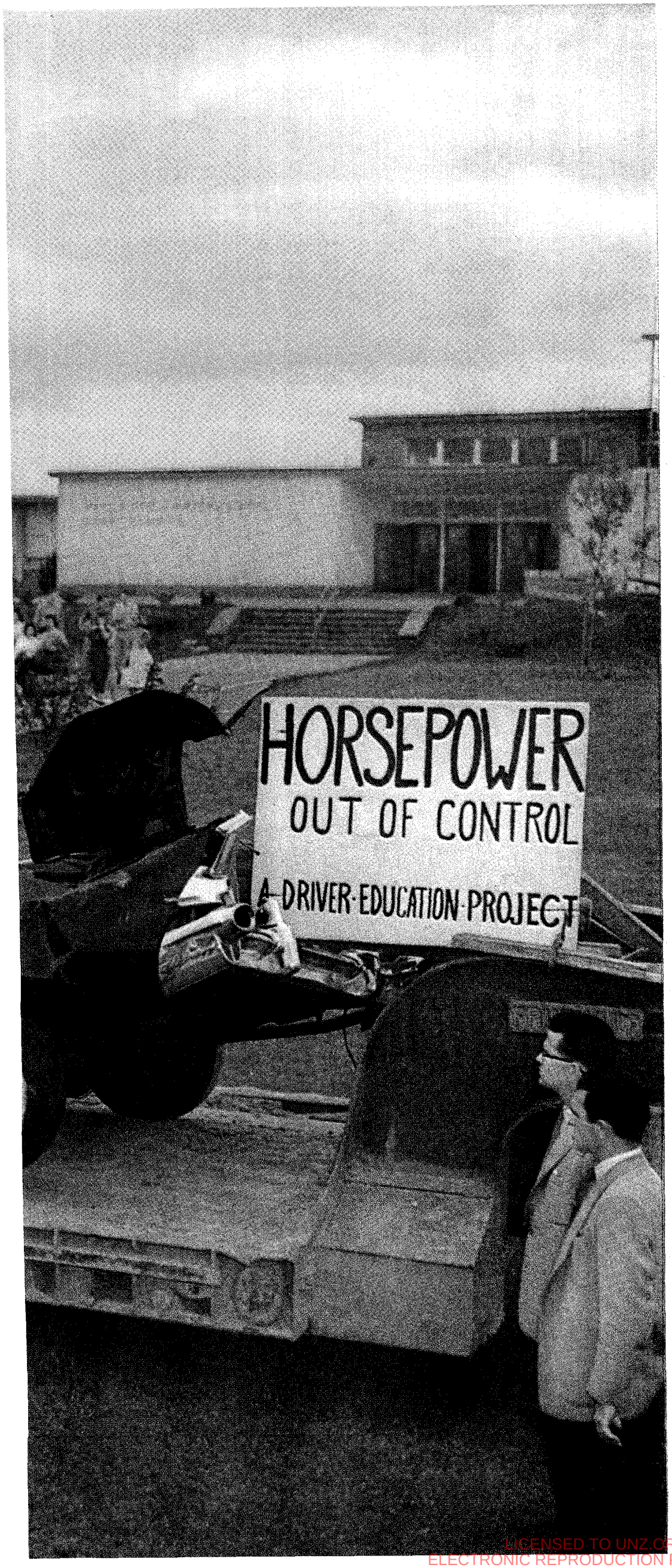
The Face of AMERICA

Relic of 90 M.P.H.



On a spring night two months ago, five boys in a brand-new car hurtled along Route 202 in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at 90 m.p.h. Suddenly the car struck the road divider, bounced back across the highway into the guard rail, and then smashed into a railroad-bridge abutment. James E. Knott, 18, and James R. Meyers, 16, seniors at the Ambler, Pennsylvania, High School, and Anthony S. Ciocca, 17, a former student there, were dashed to the roadbed and killed. The driver and owner of the car, Harry R. Schield, 20, died of his injuries five days later. Only James F. Serrao, 16, who was asleep in the back seat, survived. Knott's grief-stricken father urged that the wreckage be displayed as a warning to other youngsters at his son's school. The Ambler school board refused. Immediately, several other schools in the area arranged to show the mangled automobile to their pupils. Here, students of the Plymouth-Whitemarsh High School review the grim memorial to the aftermath of a teen-age party. • Photograph by Frank Ross

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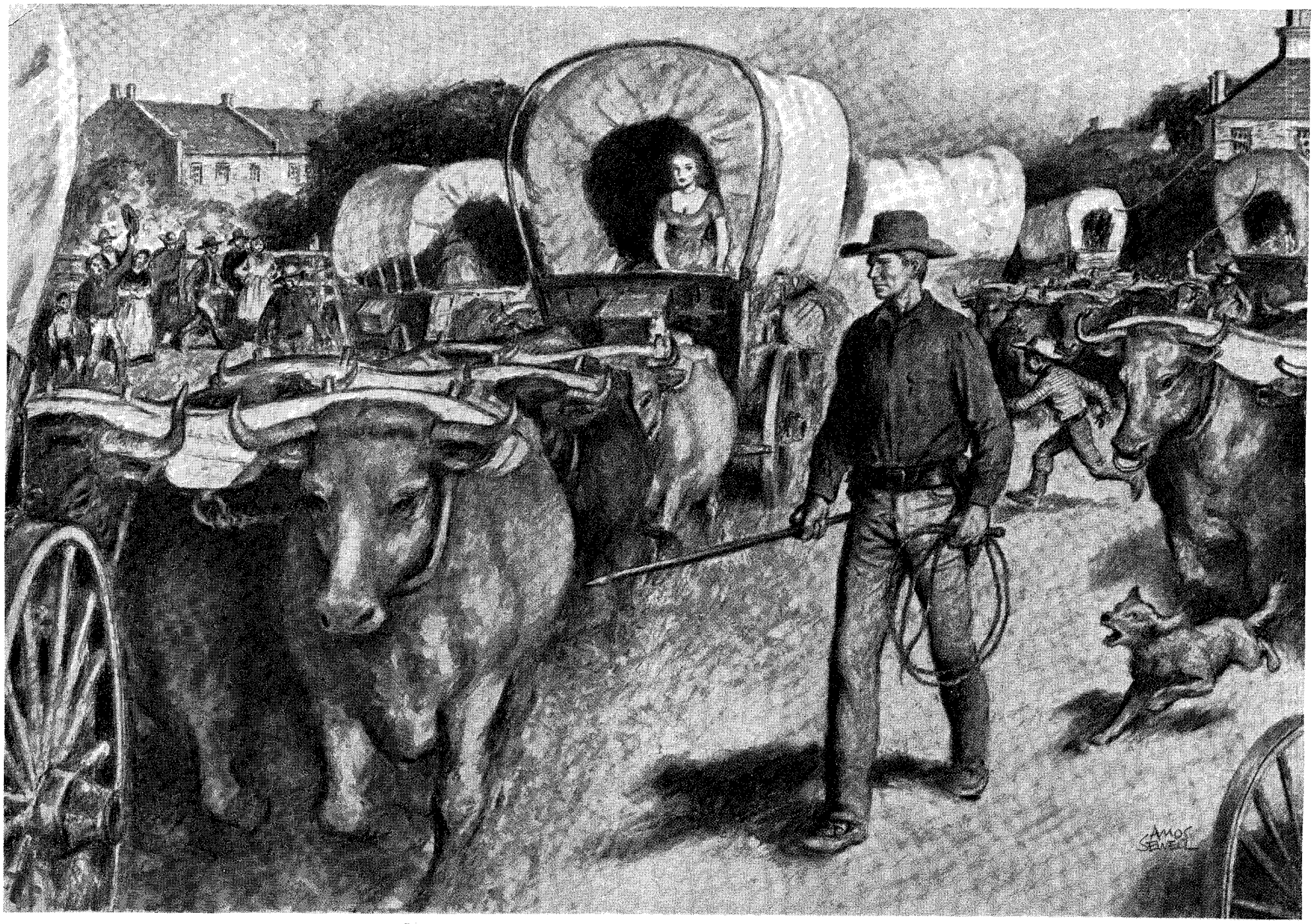

Bullwhips cracked, guns exploded in the air as the wagon train began to roll west.

Storm insisted on going ahead—even though he knew he was riding into a death trap.

California Passage

By CLIFF FARRELL

"This man, Luke Storm, had absolutely nothing to do with the shooting," Ellen told the mob. "Because he was here—in my room." With these words the young woman absolved the mountain man of the strange killing of Dan Slater, the detective who had secretly shadowed her from Baltimore. There, according to papers Luke found on Slater's body, she was wanted for the murder of her fiancé in connection with a $200,000 embezzlement in connivance with her father. Ellen summoned Luke to her room to ask him to guide her on the perilous wagon route to California. In joining trader Menafee's caravan, she used the pretext that she was anxious to join her husband in the gold fields. The trader, however, also discovered the truth behind Ellen's westward journey and was determined to follow her to her father and the loot. Luke accepted Ellen's offer after she saved him from the mob. Now his job was to guide a murderess to California in spite of hostile Indians, impending snows and the treachery of Menafee and his henchmen.

III

Mack Sledge, the humiliation fevering his eyes, longed to try it. But as he gazed at Luke a doubt overcame the hunger. Sledge decided that this was not the time nor the place. He turned away and vanished among the wagons.

Someone had carried the news of the trouble to Emery Dixon. The missionary came hurrying to the scene. "You again," he said accusingly to Luke. "This is not the first time you have engaged in violence in our midst, sir. I warn you that such conduct will no longer be tolerated."

Ellen spoke. "Mr. Storm had provocation on this occasion at least."

The missionary's gaze swung condemningly to her. "I can understand your interest in this man, madam," he said. "This is the second time also that you have ——"

"Just a minute!" Luke snapped. He glared at Ellen, offended. "I don't need anybody to

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do my talking for me—least of all, a woman. I tell you now, this child can take care o' himself ——"

Emery Dixon kept talking as though Luke hadn't spoken. "This is the second time you have defended this man lately, madam. You at least are consistent—and loyal, Mrs. Jarrett." His implication was plain enough.

Ellen straightened. "I feel it is my duty always to defend anyone unjustly accused, Reverend," she said. "The Good Book says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

"Perhaps it would be well to eliminate the Scriptures from this discussion," Emery Dixon said. "I understand that you are alone, Mrs. Jarrett, and that you have employed this man as your teamster. It is, shall we say, a very unconventional arrangement."

"What you are trying to say, Reverend," Ellen replied, "is that I am an immoral woman."

Emery Dixon had waded beyond his depth. But he was strong enough to meet the issue, now that it was forced on him. "We, of course, prefer only decent, God-fearing people as our comrades on this dangerous journey," he said. "I neither condemn nor do I judge. That is not for me."

Luke spoke. "But you throw a little mud around an' watch it smear things," he said. "You didn't have the right kind of bringin'-up, parson. You try to find evil when what you should be lookin' for is the sunshine."

Emery Dixon reddened. "Are you presuming to preach to me, sir?" he thundered.

"Sounds like you could stand some listenin' instead of talkin'," Luke observed.

Emery Dixon turned to the girl. "If you are ever in need of advice, Mrs. Jarrett, I will be at your service," he said hastily. Then he beat a retreat.

Luke watched Ellen's expression as she gazed after the departing minister. But he could not read her thoughts.

"Maybe I better find you another man to take care o' your stock an' wagon," he said slowly.

"I care nothing about their talk," she said. "I am interested only in reaching California as soon as possible. I am depending on you to see that I get there."

He resumed his inspection of the outfit she had bought. He crawled beneath the Pittsburgh-built wagon, peering at the reach and running gear and wheels. He paid particular attention to the tires, noting with satisfaction that they were fitted with a bolt to each felloe, so that when the spokes began to loosen in the dry air of the plains, the wheel could be drawn tight again.

"The wagon's seen some hard use," he commented when he emerged, "but it seems to be in fair shape."

He examined the oxen carefully. "Not too bad," he decided. "I've seen better. But they ought to make it as far as Menafee's fort with proper handling."

"You still think that Menafee is only interested in seeing that we winter at his trading post, don't you?" Ellen asked.

"He's already made a start in that direction," Luke observed. "Here 'tis, gittin' along toward noon an' not a wheel turnin'. This won't be the last time this outfit will be delayed by Menafee an' his notions."

His words carried to nearby wagons. Men heard and stood uncertain and troubled.

"How much did you pay for this outfit?" Luke asked.

"Twelve hundred dollars," Ellen said. "Wagon, oxen and gear."

"Menafee charged you about four hundred too much," Luke shrugged.

"I was not in a position to haggle," Ellen said. "I knew he was taking advantage of me, but time was important."

The slap of trotting hoofs sounded. Vance Cameron came riding up on a tough-mouthed, thick-bodied black saddle horse. "Good morning, Mrs. Jarrett!" he said, lifting his hat. "Good morning, Storm! We are going to be fellow travelers. I've arranged to be attached to a wagon owned by one Mike McDuffy and his good wife, who are bound for California." He slid from the horse. "It seems we are still being delayed," he went on. "Something to do with a broken fore hound on one of Tracy Menafee's freight wagons."

Luke uttered a snort. He leaped to a wagon hub and lifted his voice in a strident shout. "Let's roll! Those that can't move now kin ketch up later! You there in the pilot wagons! Stretch out! Str-etch out!"

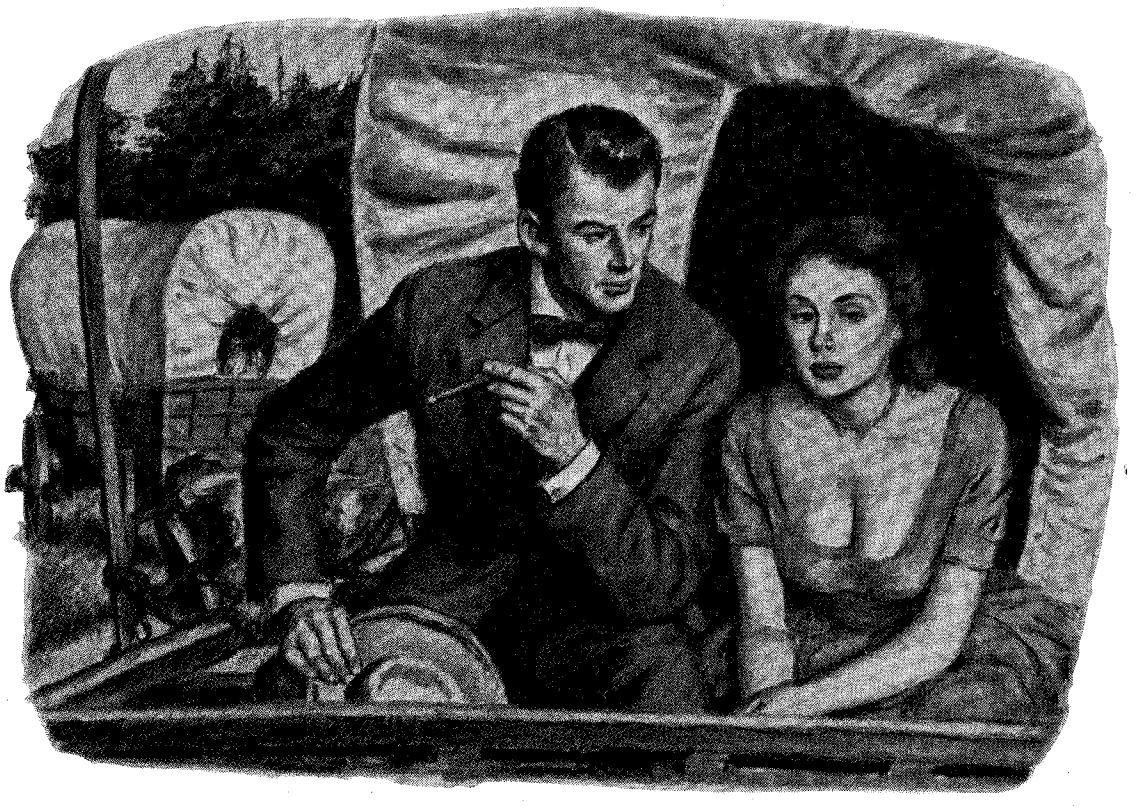
That did it. A stir of excitement ran down the line of wagons. Men broke into action. They had been awaiting only leadership. Even the oxen aroused from their lethargy. Everyone—men and women and animals—faced westward, looked westward.

Then a bullwhip cracked. A high-wheeled, canvas-hooded Conestoga wagon heaved into motion. Others followed. Guns exploded in the air. A bugle sounded. Banjos tinkled. The bell in the Independence courthouse began to toll. A church bell joined in—the customary farewell to outbound caravans. Near the head of the line, Abbie Wallace stood in the bow of a wagon and her clear voice carried through the activity. "Oh! Susannah! Oh ——"

Others took it up. The great song of the trail swelled loud and deliriously reckless. The die was cast now.

(Continued on Page 60)

"I wouldn't risk a penny
on Storm's chances of living to see California,"
Cameron told Ellen.



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I Get the Impression I'm All Around Me

Persons who have occasion to speak into microphones at banquets, luncheon meetings, and so on, more than likely will recognize the following examples of the types of mikes they are apt to encounter:

THE ECHOES-BACK-LIKE-CRAZY MICROPHONE: "And—AND—so—SO—ladies—LADIES—and—AND—gentlemen—GENTLE——"

THE INTERMITTENTLY-GOES-DEAD MICROPHONE: "Now, then, members, if we . . . to achieve . . . goal of . . . . . dollars, we . . . . everything . . . our power to . . . . . and, in addition . . . must ——"

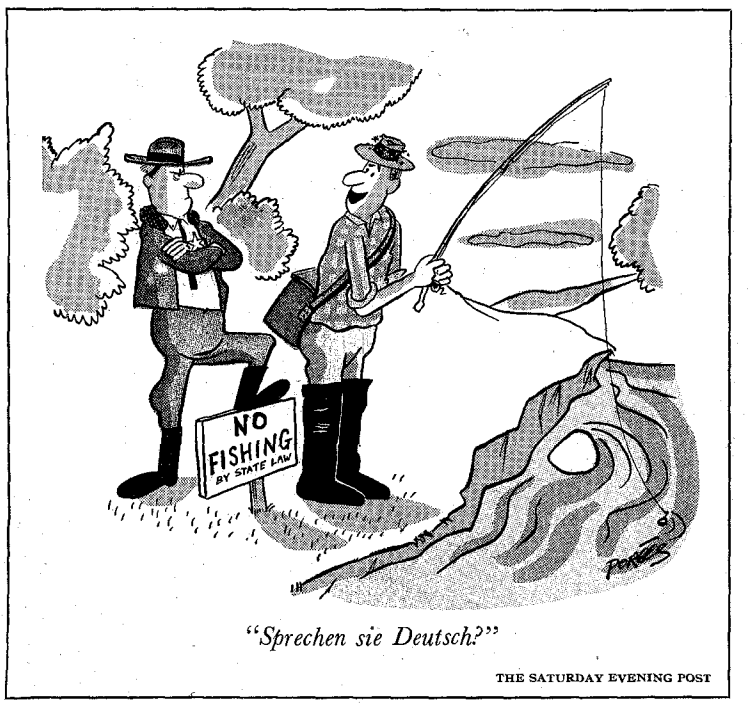
THE HOWLS-QUITE-FREQUENTLY MICROPHONE: "At this point it is my very great pleasuuuuuuuuuuuuu—iiiioonnnngggggggg—to present our very distinguished speaaaaaaaaaaaakkkk—iiiioonnnngggggggg ——"

THE VOLUME-DOESN'T-SEEM-TO-BE-VERY-STEADY MICROPHONE: "And I'M sure THAT OUR SPEAKER will BE happy TO ANSWER ANY questions that ANY OF you may HAVE AT this TIME, AND also that ——"

THE REALLY-MURDERS-THE-LETTER-S MICROPHONE: "S-S-So, I'm going to assssk S-S-S-Sarah S-S-S-Simps-s-s-son to s-s-s-stand ——"

THE NEEDS-TESTING-EVERY-FEW-SECONDS MICROPHONE: "Furthermore—one, two, three—I think that all members—poof—will agree that we owe a real vote of—poof ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Imagination, Ho!

One night in June, beneath the moon,
Two young sweethearts were spooning.
He held her near and whispered clear,
His tenor voice acrooning,
"You're wonderful!"

With raccoon coats and banjo notes,
Two young sweethearts were boating.
He turned his head and softly said,
His tenor voice emoting,
"You're the cat's pajamas!"

In a four-wheel wreck, all beat to heck,
Two young sweethearts were necking.
He let her go and murmured low,
His tenor voice unchecking,
"Geez, you're keen!"

One crazy fall at a real gone brawl,
Two young sweethearts were balling.
He dug the scene with his cool cat queen,
His tenor voice came drawling,
"Man, you're endsville!"

At a cosmic noon on the seventh moon ——

WILLIAM BRAMLEY

The Gentleman Tackles the Hardware Store

"Good morning! And what can I do for you?"

"Well, I wanted to pick up a pair of tin snips."

"You're home, friend! This way! Here she is—our Pride o' the Home Workshop Tin Snips of 1000 Uses, with Power Saw and Turp Agulator attached!"

"Golly, I didn't want ——"

"—with intramat, freem bushings, and cold-rolled crenelated choke plate!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Hold it, friend. You're about to ask about the pluke. O.K., look. Your obolator rotostats your rejestor cones, right? So your blork can't foul your grammets, right? And your drive-pin caraflaws your hex nut, right? O.K. Now ——"

"But I only ——"

"On special today for the unheard-of low, low down payment of a mere ——"

"Look, all I wanted was ——"

"Too much, hey? O.K., friend, here's what the doctor ordered. Our Little Goliath Acey-Deucey Combo Solder-Gun-and-Sander, converts to tin snips at a flick of the finger!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Look at that front-loading presstrill! Just set this baby up in your basement shop and ——"

"But I haven't got a basement shop. I ——"

"You mean you've never had the good solid feeling of really making something with your own two hands?"

"Well, sure, I built me a forty-foot schooner once, but don't tell ——"

"But you're not too handy around home, right?"

"Well, sure, I built a two-story house for the folks, once, but ——"

"Then tell me, friend! Is there anything like the good down-to-earth satisfaction you get from doing it yourself?"

"Well, yes and no. I mean, if your wife ever finds out you know a hacksaw from a hole in the ground—man, you've had it. From there on in, you're either turning the attic into a party room or the party room into an attic, and whammo, there goes your golf game. I just wanted to pick up a pair of tin snips for the neighbor, and ——"

"And do you realize how much —— Golf game? Say, you're not just whistling Dixie! Before I got married I was shooting in the seventies, but being in this business I haven't got a prayer. Stay with it, friend, and I sure wish you luck! Tin snips? Here you are, special today, just $3.29. Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

Cause and Effect

It's a chocolate cream here,
A rich dessert there,
A nibble too frequent,
A meal that's too square,

Then a glance into mirrors
I pass, to deplore
The fact that I'm not
My old sylph any more!

MAY RICHSTONE

Libretto

Our marital harmony's jake, dear;
Our love's like the singing of birds.
What beautiful music we'd make, dear,
If only it weren't for the words.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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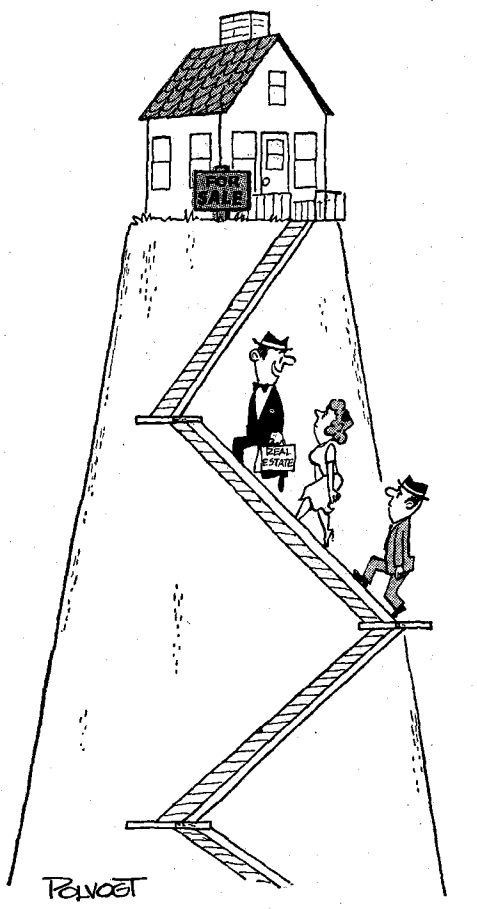

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"On the other hand, the drainage is wonderful."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Their Look Speaks Volumes

Those people wear a funny look
Who claim to read me like a book.
It seems to me they always squint
As though they do not like my print.

RICHARD WHEELER

Singing—on a Very Small Scale

I sing monotone, I know,
And on that tone I dote.
I have a favorite color, so
Why not a favorite note?

TOM CONGDON

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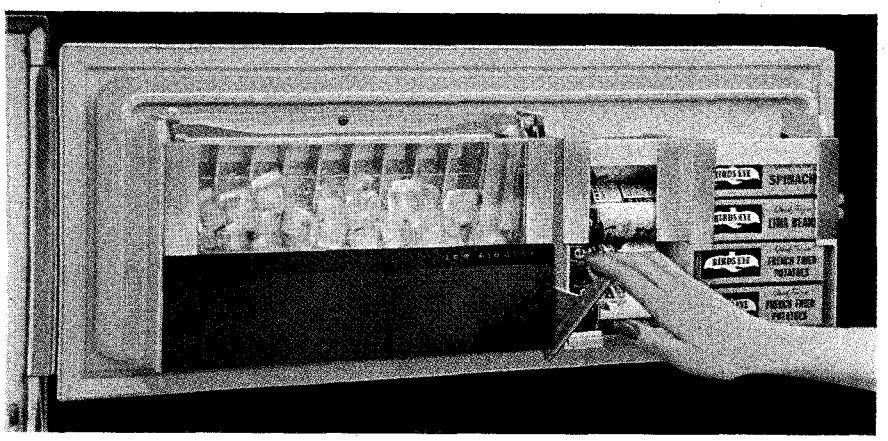
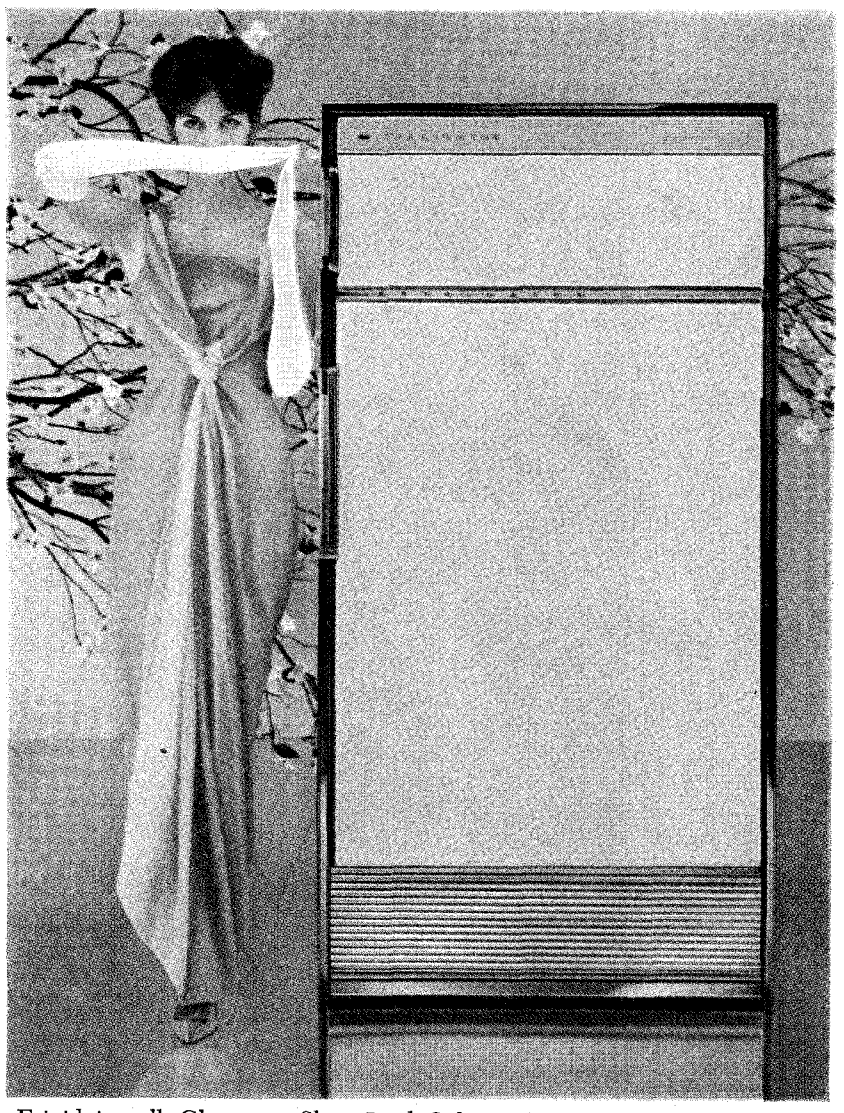
Imagine – Sheer Look Glamor at a Never Before Low Price!





Frigidaire sells Glamorous Sheer Look Colors at No Extra Cost. Available in many models.

–and a 2-door beauty with the marvelous Ice-Ejector at that!

You're in luck if you need a new freezer-refrigerator. Right now, everything's in your favor!

Because now you can have this *big* Frigidaire two-door combination – with all its Imperial features – and IN COLOR – for the price you'd expect to pay for a one-door plain white refrigerator.

You get "built-in" design to bring the modern note to your present kitchen. You get styling and dimensions *made* for your "kitchen of tomorrow" when you build it.

And you get many extra dollars' worth of value in features like these:

Frigidaire huge shelf area of 20.7 square feet. That's up to 4.9 more feet than other comparable makes.

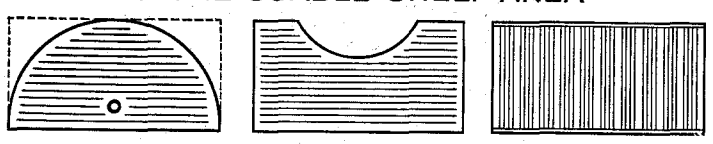
Frigidaire zero zone, true freezer section with its separate door and 84-pound capacity. With its Ice-Ejector that pops cubes out and stores them for you.

Frigidaire *exclusive* Cycla-Matic defrosting of its refrigerator section – the Roll-to-You Shelves, even for bottles – the Plan-A-Door that lets YOU dictate door-storage arrangements.

And – speaking of value – your old refrigerator has a trade-in value right now that will make it *extra* easy for you to have a sparkling Sheer Look beauty in your kitchen right away. And Frigidaire sells it in *color* at no extra cost over white.

Just look up your Frigidaire dealer in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "Electric Appliances." Then – look in on the wonderful buys he has for you!

MORE USABLE SHELF AREA



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soreness from summer drafts. Stiff neck is common when drafts hit a perspiring skin. INTRACEL puts pain to sleep . . . isn't messy like other medications.

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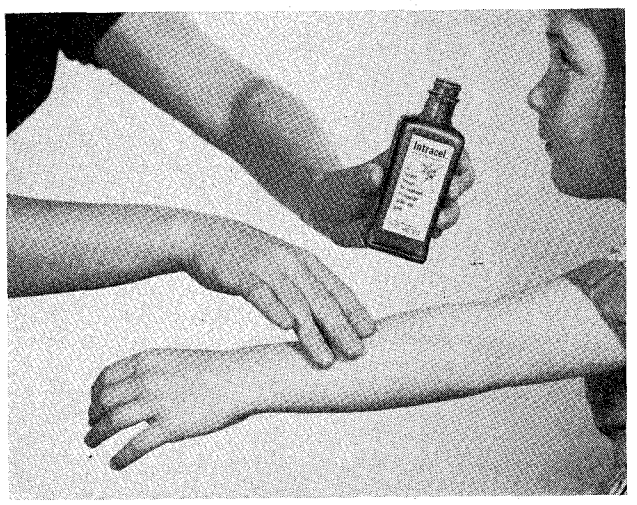

pain from insect bites, poison ivy. INTRACEL deadens pain of bee stings, mosquito and chigger bites . . . relieves itching of hives, poison ivy, poison oak.

even eases sunburn pain! INTRACEL feels so cool and soothing on hot skin. Has a pleasant fragrance, too. Always keep INTRACEL on hand for emergencies.

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Now for the first time—a cool, soothing liquid that penetrates through the tissues to put pain to sleep

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INTRACEL has been laboratory and clinically tested and found to be completely safe in relieving a wide variety of ailments.* It offers bright hope to millions of people both young and old who are suffering needlessly.

So this summer when you're tormented by common muscular aches and pains, don't "dope" yourself with aspirin. Don't rub on a greasy salve or liniment containing such ingredients as mustard oil, turpentine, red pepper or other skin irritants in the hope of "burning out" your pain. Just apply INTRACEL. Feel its soothing coolness! Watch it go into the skin! Sniff its pleasant fragrance! And in minutes INTRACEL has put the pain to sleep . . . or your druggist will return your money.

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THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

A prowler was at large in Columbine's motel, with intentions homicidal.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Madame Thistlebun's chauffeur, Pea-Eye, called out urgently: "Hey, you dames! Git a move on! A car just turned in from the main road!"

Columbine Pepper Drugget and the rich Madame Roxy Thistlebun had paid a sneak visit to the hide-out of Prof. Artemus Thumb and his crony, the "Reverend" Mr. Martinus. There they discovered the bag of gems and burglar's tools which Columbine had accidentally picked up and which were later stolen from her.

But the sinister partners were not all Columbine had to contend with. Lucius Quentin, owner of a rival motel chain, was trying to trick her out of her inheritance, a luxury motel called The Grove of Daphne, by bribing the employees to poison the food, disrupt the service and to quit. Columbine decided to fight fire with fire by spreading a rumor that the property next to one of Quentin's motels was going to be purchased by a stockyard and meat-packing plant.

VII

Columbine acted with decision and adroitness. She left the kit of burglar's tools as they lay but she quickly dumped the contents of the chamois bag into her purse. She darted into the littered room beyond and scraped up a handful of pebbles and little cement fragments and substituted them for the jewels. She made sure the altar showed no signs of having been disturbed, and then hastened after Madame Thistlebun to the waiting car.

Pea-Eye was impatient, gruffly ordering them to their seats. Then noiselessly he meshed the gears, taking charge of the situation, and put the car in motion. The ruin concealed it from the road below so that he had some moments to act before the enemy arrived. The descent at the rear of the house was not steep. The ground was hard, rough but navigable. He coasted down after he had reached the rim and picked his way nicely around rocks and arroyos and desert growth until he could come to a stop nearly a quarter of a mile away behind a clustered growth of paloverde and mesquite.

"Sometime," he said morosely, "you'll land me in a real tight squeeze where I can't smoke my way out. The sense God gave geese you ain't got."

"How much do I pay you?" Madame snapped.

"I got no kick," Pea-Eye said.

"So I don't pay you all that cash just for driving a car. I pay you to put up with what the papers call my whims. If you know a better job, go to it."

A sudden dazzling light blinded her eyes. It was followed by the shock of a blow.

"Me," snarled Pea-Eye, "I don't mind the fool chances I got to take. It's the hole-in-the-head chatter that goes with it."

Madame turned to Columbine, beaming. "Apologizes nice, don't he? He wasn't that polite till I learned him."

"All ready," Columbine said mainly to herself, "for a witches' Sabbath."

"What's that?" Madame required to know.

"It could be," Columbine said pedantically, "that it is a survival of the ancient Saturnalia or of some other pagan rite of orgiastic nature. Adulterated by black magic and pandering to the baser, possibly demented, impulses of mankind. Grisly feasts. In Scotland, the Earl of Bothwell was Grand Master of the revels, masquerading as the devil."

"Sounds," said Madame, "like the great-grandmother of the cocktail party."

"Women," Columbine continued, "used to disrobe in a room with a chimney and anoint themselves with a witches' brew, and then were capable of levitation. They would sit astride a broom and rise up the chimney and fly to the Sabbath."

"Handy," Madame said, apparently not impressed by the practices of demonology. "What we need right now is a couple of racin' broomsticks. Otherwise we're bogged down here for the duration."

"The point that puzzles me," Columbine said, "is why Martinus tolerates such insanity in his partner."

"Chicken," said Madame maternally, "you just ain't been around. You can dig up plenty of screwballs to go for any cockeyed religious dodge, especially if it's got sex mixed up in it. And there's cash money in it. Ten will get you fifty that Professor Thumb can dredge up overnight enough thwarted old maids or rich widows to jam his church, each one cravin' to break the speed limit on a broomstick."

Pea-Eye crowded into the conversation. "If you two," he said in a sort of bated voice, "think that there ain't witches and hexes skitterin' around, then you jest ain't eddicated."

"See!" exclaimed Madame. She snorted. "Stick a pin into the first college president you see, and superstition'll come oozin' out of him. Thirteen to a table. Walkin' under ladders. Maybe you think this magic business is buried, but I'm tellin' you the layer of earth over it is so shallow a hen can scratch it up with one claw."

"I knowed a man in Chi," Pea-Eye said, "that even Scar Face was ascairt of. He could bump off anybody near or far jest by makin' a wax dummy of him and stickin' pins in it."

They sat for half an hour, impatiently waiting, before they saw the car pull away from the ruin above and raise a cloud of dust on its way to the main road. Pea-Eye, a cautious practitioner of illegal arts, waited for ten minutes before he consented to move. During that pause he regaled the women with terse accounts of gentlemen who had met unpleasant ends because they leaped before they looked.

In the morning, on the society page of the newspaper there was a humorous story about Madame Thistlebun, under the by-line of Maxine Swan. It was funny, but on the whole it was kindly. It ridiculed Madame's eccentricities, but managed skillfully to be sympathetic to them. It would have been humiliating to a sensitive soul, but Madame gloried in every line of it. The story made no mention of Columbine Pepper Drugget. But on the front page was a piece

(Continued on Page 78)

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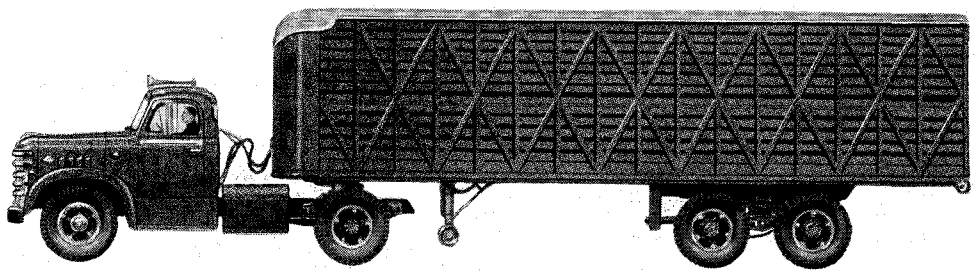
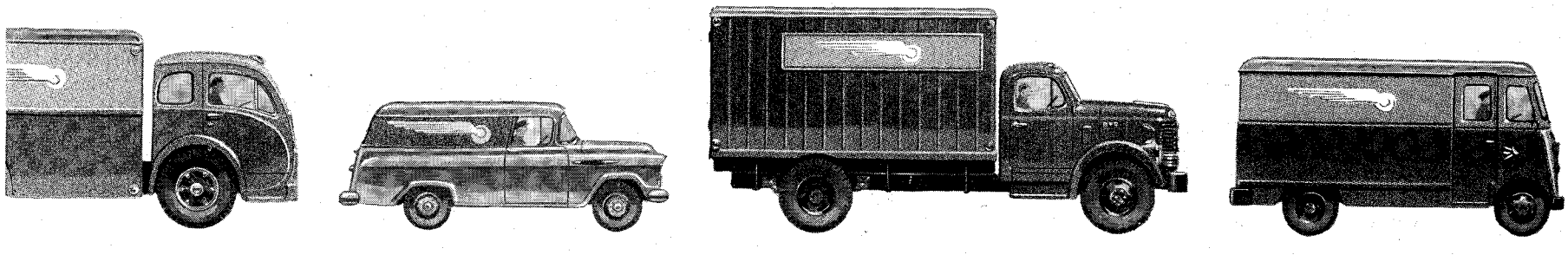
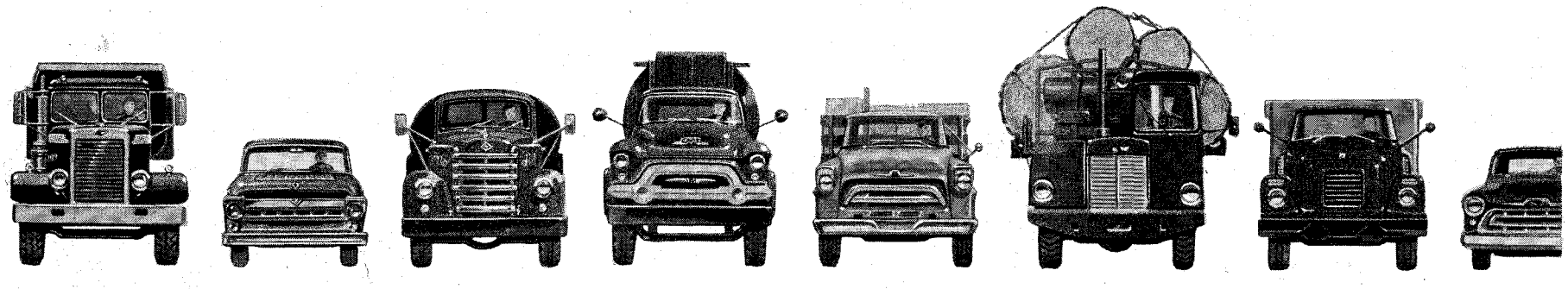


Whether you own one truck or four



a score of trucks or more



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Dry Madness (Continued from Page 24)

back of the farm next door. But all across the level plain of the land the grass was turning into early hay because of the sun and the lack of rain.

He went across the fields toward his white house with the green roof. As he drew near, Mother Molly came to the back door. He waved to her, and when she answered he saw that her arms were white with the flour of baking.

He came and stood near her and he smiled, crinkling his eyes. He looked at her, standing on the step above him, and she was reminded of when he was younger, when they had first come to this place and he had worked hard and long to make it a good farm and a good home for both of them. That had been twenty-five years ago. The result of how they had both toiled was out there under the sun, and she loved him very much.

He said, "Hot work, Mother Molly."

She said, "It's hot even with an electric stove. But you'd make an awful performance if I didn't bake once a week for you. So would Ngaire."

She was thick with years, gray-haired, and sometimes, when it got cold in the winter and early spring, he would rub her back because of rheumatism. This was the aftermath of working with him out in the fields when it rained, feeding stock, milking the herd, tending the heifers.

He said, "Where's Ngaire?"

She said, "She went over to see young Colin about something."

Their eyes met, and in a while they smiled together, standing there alone with the dry land stretching away to the hills and the sky.

She said, "Come in, then," with mock resignation. "I suppose I'd better make you a cup of tea."

They went in. There were some coconut cookies and a big fruit cake on the bench. He took one of the cookies quickly. She saw him and puckered up her lips, but she was pleased he still pretended to steal her baking.

She made the tea, and as he sipped it, he said, "So our girl is over with the new folk. Is she courting Colin Lancaster or is he courting her?"

Mother Molly padded heavy-footed to the flour bin. She took out a measure of flour preparatory to making one of her famous sponges.

She said, "Mac, I'm not unhappy about it. She's twenty-two and there aren't many boys in the district."

"She won't die an old maid. Not if she takes after her mother for good looks. And she does. Can I have another one of them coconut things?"

"Oh, you! Flattery don't get you nothing." But she gave him the cooky.

She sifted flour and baking powder together, and then began to whisk eggs.

"How long is this dry spell going to last, for goodness' sake?"

He said, "By crikey I don't know! It's terrific! We're lucky to have artesian water. But our production's down."

She knew what the figures should be as well as he did. "What did the last test show?"

"We should be getting two hundred and seventy now. We got two forty."

She said, "Two hundred and forty pounds of butterfat per cow is poor for our herd."

He said, "If this drought holds on, there's going to be big losses for some of the locals. Water is going to be the headache. We're used to getting our forty inches of rain a year, and that keeps the streams running sweet. Too many of the other farmers depend on pumping up from their creeks. Like Lancaster. Take the creeks away and then what? He could go broke."

"Oh, Mac."

"Well, it isn't Australia. Maybe it's all right for some of their stock to live on saltbush and a few waterholes. Our stuff is different. It's high-bred and isn't reared to hard times."

"But it must rain soon."

"Who the heck says so? Not the weathermen! Fine and dry, day after day! But I'm worried about the new folk next door—the Lancasters. They've been here three months and only had one shower."

"They've put all their money into that farm, Mac."

"So we know. And if The Hill packs up they've had it. All their water comes from the creek."

"You don't trust that hill, do you?"

"No. It started when we had that big shake ten years ago. I suppose it comes up from an underground stream."

"You think it could dry up?"

"Yes. Or another earthquake sometime."

"Don't say that, Mac. I'm scared of those things."

Before he could say anything, Ngaire came in. She was in her lovely years. She was slender, slim-waisted, had boyish hips, brown hair. Her mouth smiled quickly and her eyes were tantalizing. She walked with the springing step of one who did much horseback riding.

"Hullo, mums. I'm home. . . . Hullo, dad. How goes the blackberry?"

He grinned at her. "I wish I had a son. Then he could go and slash the darn stuff."

Ngaire laughed and poured herself a cup of tea. "I'll cut all your blackberry, dad. I'm as strong as the best son you could have!"

He looked at her smallness. "You stick to herding cows and helping me to milk them. And courting," he added, crinkling.

"Mac!" said Mother Molly.

Ngaire raised her brows innocently. "Courting, dad! Not me. I love you and mums too much."

Mother Molly put the sponge batter in the oven. She and Mac had worried for a while that Ngaire would not find someone who would make her a good husband. Living far from the cities was a handicap. Then the Lancasters had come and she had breathed a maternal sigh of relief. Ngaire and young Colin were a matched pair, like Mac and herself.

"Never mind the kidding, my girl," she said, smiling. "And how goes it with the Lancasters?"

Ngaire looked up. "Colin's fine! But I think Mr. Lancaster is having troubles."

"Oh," said Mac.

"His creek is dropping. Not much, though. I went down and had a look at it, and some of the top stones are showing. The grass is really dying off."

Her parents looked at her.

"That blasted hill could ruin him," said Mac.

"I mentioned that you weren't happy about The Hill."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed, but he didn't mean it. Not happy-like. He just said it was a shame you didn't have more to do, except worry about his business."

They held a silence for a while.

"He's a pigheaded fool," said Mac softly. "He's got cows to worry about."

He got upset quickly if stock was put in danger or a man refused advice. He had been glad of guidance from the government inspectors during his time—till he learned, at the cost of many years.

"Colin told me that they had a small holding down on the Rangitikei. He went to agriculture college, himself. And his father used to work in an office, till he saved enough money to start the place. Mr. Lancaster has read dozens of books on farming."

Mac snorted, "Books! They're all right to read when the cows are dried off in the winter and a man has got to stay inside for a couple of months."

She pushed her hair off her forehead. "I think it might be a good idea if you helped him."

"And have him yelling at me? Look at him. Built like the back of a battleship. His jaw tells me enough. He wouldn't ever give in and listen to reason."

Mother Molly took the sponge out. It was up to her usual perfection.

"I think you should go over, Mac."

He breathed deep. "But, mother ——"

"Please, Mac. It's important that they don't fail."

He caught her looking sideways at Ngaire and he knew what she meant. "I suppose I'd better," he said, and went out.

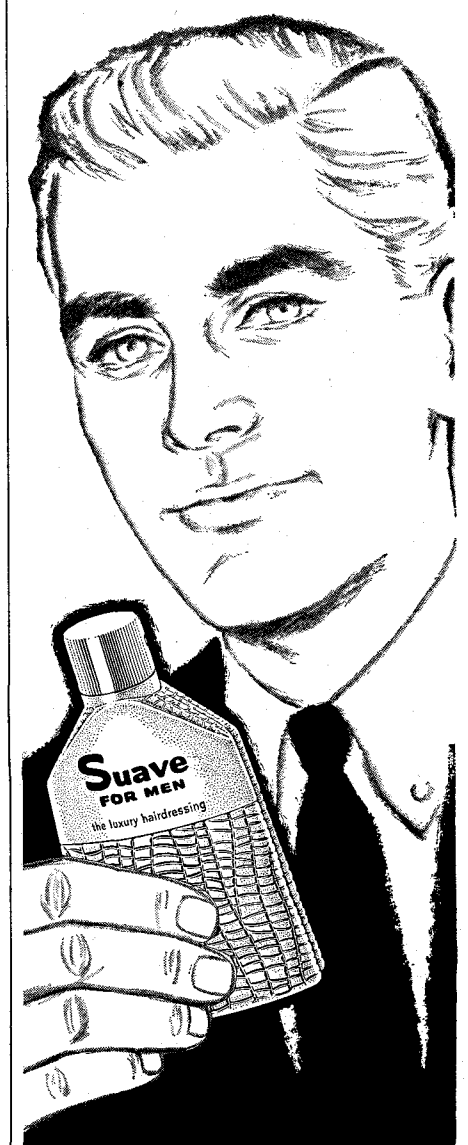
He found Lancaster wrestling with the jammed valve of a water pump. There were nuts and washers and a ball cock on the ground. Colin was standing there.

Mac smiled pleasantly, the slow and easy smile of a man who has learned to appreciate other people.

"Maybe you ought to rest your arm a few days. Your control is off."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You'll never go back to ordinary hairdressings!



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"Hullo, folks."

Colin turned and looked at him. Colin was tall as his father, but had not his heaviness. He said, "Good day, Mac. How you going?" using the colloquial phrase. He grinned, liking the little man.

Big Bill Lancaster didn't look up. He strained at a recalcitrant nut. "Damn it to hell!" he said.

"Having a spot of bother?" asked Mac, taking out his tobacco.

"I'm having trouble."

Mac could hear the other's voice trying to keep normal.

"Not the best time to have a breakdown in the water supply."

"No, it isn't," said Colin quickly.

Mac squatted on his heels. "Not much feed about for cows."

Lancaster threw down his spanner. "Get me a wrench, Col." He didn't look at Mac. Colin hurried toward the toolshed nearby. The big man wiped his face with a splayed hand, and there was a line of grease down his cheek. His face was burned with the sun, and his eyes wrinkled with temper.

Mac squatted, looking carefully at the ground. "I hear the creek is dropping."

Lancaster shuffled his big feet and dust hung about. "I'm one busy man, Mac. Why don't you break it up? Go along home till I'm not so busy." He kept looking toward the toolshed. Colin came out with the wrench. "Shake it up, Col!" he yelled.

Mac heard cattle beginning to low and bellow, restless, then breaking off suddenly. The air was swamped with heat.

Colin handed the wrench to his father, and the big man went back to the tight nut. His arms seemed to squirt muscles.

Mac said, "Maybe it's got a different worm. You know, the one that turns opposite. It acts as a lock nut."

Lancaster swung hard, left to right, and at once the nut gave. He choked because he felt Mac had made him look like a fool.

He put down the wrench. "What the blue blazes do you want, Mac?"

Mac stood up, and he was filled with quietness. "I told you. I heard your creek was dropping. I ain't ever trusted The Hill. If there's anything I can do ——"

Big Lancaster stepped to him and looked down. The little man's eyes did not flinch. "You heard this," said Lancaster. "You heard something else. Or else you're thinking. What are you, Mac—some information bureau?"

"Dad," said Colin softly.

"Cut it, son. Mac wants to come poking about. I won't stand for it."

"I ain't got no such intention, mister," said Mac levelly. "But if your creek packs in, what are you going to do?"

Lancaster crashed his hands together. "It won't pack in," he roared. "It won't! Go get yourself some sleep! And stop listening to some old woman's tattle!"

Whiteness sprang around Mac's lips, and his eyes went flat.

"It weren't no old woman's tale, Lancaster. My daughter said she looked at your creek and the stones are showing. I came to help you if you'd let me."

Lancaster put his hands on his hips and his shadow blotted out the small man. "Listen. I've sunk all my sugar into this place. Every dime. And I borrowed too. But I'm not scared because I know I can win. I always have." Mac tried to speak. "*Hold it,*" *said Lancaster.* "*You said* plenty without being asked! It's my turn, and I don't want any misunderstandings. I don't want you or your daughter or none of your family tramping around my farm with a lot of high-hat talk! I don't want you to think I came down in the last shower! And don't think you know the lot, either! There's things you do which are crummy and dopey to me, but I don't run after you bawling out, with a lot of women tagging after!"

"You said too much," Mac's voice lashed.

Lancaster laughed in his face. "Don't be a mug all the time! Don't even dream of taking a smack at me! I'd break you!"

"Dad—Mac!" yelled Colin.

Lancaster swung on him. "You and your love affairs! Keep her out of my sight! I got work!"

"Dad, you're handling this all wrong. Mac came to help us. Don't be stubborn."

"By heavens ——"

"If you go on like this you'll break us—Ngaire and me—if the two families keep rowing." Colin came and set a gentle hand on his father. "Please."

Lancaster was tormented with a plague of worries. Like Mac's herd, his production was falling fast, and this was the peak of the season, when he should be repaying money. He threw Colin's arm off with a great gesture.

"So!" he shouted. "So you'd rather take some dizzy girl! Then keep her off my place! She makes trouble! And you make up your mind one way or another! Make it her or make it your own father!"

"It's not that way dad. I'm with you. You know I am. But be reasonable."

Mac said, "Don't worry, son. She won't worry you or your father."

He turned, and Lancaster shouted at him, "And while I got water I don't need you! There's always going to be water, so don't come back!"

Mac didn't look back as he went toward the dividing fence. By the time he reached home he was drenched with sweat, and this was due mostly to the rage he held pent inside.

He came into the kitchen, and Mother Molly and Ngaire were there, shelling new peas for the evening meal. He went and sat and he held his hands together to stop them from shaking.

"Mac, what's the matter?" Mother Molly cried.

He shivered. He said, "God forgive me. I wanted to hit him."

Ngaire said, "What happened, dad?" And her voice was filled with fear.

He lifted his eyes and looked at her. There were lines deeply cut around his mouth, and it seemed as if all the pain and struggle of his lifetime were pounding him.

He said, "I'm sorry, Ngaire. You're not to see young Colin again." And his heart broke a little to see her face.

Then he told his family exactly what had happened. Mother Molly sat and stared at the floor. Ngaire went out of the room and they heard her bedroom door close.

His wife said, "Don't take it too hard, Mac. You didn't lower yourself by hitting him. That was a thing."

"But Ngaire! That's why I held off. Even though he could break me, I wasn't scared of him. I kept listening to all those insults and thinking of Ngaire. She had to have her chance!"

Mother Molly shook her head. "She'll have another chance. Maybe some other nice young fellow."

"Mother, you know it's Colin for her! She won't get over this."

Mother Molly said, "Mac, I'm going to cry."

He went and touched her hair, and he stared at the silver against the brown of his callused fingers. "Lancaster said not to come back while he's got water. Maybe it'll dry up."

Then she bent over and cried against him. "If it dries up, he'll have to sell up and move out. He'll have to make up his mind quick, Mac. There won't be time to play with. The cattle will have to be saved from thirst." She kept crying and he knew he could not help her this time. All his life they had shared things, good and bad, but this time she had gone out to a far-lonely place where only mothers can go and know their sorrow.

"Mother, don't take it hard."

She looked up at him, the tears on her cheeks. "If Lancaster fails, we know what Colin will do, don't we?"

"Yes. He'll feel obliged to go on helping his father. It's what I'd expect of him because he's a good boy."

Mac went to the back door.

The dried earth stretched away and away. The high clouds were white as the sails of an armada. He stared at the bulk of The Hill. He could see the thread of water cascading and he wondered how long it would go on.

Then he didn't know whether he wanted it to stop, and so make Lancaster see who was right. But that would lose Ngaire her chance of love, if Lancaster was driven away. Then he didn't know if it would be best for the water to keep running, for the sake of the cows; though that meant that Ngaire was to keep away from Colin. He thought, *It's like heads I win, tails you lose.* He stared angrily at The Hill.

Later, he went out and did the evening milking on his own. He didn't ask Ngaire to help him. He knew she would appreciate his unspoken gesture.

And with the passage of the days the sun burned down. The days were filled with a writhing heat and the nights lay heavy. Often Mac listened to the bawling of the cows from Lancaster's place, and it seemed to him that this noise rose more often, more tragically. He was filled with foreboding.

And Ngaire went with tragedy. Once, her eyes filled with tears while she was at table. The tears ran helplessly, and Mother Molly and Mac stared at their plates.

Ngaire said, "I'm sorry, mums. . . . Sorry, dad." Then she walked out of the house.

She went across the paddocks till she reached the dividing fence. She climbed up and sat on a post, and she stared toward a little light burning. It was Colin's home and the light was near him, the way she longed to be.

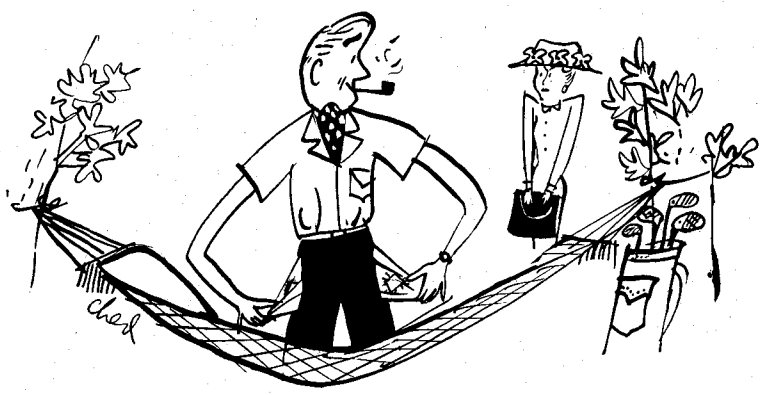
Oh, Colin, my darling.

Soon it would be Christmas, and there would be good will and happiness through all the land, through every land. But her heart was cold within her. She was too bereft and her spirit would not lift toward the promise of the coming season. She went home, a lonely thing in all the expanse of the night.

Through the following days the drought remained unbroken and farmers were forced to spread winter feed for the cows. They fed them ensilage, which is made by storing green growth in a pit dug into the side of a bank and covering it with earth. The grass of the land had stopped growing. It was burned sere.

Mac fed with them, but he was not concerned with water. It poured unendingly from his artesian spring.

Sometimes, when he had to go along the dividing fence, he saw Lancaster at work on the other side. They did not salute. And once, when he was with Ngaire, they saw Lancaster and Colin carrying buckets of water from the creek and hurrying with it toward the trough that stood by the cow yard. Ngaire half raised her hand, involuntarily. Lancaster saw her and he said something to his son, but Colin defied his father and he waved to (*Continued on Page 46*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Lucky's wealthy second wife supported him in far better style than that to which he was accustomed. Therefore he quit work. That, however, left him without an income to pay alimony to his first wife. She thereupon asked that he be jailed for contempt of court.

"He is deliberately loafing," the first wife charged, "so that he won't have money of his own to pay me as this court ordered. Whether or not he needs money, I need money."

"When my lovely and generous second bride agreed to relieve me of my financial worries," Lucky replied, "I accepted. Who would do otherwise? Certainly I can't ask her to support my first wife, too, can I?"

If you were the judge, would you jail Lucky for nonsupport?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Lucky went free. The court said it could punish a man who quit work solely to avoid paying alimony, but not one who quit to let his second wife support him. Under those circumstances, it added that it had "no power to compel a man to seek work in order to earn money to pay alimony."

Based upon a 1955 California decision.

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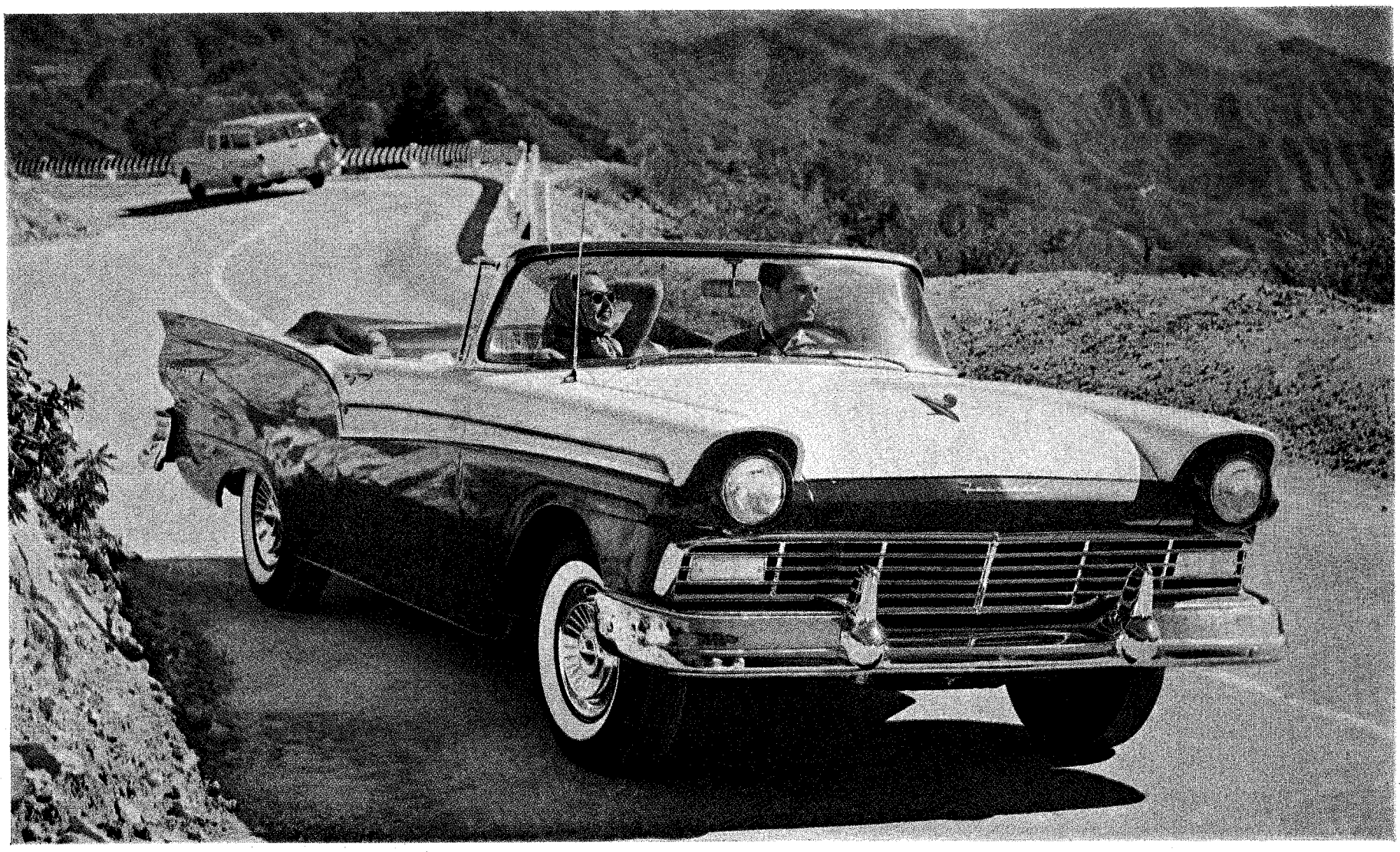

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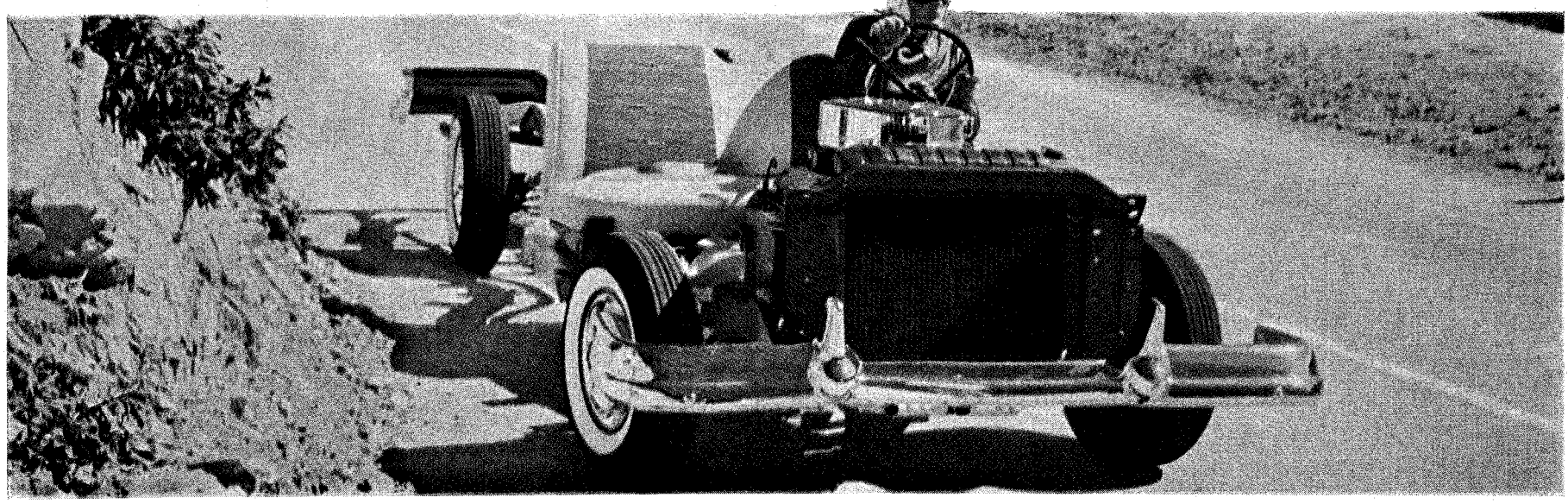

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at half the fine car price

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(*Continued from Page 44*) Ngaire. For a long time he stood looking. Then he left.

"Looks like they're still having trouble with that pump. It can't be getting the water to the shed."

"No," she said. Then, "Did you see how worried he looked?"

Mac knew she meant Colin.

He said, "Let's go down the back and look at their creek."

He led the way through a clump of bush. He went along a track, Ngaire close behind. "Don't let them hear us," he whispered. They slipped through the fence and went through the thick bush that grew in the back corner of Lancaster's place. They came to the edge of this and Mac pulled back some branches. They stood looking at the creek. It had dwindled to half its normal width. Cows were standing about in it, and the water was muddied with their trampling. The water was a few inches deep.

"Oh, dad."

Mac said, "He hasn't got much to come and go on. He should have started with a drilling days ago."

"I don't suppose he can afford it."

"No. He probably kept hoping and hoping for rain to tide him through."

He looked at the sky. The clouds were large, and some of them had dark bodies, and they were not sailing so high.

"It'll rain. But when?"

They heard feet and they sank down as the big man and his son passed close by, hurrying back for more water.

The big man said, "Col, this is killing work."

"How long can we keep it going?"

"Till it rains or it kills me."

"We can't go on much more. We'll have to sell."

The big man stopped and the buckets fell from his hands. Mac saw him clench his fists and raise them toward the sky.

"Rain, curse you! Rain!" he cried. And the pathos of the cry stabbed through those who listened, and Ngaire began to cry with her cheek against the earth.

Then the two men went on out of sight. Mac led Ngaire away.

That night at the evening meal, Mother Molly said, "Mac, it's only two days to Christmas."

"Yes." He chewed his food and stared out of the open door at the night. There were no stars. The air was oppressive and his clothes felt uncomfortable against his clammy body. There was a dead stillness.

He said, "How quiet everything is! It reminds me of earthquake weather."

"Don't say it," said Mother Molly.

Then a pheasant shrieked out in alarm, and Mac jumped toward the door. The air all at once was shuddering, as if the atmosphere had reached a high tension too unbearable, and was now breaking apart. He turned to shout a warning, and he saw Mother Molly and Ngaire caught in a terrible immobility, their eyes large.

They heard a faraway rumbling, an unseen marching army, with all the earth trembling, and things rocking, and the wind rising all at once, and the birds and the cattle wakened into uproar. Then a series of short jolts, and a deep hurt growling, as if the earth were being twisted and tortured. He ran and swept his wife and daughter into his arms and somehow got them out into the open.

After what seemed a long year, the earth grew still again. And the rumbling died, to become no more. He went inside. There was crockery broken from the shelves, a picture fallen to the floor. Mother Molly came, trembling, and behind her Ngaire, pale and shaken.

Mac said, "It wasn't too bad," and his words sounded comical.

The women began to giggle hysterically and Mac's face fell.

"No, don't start crying now," he said, trying to be brave.

Then they both cried on his shoulder. He kept patting them and saying, "We're all safe. No damage done. There, there."

The next morning he finished milking and hurried back to the house with Ngaire. He had had his instructions from Mother Molly that he was to drive them into the township for Christmas shopping.

For some days now he had given a lot of thought to the matter of presents, and he enjoyed the air of mystery he had wrapped about his choice. It was good to tease Mother Molly and his girl. But he knew what he had decided. A brush, mirror and comb outfit for Ngaire. One of those with flowers, real flowers, set in transparency in the back. And for Mother Molly a wristlet watch set in marcasite.

Ngaire tried to pretend a headache, but Mother Molly said, "Darling, this is Christmas shopping; you've got to come. And the drive will do you good, and seeing the shops all dressed up. It only happens once a year!"

Ngaire smiled; then went to get ready for the trip. Mac shaved, put on a silk shirt and struggled into his gray suit. Then he went out to the garage and wheeled the prewar car out into the open. He knew he could well afford a modern job, but he had a sentimental attachment for the old Wolseley.

While he was peering into the engine he heard a voice. He turned, and Colin was standing there, a tragic look on his face.

"I've come to say good-by, Mac," he began, then stopped.

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Mac took out his makings. He found it hard, now that the moment had come. "Why good-by, son?"

"The Hill has stopped. The shake has blocked it."

Mac looked up. Ngaire stood, white-faced and stricken, at the door. Colin turned and saw her. He took a shy step, hesitated; then all at once Ngaire was in his arms, crying and holding him, and Mac went inside. He found Mother Molly trying to put her hat on.

"Young Colin's out there," he said, and Mother Molly's eyes shot open.

"He's pulling out, he says! The Hill has packed up."

"And Ngaire?"

"She's with him."

Mother Molly sat down. At last she said, "Can you help them, Mac?"

He put a finger under his collar. "This thing's killing me."

She smiled at him. "Then take it off, Mac. You got work to do."

"I don't know if there's water on the place."

"You go and try. For Colin and Ngaire, and for you and me."

He took off his gray suit, changed into his blue shirt and denims, and went out. Colin and Ngaire were seated on the running board of the old car, holding hands.

He said, "Come on, son. We're going over to your place," and Colin lifted his head because of the tone in Mac's voice.

Ngaire called, "Wait for me!" She ran into the house. "Mums, we're going over to Colin's. You got to come. It's a family affair."

Mother Molly came out of her room. She kissed her daughter and then they went out and climbed the dividing fence. When they reached Lancaster's homestead, Mac and Colin and the big man were standing in the rear yard.

Mac said, "Don't be too hasty with the phone, Lancaster. Don't offer your place to the stock agent yet. Give me a chance to see if I can find water."

Lancaster's face was filled with desolation. "The more I hang off, the more I'm hurting those cows," he said with a dreadful quietness. There was no outrage in him. He looked shrunken, lost.

"I can open my fence and let your cattle have water! When you saw things getting so dangerous, you should have asked me for help. You're one hell of a stiff-backed fool. And if you want to fight me for that, here's a good place and time!"

Lancaster looked at him. "I don't want to fight you, Mac," he whispered. He leaned back and stared at the clouds wheeling up from the horizon. Then he said, "They didn't rain."

Mac turned, and he moved swiftly. "Go tear some fence, Colin. Let your stock get to my troughs." Then he went, half running, out of the yard. He had to find water, and quick. If he found it, then Colin could stay and Ngaire would find love.

He went across the paddocks and he came to a willow tree. He snapped off a branch. It was a forked branch. He stripped it of leaves with one sweeping gesture. Then he broke the forks to make them of equal length, and when he was finished he held what looked like a boy's catapult. It was the same shape. Then he took a fork in each fist, with the main stem, the handle, pointed toward the sky that had betrayed Lancaster and so many other men. He began to walk slowly across the arid earth.

One by one, the others came and followed him. Like a quiet pilgrimage, they went across the fields, with Mac searching. Now and then he slowed. Sometimes he retraced his steps. Sometimes he circled. Sometimes he hurried on. And all the time he went with every nerve tensed, trying desperately to divine where the water lay beneath the surface of the earth.

The sun climbed high behind the clouds. Sweat broke and ran down his face and down his arms. He went on, covering acres of dry, lifeless grass. Lancaster went and sat down by a shelter bush. Mother Molly and Ngaire went back to the house to make a pot of tea. This they brought out to Mac and Colin, who refused to surrender hope.

Mac worked his way steadily. Once he stopped at a spot in the middle of a paddock. The willow quivered a little and his hands trembled as he felt the impulses.

He said, "It's here, if you want it sometime. But it's too far down this time. Maybe fifteen feet."

He strode away, Colin and Ngaire following. Mother Molly had gone back to sit with Lancaster, who was holding his head in his hands. Mac looked back at her, and he saw her put a hand on the big man as he went to rise. She was stopping him from going to the phone. She kept talking, and Lancaster sat, too weary to rise.

Mac found himself down near the creek. And the willow began to strain and turn. Mac's face lit. Colin and Ngaire crowded him.

"Find it, dad, please," she said.

Mac said, "I'm getting it stronger than ever."

Then the fork turned so much in his hands that the bark began to twist. The main stem bent down and down between Mac's feet.

He shouted, "Go get digging tools! Run! We're going to do some digging!" And Colin ran toward the toolshed, across the paddocks. His shouting brought Mother Molly and Lancaster running.

Then the men went at the digging with a great earnestness, and they never spoke as they worked and the sweat poured from them. The soil was hard and dry. The hole grew bigger and deeper. It went down eight feet; then the sides of the hole began to darken and a little moisture began to seep. They went another two feet, and suddenly the moisture was oozing and water gushed up, and the men climbed out quickly as the water rose. They stood on the edge of the hole, watching the lifeblood of the earth spurting.

... ...

Thoughts While Cutting Grass

I've nothing good
To say for snow
Excepting this:
It doesn't grow.

By Mae Winkler Goodman

... ...

Mac said, "We've hit an underground stream. This won't run dry."

He looked to where The Hill loomed. "Go back to sleep," he said.

The day was dying now on the western hills, but the sun was hidden behind clouds. Lancaster came and put a big arm over Mac's shoulders.

"Mac, I feel a small man. I'm asking you to forgive me."

Mac lifted his head and their eyes met, and there was no hardness in their eyes or their voices. He said, "There's nothing to forgive." Then he added one word, "Mate." Then, looking up, he felt the first drop of rain on his face.

He began to smile, crinkling. He looked to where Ngaire and Colin stood close together. Then he looked away.

Mother Molly said, "They are exchanging Christmas presents."

The three laughed, but the two young ones did not hear them because they were so much in love. They were fast in each other's arms.

The rain fell and it increased. It fell from their bodies and the earth soaked it.

Mac said, "Let's go."

They moved after him through the rain, and they were very happy.

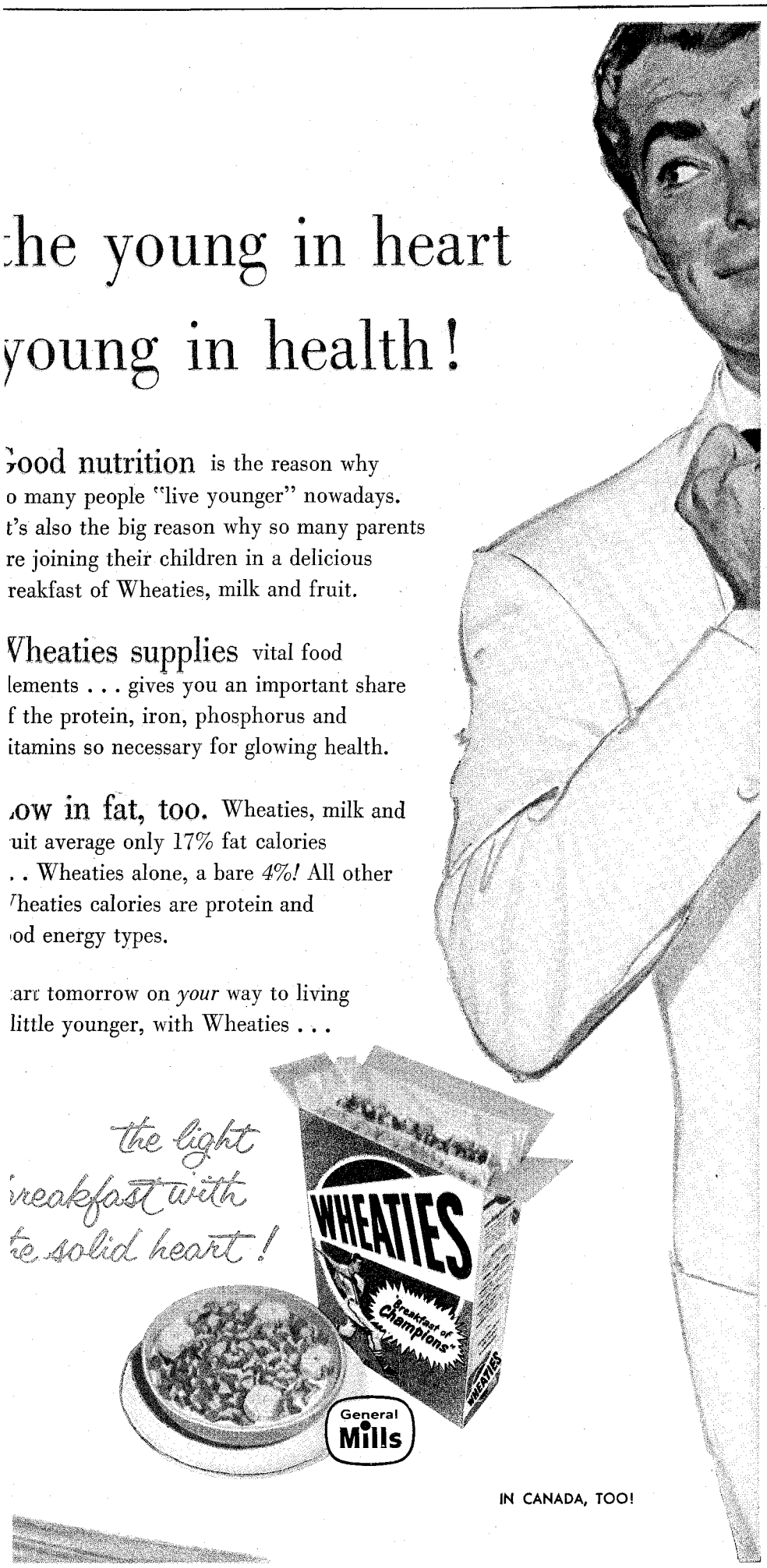
Mother Molly came alongside her man. She said, "Thanks, Mac. And I love you too."

He grinned at her, and she thought he was young with her again, and that they were coming home from the fields, when they were both young.

He lifted his head, and then he shouted up at the sky, "*Kia Ora!*"

This was the native Maori phrase meaning good luck. *Kia Ora*. Then he led them back to the house.

THE END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I Won't Come Home!

(Continued from Page 31)

"It's so good of you to see me!" she said. "I just didn't know anyone else I could turn to."

"I'll be glad to help in any way I can," he said sincerely. "How did you happen to come to me?"

"You're Effie Scarborough's lawyer, aren't you?"

His heart sank. "Then you must be ——"

"Mrs. Arthur E. Duerr. Effie said you were honest and kind and sensible, and ——"

"But, madam, I can't discuss her case with you!"

Mrs. Duerr leaned forward, tense and pale. "This has nothing to do with that case. It's a very personal matter, Mr. Falk. My husband's children have run away. They've been gone a month now, and I think I know where the boy is. I want you to go bring him back."

"But surely Mr. Angier should do that."

"Oh, please, he'd spoil everything! He antagonizes people so. My husband and I are—well, about at the end of our marriage, and he blames me because the children ran away. I want to do this for him. If it's a question of money ——"

She opened her purse and took out a thick wad of bills. But it was not the money that pushed Ted over the edge of discretion. It was the woman's look of suffering and his strange feeling that he had to do something for her.

He got out a pencil to make notes. "All right, I'll do anything I can," he said.

Her happy smile broke his heart. The children were not hers—their ages proved that. Paul, who was seventeen, had disappeared first. The next day, Virginia, nineteen, was gone. So far, the police had been unable to find any trace of them.

"I don't think they looked very hard," Mrs. Duerr said. "They say kids that age can take care of themselves. What worries my husband is the possibility of publicity about all our family troubles. If they would only come back!"

"Where do you think they are?"

"I only know about Paul. He has a friend, Jimmy Otratto, whose parents are divorced. Mr. Otratto has a date grove down at Cathedral City. I was at Mrs. Otratto's house this morning. She mentioned that Jimmy is with his father. That's unusual, because she has custody in the summer. Mr. Falk, I think both of those boys are down at the grove!"

"How about the girl?"

"Oh, no, she and her brother don't get along. Mr. Falk, will you bring him back? Will you?"

He promised. She thanked him and left, and Ted went straight to Mr. Cannon. He knew he had goofed. What he wondered was how badly.

To Mr. Cannon, the ethics of his profession was a temple fire to be tended diligently and with love. Of course he appreciated money and had plenty of it. But duty was his god.

"Ah, yes. I believe she was an actress at one time," he murmured, when Ted had finished.

"I'm not surprised," said Ted. "She's very beautiful."

"It's supposed to have been a love match. Well, Duerr is wealthy, and he'll be generous. Mrs. Duerr was the daughter of a Mexican field hand up in Tulare County, I understand."

There! That explained it—why Ted had felt both her suffering and her sincerity—because they had both been poor. There was, he supposed, a secret confraternity of poverty.

Ted understood the Duerrs' family troubles now. Any stepmother had it tough. When the husband and his spoiled brats were wealthy and the woman poor, and when she was closer in age to the unruly kids than to her husband, it could become a degrading form of bondage.

"So what do I do, sir?"

"She came to you without solicitation, and you must help her," said Mr. Cannon. "But remember, the fact that Duerr is badly advised in the Scarborough suit is not relevant in this matter."

"Badly advised?" Ted cried. "By Jack Angier?"

"Jack Angier is a litigious mountebank who should be disbarred!" Mr. Cannon sputtered. "You must be particularly careful, Mr. Falk! There must be no suggestion that you are soliciting the husband's cordiality to influence him in the Scarborough matter, or that clown Angier may complain to the board of governors of the bar association. You must draw a very fine line, do you understand?"

Ted had never suspected how Mr. Cannon felt about the city's leading jury pleader. It certainly made his own problem no easier. "I think so," he said dubiously.

"Go find the boy, but be careful, be careful! Adhere most scrupulously to your narrowest obligation to Mrs. Duerr."

Ted reluctantly got out his twice-rebuilt but still unreliable car and headed for the desert. He could not have had a worse day for it. It was 114 degrees when he reached Palm Springs, two hours later, and he still had ten miles to go.

To the clients of Cannon, Cloyd and Bessey, Palm Springs was a delightful place to acquire a costly January sun tan. To Ted, it was the hell hole where he had plastered a new building last summer. It had not been finished when he left to return to school. He decided to drop by and see what it looked like now.

He was not surprised to see that it housed a bar. It was called the Bighorn, and it seemed to eschew the chromium glitter and the costly, checked-shirt casualness which, one or the other, identified most Palm Springs saloons. At the curb in front stood five immense trucks, a somewhat incongruous sight in this expensive resort city. On impulse, Ted stopped and went in. He sat down on the nearest stool and wrung himself out. From the inky depths beyond the bar came a pleasant feminine voice, "What do you say, podner, if you can still say it?"

"Beer," said Ted. "Excuse the croak. Dehydrated."

"One transfusion coming up!"

He emptied the mug in one take. By then his eyes were accustomed to the dark, and he could see the girl. She was a startlingly pretty, compact little thing in a red peasant dress that displayed her white shoulders. Her short, fair hair and blue eyes made him think of copper flagons of nut-brown ale in a friendly English pub. Ted had never seen an English pub, but she made him think of one anyway.

Wonderful barmaid type, he thought. Almost, but not quite, a touch of the blowzy. Her friendly smile was absolutely entrancing. Ted found himself smiling back.

"I believe I'll have another one, please," he said.

He drank this one more slowly, watching the girl as she waited on her other customers. They all looked and talked like truck drivers. Well, that figured. She talked their lingo.

"Another one?" she asked, returning to Ted.

He shook his head regretfully. "If I lived down here, that would be my career, but I've got to hit the road."

"Back to Los Angeles? How's the weather there?"

"Well, it's not this hot, but the smog is awful."

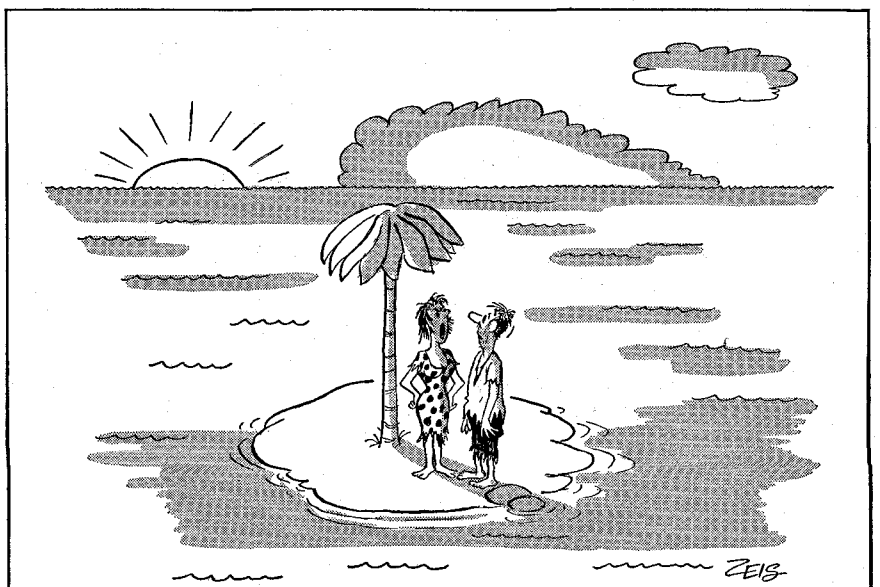
"I don't know why you foreigners don't go back where you came from," she complained merrily. "Nobody asked you to come down here and criticize our climate."

Ted put fifty cents on the bar, a big tip for a reformed plasterer who had yet to try his first law case.

He had, he reflected as he drove on, met two remarkable women today. In both Mrs. Duerr and the blond barmaid integrity shone forth like splendor. And both, he reminded himself, came from the poor. One of them had married a rich man; the other still worked for a living. One was about to get a generous financial settlement and a broken heart, while the other happily hoarded small change.

What was the inference? Stick to your own class and be happy? Down with the rich?

Being a lawyer, Ted was not one to pounce on a conclusion. Nevertheless, the charm was gone from the dream of someday arguing $1,000,000 worth of principle before the Supreme Court. He was a good lawyer with a good case; yet next week a faker would make mincemeat of him on the very altar of justice.



"You realize, of course, you can't stay here tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Nothing so shameful could happen to a good plasterer.

Of course, there was money to be made in the law—if you were like Jack Angier, an operatic advocate with red piping on your plaid weskit. But what good was money if you lost everything else? What could big fees buy that the blond barmaid did not already have?

The Otratto date grove was strictly a showplace. Back of the house, two big teen-age boys were irrigating the grove. Ted went slopping through the muck of the grove toward them. They stopped working when they saw him.

"Hello, Paul," he said, when he got close enough.

The sandy-haired one showed a trace of alarm. It was the dark one who said, loyally and a little too quickly, "Whaddaya mean, Paul? Who's Paul around here?"

So it was the sandy-haired one. And now that Ted had found him, how to get the lout home? He handed over his card. The sandy-haired kid inspected it apprehensively.

"What do you want to see me about?" he asked, handing the card on to his friend.

"Your stepmother wants you to come home," said Ted.

"Why?" the kid shot back.

Ted shrugged. "I suppose because they miss you."

The boy's face darkened. "Not my old man," he grated. "He wouldn't care if he never saw me again!"

"He must care something, Paul. He's making it miserable for your stepmother because you took a powder."

"What's he doing to her? Why can't he let her alone?"

Ted made a lightning readjustment of his whole approach. There was real anguish in the boy's outburst. Why, this kid was on Mrs. Duerr's side!

Ted said, "Paul, I don't know what's wrong between your father and his wife, but you haven't helped things any. You've taken sides in something that's none of your business. However their trouble started, it ends with you kids. First things first. Until you two are home, there is no chance of them getting together on other things, whatever they are."

"I'm not going," said Paul.

Ted talked fast. The kid was all mixed up. He wanted to do the right thing, if only he knew what it was.

"Paul, do you want your home broken up? If you do, you couldn't have picked a better way to arrange it, because that's what's happening. What's more important to you—your stepmother's happiness or getting your own way?"

"She'll be better off if she does divorce him," Paul said doggedly. "I don't know what's the matter with him!"

"And it's none of your business. If you have any respect for her, you'll go home. Of course, if you don't care, then there's nothing more I can say. It's up to you."

The two boys looked at each other. Jimmy Otratto turned his belligerent scowl on Ted. "Look, Mr. Falk, do you believe this yourself or is this just a line to con Paul?"

"I believe I believe it," Ted said honestly, "but you know Mrs. Duerr. When she looks at you with those big black eyes, you don't know what you believe."

They understood that. Paul drove his shovel deep into the soil. "All right, I'll go back," he snarled, "but they better leave me alone!"

Ted went in with them, to wait while Paul showered and changed clothes.

This place, Ted saw, was an extremely convenient hide-out for runaways. Mr. Otratto was in New York on business. He thought Jimmy was with his mother. She thought he was with his father. The couple who ran the ranch apparently were not required to think. Oh, the problems of wealth!

In one of the bedrooms, Ted happened to notice two pairs of nylons drying on a string hung across a window. Mrs. Duerr had said that the boy and his sister did not get along. Still, it would not hurt to ask.

"I don't suppose you know where your imbecile sister is, do you, Paul?" he said. "She lit out a couple of days after you left, and she's in this deal too."

"We've got a problem there, Mr. Falk," he said, "but it's Virginia's problem, not mine. If I tell you where she is, will you keep it classified?"

"That's a deal."

"She's down here too. She's working in the Bighorn bar in Palm Springs. Dad will blame me for that too. Virginia tending bar—oh, brother!"

Ted collapsed quietly. Stay in your own class. Down with the rich! Two remarkable women in one day, and both from the very, very poor. Well, there went a terrific social theory up in smoke!

That working-girl efficiency—all acquired. That earthy merriness—a pose. Virginia Duerr, the truck drivers' darling. Most insulting of all was that faint hint of blowziness, which was high art.

But Mrs. Duerr wanted both brats back, and what his client wanted was his duty. Brats? Paul might be a mixed-up adolescent, but his sister was nineteen, and a smart girl. She would know exactly what she was doing at all times.

"Paul," said Ted, "I've got to talk to her."

"Hey, you promised to keep it classified!"

"I will," Ted said savagely, "but let this be a lesson to you. After this, watch what you promise a woman! You guys wait here. This won't take long."

He drove back to Palm Springs. There was, however, no sign of the blond barmaid. Tending bar now was a big, beefy man with thick, hairy arms and a prominent red nose. He did not look particularly friendly. Ted went up and laid his card on the bar.

"I should like to see your waitress, please," he said.

Something in his voice must have warned not merely the bartender but the customers as well. The room was suddenly very silent. The bartender picked up the card like something that had lain dead too long. He inspected it suspiciously.

"Wait here, buddy," he said at length. "We'll see."

He took the card out through the back door. Ted waited. Not a word was spoken in the room. The truck drivers waited, too, gloweringly watchful.

In a few moments the bartender reappeared. "All right," he said, "but I'll sit in on this one too. This way, buddy. She's back in my office."

He opened a gate in the bar. Ted went through it and followed him out the door. The door closed behind him.

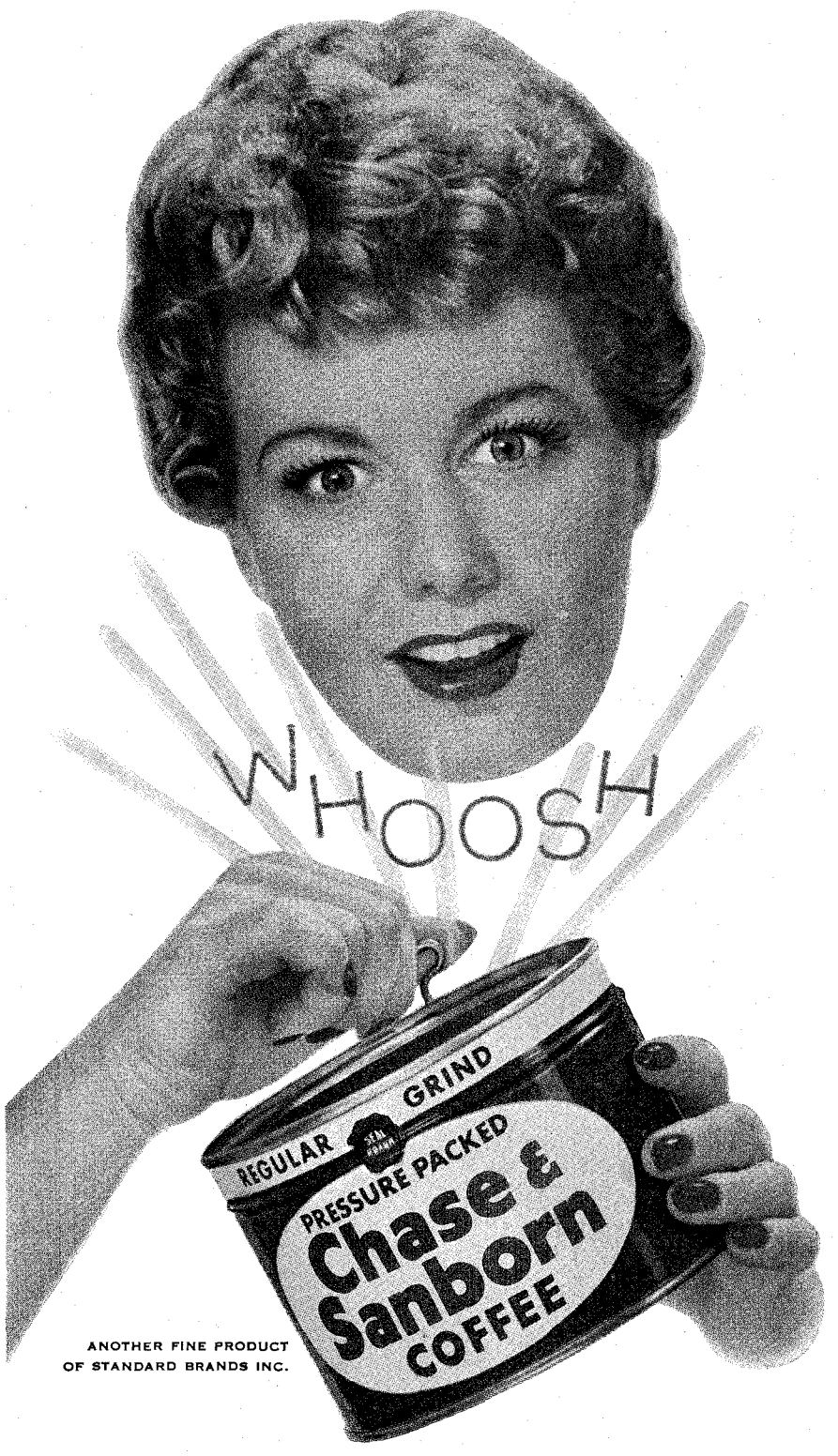
At an old roll-top desk, Virginia Duerr sat counting her tips, stacking them into neat little piles of silver. The only other furniture in the room was a bench, an iron safe, and a sawed-off shotgun that hung on the wall. The bartender leaned against the wall within easy reach of the gun.

"Yes?" said the girl. "You wanted to see me, Mr. Falk?"

"Yes. I represent your stepmother," Ted said. "She wants me to bring you home."

She showed no surprise. "I've been expecting this, I guess, but I'm afraid not."

(*Continued on Page 52*)



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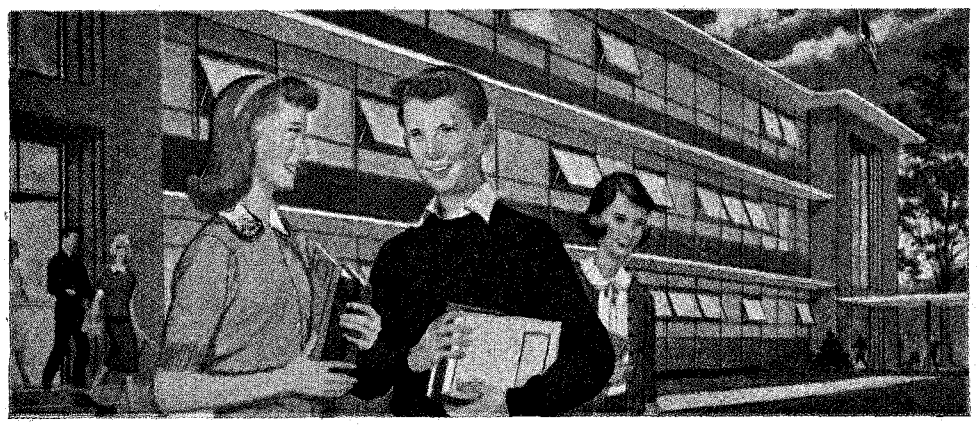

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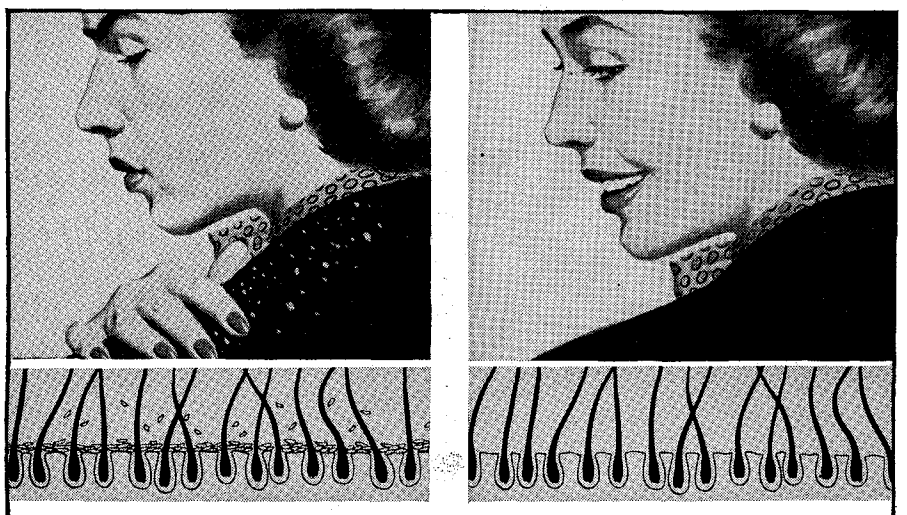
Clears up the severest dandruff

...with just 3 applications!



Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove *loose* dandruff but leave a hard crust of dandruff scales on your scalp to form new flakes in less than a week.

Theradan with Sarthionate penetrates the scaly crust and lifts it off—leaves your normally healthy scalp free from dandruff for *1 month to 4 months!*

Theradan is not a shampoo! Is not a tonic!
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Theradan goes far beyond ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't touch the layer of hard scaly crust that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes. Theradan removes this layer—gently and surely loosens it and lifts it from your scalp. Thus Theradan leaves your scalp clean and scale-free—stops further dandruff before it starts!

In 20 months of testing by skin specialists, Theradan was completely effective in dandruff cases so severe that even strong prescription remedies failed to give adequate relief. With Theradan, none of these men and women had dandruff again for 1 month to 4 months.

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$2.00

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TRADE MARK

with exclusive penetrating ingredient, Sarthionate
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From the pharmaceutical laboratories of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin®

(*Continued from Page 49*)

"I'm afraid yes."

The beefy man made a move toward the shotgun.

"No, Bighorn, I can handle this," the no-longer-blowzy barmaid said. Her glance at Ted was the debutante's look—the courteous smile, the slightly amused eyes surveying him behind an armor of complete self-possession. "I love Laura, but she's giving in too easily. You can't possibly understand the situation at home."

"Try me," said Ted.

"I guess it's fairly simple. My mother died when I was very small. Dad is twenty years older than Laura. He really does love her, but he's insanely jealous. All this present trouble started over her singing lessons."

"I—I've heard something about them," Ted said.

"Oh? They were dad's idea. Then he wanted her to go on with her career. Laura didn't want to, but she took the lessons to please dad. Now she's had some offers to go on television, and it has hit dad hard. You see, he thinks of himself as an old man, when he isn't really. Oh, he'll get over it, because he does adore her. But if Laura thinks it will help her for us to come back, she's wrong!"

"I don't think she's trying to help herself, Miss Duerr. All she wants is to help the man she loves."

"But she can't go on letting him dominate her forever!"

"I'm afraid that's none of your business. You have no right to interfere, which is what you did when you ran away from home."

"I did not run away! I came here to look after Paul!" she said hotly. "There's a slight difference."

Ted felt defeated. He looked up at the beefy man against the wall. Something stirred in the back of his mind—not an idea yet, but pretty close to one. The girl had called him Bighorn. That was the name of the place too. This, then, was the proprietor.

"Well, I promised, so I suppose I'll have to keep your secret, then," he said.

"I don't care who knows where I am!"

"Not even the state-liquor-control officer?"

The girl looked at him blankly, but Bighorn flinched. His face paled. Ted gave them a few seconds to think it over.

Then he went on, "Let me point out that you're a minor, and your employer could lose his liquor license for hiring you. I don't know what you told him to get the job, but it doesn't protect him. Miss Duerr, here's a man who has been decent and kind to you, and you've got him into the worst kind of trouble. He's through! Once the authorities hear ——"

Bighorn gave a strangled moan and covered his face. Virginia Duerr rose swiftly to her feet. Her face was pale. Her blue eyes blazed. "Oh, you couldn't be so unspeakable!"

"No," said Ted, "but your dad could. Kid, you let your heart run away with your head when you came down here. It's been great fun, but now we've got to start thinking again. I'm not going to push you, and I won't tattle. But I just wonder if you want to leave Bighorn at your father's mercy."

She covered her face with her hands. After a moment, Ted went on, "Your dad is the only man who can save his license. If he doesn't file a complaint, probably no one else will. You've got to ask your dad for help, and somehow I don't think it's going to be difficult at all. He must have a good side. Many people do, Miss Duerr."

Her hands came away from her face, leaving on it a look of utter defeat. It could not have been pleasant for her at home, and to be out on her own, earning her living in a new, exciting environment, had been a healing challenge. She looked down at the coins on her desk. Ted's was not the only fifty-cent piece among them.

She had been a good barmaid. No one could ever take that away from her. Ted, who still had trowel marks on his hands, knew how she felt.

"If Bighorn gets into trouble, will you help him?"

"I'll consider it part of this case, Miss Duerr."

Out came her hand. "Mr. Falk," she cried, "you're a gentleman!"

He shook her small hand gravely. "So," he said, "are you. Now, let's go get that delinquent brother of yours."

In thirty minutes they were on their way back to Los Angeles. Ted enjoyed the ride back, although Paul was morose and unhappy. He still was not sure that this was the right thing to do, no matter what Ted said.

But for Virginia there were no regrets. She had made up her mind, and that was that. She talked gaily of her work at Bighorn's, of the guys she had met and the crazy things they did. Two of them had wanted to marry her.

Only when they neared her home did she become thoughtful and silent. It was an enormous hilltop house in Bel Air, and it intimidated Ted completely. He drove up a steep, winding drive and parked in front of the door. *I've brought them back. Now what do I do?* he thought.

The door opened and Mrs. Duerr came out. She was just as beautiful as Ted remembered. She recognized him. "Oh, Mr. Falk, did you ——" she started to ask.

Then she saw Paul and Virginia. The look of incredulous happiness on her lovely face repaid Ted for all his trouble. She ran down the steps and threw her arms around Paul with a little incoherent whimper.

"Oh, son, you frightened us half to death!" she wailed. "Don't ever, ever do that again!"

The boy patted her back clumsily. "Oh, come on, Laura!" he grumbled. "I can take care of myself! Quit it!"

Between Mrs. Duerr and Virginia there passed one of those mystifying woman-to-woman looks, as though they would have much to talk over later on.

"What kind of mood is dad in?" said Virginia. "Should we throw our hats in first?"

"Oh, darling, don't be silly!" Mrs. Duerr exclaimed. But her eyes fell and her hand went apprehensively to her mouth.

"Tell me the truth, Laura," Virginia said. "Is it that bad?"

The big black eyes wavered up helplessly to meet Ted's. He held his ground sturdily for a moment, but the man did not live who could resist that heart-rending appeal.

"All right, I'll go," he said, surrendering. "Where is he?"

"Out back, working on his patio. Here, I'll show you!" Mrs. Duerr said eagerly. "Don't be frightened, because he's really a very charming man. It's just that he may be a little surprised at all this."

The reason some girls are such live wires during the summer is that they wear so little insulation.

ERNEST BLEVINS

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"I'll bet," Ted said.

He followed her swiftly through the big house. At the back door of a large, pleasant den, she paused and pointed.

Back of the house, a big, handsome man wearing old slacks was kneeling, smoothing concrete with strong but awkward strokes. The entire back yard was covered with a disorderly litter of construction materials. Defendant Duerr, Ted decided, was one of these do-it-yourself guys, and this time he had taken on more than he could handle.

Mrs. Duerr fled like a coward. Ted had made so many bad guesses about people today that there were few left to make. He went boldly out into the back yard.

"Mr. Duerr?"

The big man sat back on his knees and rubbed his aching back. "Yes," he said.

For the third time today Ted handed over his card. Mr. Duerr nodded. "Oh, yes, the Scarborough deal," he said.

"Not today," said Ted. "At the moment I happen to be representing your wife."

Mr. Duerr raised his strong, bushy eyebrows. "My wife?"

"Yes. She retained me today to bring back your son. By pure luck, I was also able to find your daughter, and I've got both of them here. The problem now is to persuade them to stay, I guess. Now, how do we go about that, sir?"

Mr. Duerr, he judged, was one of those energetic men who never age, and whose charm was the dynamic, hard-driving kind. Paul, once he outgrew the confusion of adolescence, would be like that too. Ted had proved that the boy also had a heart, a soft spot. He wondered if the father had one too.

"So they came home, did they?" said Mr. Duerr. "I rather thought Virginia would object to giving up her job."

It took a moment to sink in. "You knew?"

"Of course! Do you think I'd lose track of my own kids? I've known where they were for two weeks."

"Then why didn't you tell your wife?"

Mr. Duerr looked a little impatient. "Because she was spoiling Paul horribly. Laura was one of ten neglected children of a very poor family, and in raising my boy she went to the other extreme. And since she and my daughter are so close, every time I put my foot down, I had all three of them against me. Do you see what a spot I've been in?"

Again Ted readjusted his whole approach to this case. He had pictured the three overbearing Duerrs ganging up on the stepmother. Instead, here was the odd man in the case. "I think I see, sir," he said.

"When Paul ran off, I thought I'd just let him get it out of his system. If I had told Laura, she'd have gone down there weeping and wailing, and we'd have been worse off than before. I only hope that being on his own for a few weeks will make a little more of a man of him." Mr. Duerr sighed.

It was somehow comforting to know that Mr. Duerr could be wrong. Mrs. Duerr had known where Paul was, and had not gone down there weeping and wailing. And Paul had been rather embarrassed at being babied by his stepmother on his return.

"I believe you can count on that, sir."

"You've seen the kid. What's his state of mind? What's the best way to handle him?" the man said anxiously.

"Well, I'd give him a big handshake, an offhand hello—you know! Don't make a big deal of it."

"I see."

"Your wife is your problem, sir. She realizes she handled the boy badly or she wouldn't have come to me. If I were you, sir, I'd just throw myself on her mercy."

"When she's been in the wrong?" Mr. Duerr almost shouted.

"Particularly since she's been in the wrong. It's a much sounder position psychologically. Once she looks at you with those big black eyes, you're going to apologize anyway."

Mr. Duerr looked at him a long, long time. "How a man your age can know so much about women is beyond me," he said, "but I've tried everything else. Here goes!"

He dusted off his hands, squared his big shoulders and marched into the house. The door closed behind him. Ted sat waiting. Nothing happened for quite a while.

Ted got down and tested the wet concrete with his finger. Mr. Duerr had started on it too soon, and, of course, had got nowhere. It was just right now, but it was setting up fast. It had to be worked in a hurry.

He tried a few strokes with the trowel, and it felt pretty good. He took off his coat, loosened his tie, rolled up his sleeves and went at it in earnest. A trowel, he was glad to see, still fitted his hand, and finishing concrete flatwork was a breeze compared to plastering.

Virginia Duerr came out of the house and sat down on a sawhorse to watch. She had changed to a green sweater and shorts, and Ted found it hard to keep his mind on his work.

"It's funny to see a lawyer finishing concrete," she said.

"I was just thinking it's funny for a plasterer to be practicing law," Ted said.

"Oh, are you a plasterer?"

"I was. Right now I'm a lawyer—I think. How is my case going inside?"

She stretched and sighed. "Oh, we're back to normal. Dad and Laura are having a big emotional reconciliation, and Paul is phoning all of his oafish pals. About Effie Scarborough's bill, dad said to tell you ——"

Ted cut in quickly, "Hey, I can't discuss that!"

"Why, for Pete's sake?"

"It's contrary to professional ethics."

"But I only wanted to tell you he's going to pay it!"

How, he wondered helplessly, did you explain ethics to a girl in a tight sweater and shorts? Virginia stood up and came over to watch him work, and Ted lost his train of thought completely. All he could see were her distracting legs, which looked extraordinarily long and sleek for so small a girl.

"You're good at that, aren't you?" she said. "Well, I was good at my job too."

He stood up, and as he met her blue eyes, he wished poignantly that she had been only a barmaid. But she wasn't. She was not only a rich girl but the daughter of opposing counsel's client as well. Both society and the canons of the bar stood in his way.

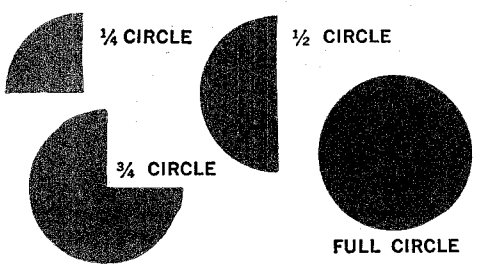
And then he saw it—a change that came over her face, a thing so wonderfully subtle that it was high art. It was just a touch, a delicate shading, a faint hint of the blowzy, but it made him think of copper flagons of nut-brown ale in a friendly English pub. What's more, he had a hunch that she had done it deliberately.

"Miss Duerr," he said recklessly, "would I be out of line if I asked to see you again?"

The blowzy witchery had done its work. Back came the debutante's look—a sweet look, but with the self-possession that made a shambles of both society and the bar.

"Not at all," she said. "When, Ted?"

THE END



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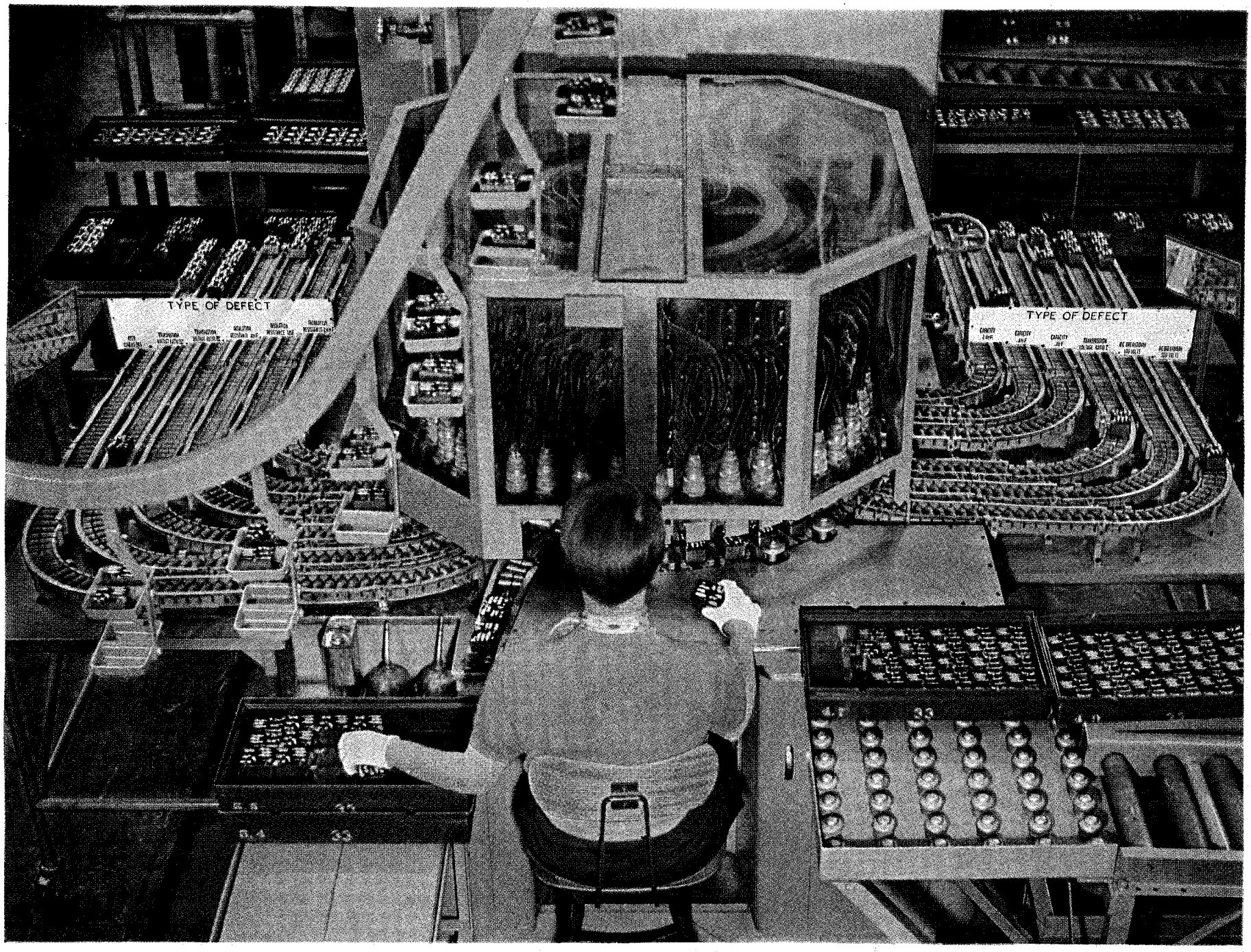

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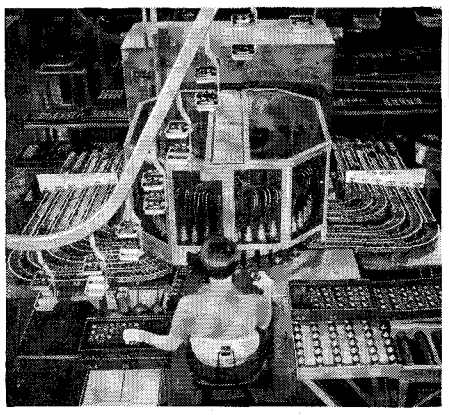

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The Deep South Says "Never!"

(Continued from Page 33)

schools near their homes and no teachers would be fired. He said, "From our earliest days as a nation, we have set down from time to time in historic documents the high principles by which we mean to govern ourselves. . . . It is when we become aware that our daily conduct is inconsistent with these statements of purpose that we begin to rise above our past. It is on these occasions that the American dream comes more nearly true for more Americans. . . . All that we do is founded upon faith and hope and love. The love of truth, the love of learning, the love of children—these are great forces with which to work. There is no doubt that the world could be transformed if only their power could be fully unleashed. More than most men and women, we are in a position to use that power."

Fischer read a letter which a white principal had written to his teachers:

"For my part, I shall receive every teacher and every pupil on terms of perfect equality. . . .

"I shall remember that the same God made both of us. . . .

"My stepson found the Negro boys who fought in Korea beside him to be first-class fighting men who neither asked for nor received special favors. He learned that the colored skin received enemy bullets with the same bravery that the white skin received them.

"The tax collector accepts money from the colored hand as from the white.

"Segregation in the schools has ended. Let us make the transition in this school a smooth transition. Let us be proud of ourselves next June."

When Baltimore school doors opened that September, only about 1700 Negro pupils—3 per cent of all Negro pupils—entered formerly all-white schools. Most Negroes chose to stay in their own schools because residential segregation made it convenient or because they wanted to continue where they had begun. A few Negroes transferred to distant white schools just to be in white schools. Desegregation proceeded smoothly for a month. But after segregationists led by Bryant Bowles, of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, closed a desegregated school and forced the school board to resign in nearby Delaware, Baltimore got into trouble. On September thirtieth, in a neighborhood inhabited largely by semi-skilled workingmen who own their small homes, women picketed an elementary school containing about a dozen Negroes and 700 whites. Other parents, apprehensive, took their children out of school.

Next day the trouble spread to the nearest high school, Southern—students demonstrating, adults picketing—and that afternoon when the Negro pupils came out, "something uncomfortably close to a riot in the streets" took place, as Fischer has put it. Fist fights occurred. Picketing had begun at a half dozen other schools. The police prepared for the worst on Monday.

But over the weekend, civic leaders rallied to defend desegregation. Leaders of Jewish agencies, the P.T.A., the Urban League, labor unions, women's clubs and the Council of Churches called on Fischer to offer their help. They issued statements themselves. They asked all Protestant ministers to preach on brotherhood on Sunday. They visited the police commissioner, the state's attorney and the attorney general. The mayor pleaded for calm. The school board stood firm.

But on Monday carloads of teen-agers paraded from school to school, gathering recruits, then marched on city hall and went on to Southern High. There picketing was in progress, and 1200 out of 1700 students were absent. More fist fights; nine other schools were picketed. Rumors spread through the city that a white girl had been stabbed to death.

The schools and police adopted a tougher policy. School officials warned parents that it was against the law to keep their children out of school. The police commissioner on television declared that anybody who disturbed the schools or induced a student to be truant would be arrested. On Tuesday morning when schools opened police chased the pickets home. That afternoon Fischer issued a statement saying it was all over. It was. By Thursday attendance was back to normal.

Today 28.7 per cent of Baltimore's Negro pupils are attending mixed schools. That more are not is because of residential segregation. In Baltimore, as one man has said, "There aren't many people really cheering, but there aren't many trying to halt or delay it either." Fischer says desegregation succeeded because the school board was unanimous and unwavering, and because it was backed up by government and community leaders.

It is all over, too, in St. Louis. The St. Louis Board of Education, on June 22, 1954, a month after the Supreme Court decision, announced a three-step desegregation program—special schools in September, 1954; most high schools in January, 1955; elementary schools in September, 1955. Though the Missouri constitution required school segregation, St. Louis seems a busy Midwestern industrial city, not a Southern town, and legal school segregation a historical accident. Streetcars, buses, public libraries and parks have been traditionally non-segregated. And since World War II, swimming pools, some hotels, the baseball park, the legitimate theater, and Catholic schools have been desegregated.

The school-board decision was unanimous. Thus segregationists had no rallying point. The board immediately received strong community backing. Newspapers applauded. The League of Women Voters published a booklet on desegregation. Clergymen prayed and worked for its success. The National Conference of Christians and Jews began training teen-age leaders. The Mayor's Commission on Human Relations ran a workshop. P.T.A.'s co-operated. "Whatever success we've had," says school superintendent Philip J. Hickey, "is due to the fact that the community tackled the problem." Superintendent Hickey is a solidly built, forthright man. A school official has said, "He would call in teachers who wanted to change schools to avoid Negroes, and he would bang his fist down and say, 'No teacher is going to run away from this; you're all frozen. Desegregation is going to succeed—period.'"

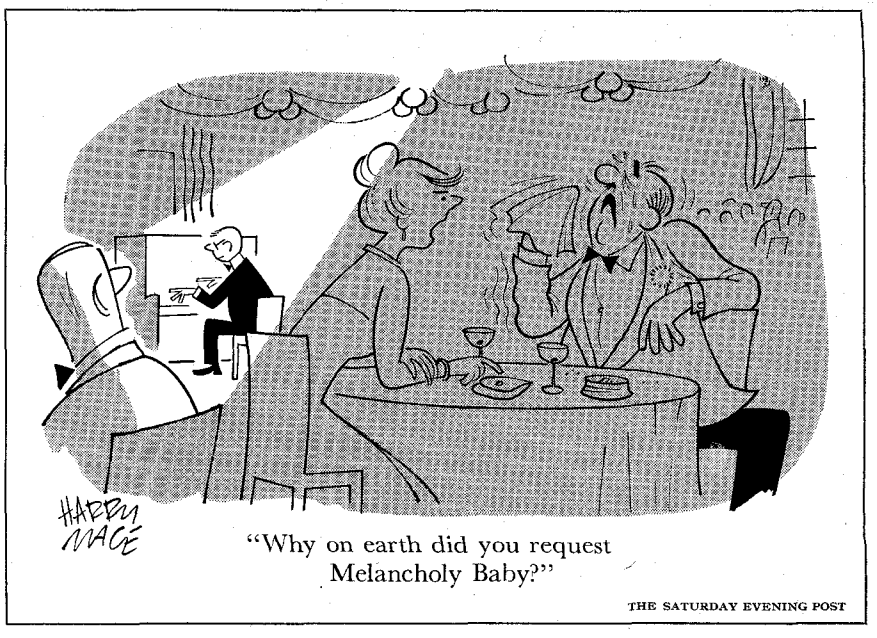
Unlike Baltimore, St. Louis always had had rigid school-district boundaries. Hickey ordered all boundaries redrawn and put a Negro in charge of the job. Using electronic machines, he assigned all pupils to schools in their districts. No districts were gerrymandered to segregate or mix pupils by race. Pupils were allowed to stay in their old schools until they graduated. They were not allowed to transfer to avoid desegregation.

The first step of the St. Louis plan went smoothly. When the second step began John Hamilton, a segregationist and editor of the anti-Semitic White Sentinel, distributed handbills calling on parents to picket, but nothing happened. A few weeks later when a white high-school boy squirted a Negro girl with a water pistol, her friends beat up the white boy, and the trouble threatened to spread, but Hickey dealt quickly and firmly with it, and since then St. Louis has had no trouble. Today about half the Negro pupils are still in all-Negro schools because of residential segregation. Hickey says, "We think we're through it. It's working even better than we expected."

Baltimore is Eastern, St. Louis Midwestern, but Louisville is Southern. When, on the very day of the Supreme Court decision in 1954, the governor of Kentucky and the Louisville superintendent of schools announced that they would comply, Deep South segregationists shuddered. If Kentucky, once a slave state, with its bluegrass and upcountry, its manor houses and bourbon, its cotton and tobacco and horse farms, should fall, where was segregation safe?

Kentucky went slower than Maryland and Missouri. She waited a year for the Supreme Court's implementation decree. Then in July, 1955, rural Wayne County became the first in Kentucky to desegregate. It admitted six Negro pupils to an elementary school. The big year was 1956: That September 109 school districts of 177 having Negro children commenced desegregation or announced plans.

Desegregation has been a patchwork in Kentucky. Many desegregated districts have only a handful of Negroes. Several "cotton counties" where Negro pupils outnumber whites have done nothing. High schools have moved faster than elementary schools. Some schools have moved slowly because of overcrowding;



"Why on earth did you request Melancholy Baby?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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some have used overcrowding as an excuse. Some superintendents would like to move faster, but fear to get ahead of community opinion and wish the N.A.A.C.P. would file suits to force them. It has filed seven suits. The Federal District Courts have set firm and soon deadlines. One judge rejected a school board's plan to spend twelve years desegregating a grade at a time.

Most districts have adopted a "voluntary" plan—they have not pushed desegregation, but have simply said that any Negroes who care to may attend previously white schools. In Lexington, a Southern town with 2750 Negro pupils, only 34 chose to do so. Indeed, although 29,017 of Kentucky's 38,358 Negro pupils are in officially desegregated school districts, only 8017 are actually in mixed schools, and 5600 of these are in Louisville. Some Negroes stay in all-Negro schools because of residential segregation. In some Negro schools teachers have discouraged their pupils from leaving—as long as a Negro teacher has a student body, she has a job, and she fears she will not be allowed to teach white students. So far, few have been allowed to, and probably 100 Negro emergency teachers have lost their jobs. Some districts have little more than token desegregation: the school board adopted an official policy of desegregation, but did not even announce it publicly. It is said that some white teachers have discouraged Negroes from coming to white schools, saying, "I'll teach anybody that comes here, but you'll be better off in your own school."

At least one superintendent felt that "it was touch and go," and in three places serious trouble broke out. On September 4, 1956, nine Negro students tried to enter the white high school in Sturgis, a coal-mining town in Western Kentucky, but a mob blocked the way. The governor sent the National Guard. White children boycotted the school. Townsfolk organized a Citizens' Council. The same thing happened in a nearby town, Clay, where the mayor, school board and community leaders opposed desegregation. Faced with such strong opposition, the state attorney general issued a ruling that resegregated the Negroes on a technicality. It was a clear-cut victory for segregation. But subsequently, a Federal Court has ordered the schools desegregated next September. And the local Citizens' Council has responded by announcing plans to open a private school for whites.

The trouble at Clay and Sturgis spilled over into Henderson, thirty-five miles away. Henderson is an old conservative tobacco town across the Ohio River from Evansville, Indiana. "When you cross the river you've come two hundred miles," says one Henderson man. The county school superintendent, C. B. West, told his principals that if any Negroes asked admission to white schools in September of 1956, they should be admitted; he made no public announcement. When school opened, only five Negro children entered Weaverton School along with 861 white children. "We got along very nicely there for three weeks," West recalls, "until this thing started in Clay and Sturgis and slopped over."

On September twentieth, the man who had led the segregationists in Clay and Sturgis, Jerry Waller, announced he was coming to Henderson to organize a Citizens' Council on Saturday night. A Presbyterian pastor, the Reverend C. Sumpter Logan, a good-looking, erect man of fifty-five who, though born in Alabama, believes in desegregation and has worked for it, determined to oppose. He called a meeting of the Henderson Ministerial Association. He discovered, he says, that only one other minister believed in desegregation on principle. Nevertheless they agreed to oppose the Citizens' Council move as a threat to law and order.

On Saturday night they gathered at the Reverend Mr. Logan's church for prayer; then walked across the park to the courthouse, where the Citizens' Council meeting was to be held, and sat down together. A crowd of 1400 overflowed to the grounds outside. From a raised dais,

> Too many people forget that the best place to work to beat hell is in church.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Waller, the segregationist, spoke for about an hour, attacking desegregation, urging the crowd to form a local Citizens' Council, and advocating a school boycott. The Reverend Mr. Logan arose and stepped to the microphone. He said that Waller had dealt with the crowd as rabble to be aroused, but that the ministers felt otherwise. "We consider you as children of God and we'd like to have a word with you."

He began to read a statement, saying that while many disagreed with the Supreme Court decision, all should unite to preserve order, obey the law and "help strengthen democracy right here where we live." Before he had got halfway through, the crowd was booing and hissing and cursing and calling, "Throw the louse out!" He tried to continue, but the noise drowned his words. Finally he finished, and the meeting broke up noisily.

On Monday morning the boycott began. Only about half the pupils came to school. A crowd gathered. The Reverend Mr. Logan, on the radio, criticized the boycott and defended desegregation. He bought radio spots and newspaper space, emptying the Ministerial Association Treasury. It contained only $105. The Citizens' Council advertised too. Next day attendance dropped to 206. The Citizens' Council held another mass meeting; the ministers served coffee and cookies at a "fellowship hour" to parents who were keeping their kids in school. Superintendent West said, "As long as there's a student there'll be a teacher—that's the law."

Slowly, school attendance began to climb. Council leaders were wavering. On Friday they made an all-out effort to empty the school. It failed. The acting state commissioner of public safety told council leaders that he knew they intended to commit no violence, but that if any occurred he would hold them responsible. They called off the boycott.

Henderson has had no more trouble. But desegregation has not progressed. Most well-informed people think community sentiment favors segregation. The Citizens' Council probably lost because of the quality of its leadership and the firmness of authorities. The newspaper stayed neutral. So did elected officials, prominent businessmen and civic leaders; not one rallied to support the ministers openly. The Reverend Mr. Logan was almost alone. Prominent members of his church have since criticized him, and he thinks he may leave town before long.

Like Baltimore's, Louisville's citizens probably favor segregation; like Baltimore's and St. Louis', its leaders in recent years have eroded segregation. Superintendent Omer Carmichael, a tall, bald, spare Presbyterian elder of sixty-four, was born in Alabama and his grandfather had owned slaves, yet he said recently, "I think I've always felt that the Negro is a human being just as the rest of us. I'd like to see the Deep South unfrozen. I'm no crusader. I'm no professional do-gooder. If I were given the job of desegregating the schools in Birmingham, I'd plead very earnestly for three, four, five—I don't know how many years. I claim no credit for what's happened in Louisville, other than helping prepare to do what had to be done. This is a whole community problem, not just a school problem."

The Supreme Court, as we have seen, delayed a year before issuing its implementation decree. Carmichael made good use of the year. In the fall of 1954 he asked principals to hold faculty meetings and teachers to prepare their pupils. One first-grade teacher told her white pupils about Africa and about famous American Negroes, and taught them the "moral and spiritual values and the idea of brotherhood." In two ninth grades, a white teacher and a Negro teacher surveyed their pupils' attitudes with a questionnaire; then led classroom discussions. Some of the questions:

	White		Negro	
	YES	NO	YES	NO
Do you want to go to school with Negro (white) students?	14	46	53	7
If your school had Negro (white) students and they attended a school dance, would you dance with them? .	5	55	52	8
Would you mind using the same bath and shower room with Negro (white) students? . .	43	17	30	30

With orientation of faculty and students begun, Carmichael turned to the community. He and other speakers addressed P.T.A.'s, civic clubs, churches, women's clubs, Rotary and Kiwanis. Various civic organizations rallied to help. At every step he tried to make the community feel that it was helping plan desegregation. His plan was to desegregate all grades, from kindergarten to twelfth grade, at a single stroke in September, 1956. He would redistrict the city without regard to race; he would assign each pupil to the school in the district where he lived. But any pupil who wished could apply for a transfer to a different school. Louisville had always permitted transfers liberally. In all, 4315 parents requested transfers—11 per cent of all parents. Nearly all were granted.

A Citizens' Council made plans to picket and boycott the schools. And only a few days before the schools opened, trouble broke out in Clay and Sturgis. But at Louisville nothing happened, except that a few people briefly picketed the Board of Education and City Hall and a few apprehensive parents went to school to see how things were going. And since then there has been no trouble.

But what has been happening since in the schools? What are the problems of desegregation? How have they been handled?

Carmichael has said, "We expected desegregation to work, but it's worked beyond our fondest hope. Of course"—smiling—"there are scores of teachers who could sneer and say, 'Little does he know what I've been through.' The people who bear the brunt of this are the classroom teachers."

On an ordinary morning out at Western Junior High, a huge old brick-and-stone school in a neighborhood of factories and busy streets and workingmen's houses, when the bell rings to change classes, the kids come banging out into the tiled corridors, and down the hall come a Negro boy and a white boy, both neat in striped blazers, talking animatedly. When the boys' gym class lines up for basketball practice, they mingle indiscriminately. But after school, as the kids walk homeward, they walk almost entirely in segregated clusters.

Western, formerly all white, contains 1077 pupils, about 225 of whom are Negroes. In general, the Negroes come from a relatively higher social level than the whites. Many of their fathers are professional men; most white parents are workingmen. "We've been very careful," Principal Foster J. Sanders says. "No problem that comes up is too small to go into fully." Shortly after the Supreme Court decision, many parents said, "I'm not going to send my children to school with niggers," but by now most parents accept it. Once a white mother telephoned to complain that a "big Negro" had hit her little girl: "I don't like niggers; I don't want them to touch my child." Sanders invited her and her husband to come to school. He called in both children. Soon it was clear that they simply had had a childish argument. The Negro boy was smaller than the white girl. The white father, who had taken the day off from work, said to his wife, "Is this all I'm here for? If it is, let's go on home." Sanders has said, "We haven't had an incident in this school this year that you wouldn't have between whites and whites. It's over now. I got my gray hairs in September."

California School, a formerly all-white elementary school, now contains more Negroes than whites, 178 to 125. Its neighborhood is filled with factories and small frame houses and beer joints. In an ordinary week the school loses perhaps five white students whose parents are fleeing to the suburbs, and gains three new Negro pupils whose parents have just moved in. At noon on the asphalt playground a teacher, Charles E. Aebersold, a young-looking man, blows a whistle and his pupils run to the tiny lunchroom and eat amid subdued uproar, two Negro boys shushing the others. They are sixth-grade children, seventeen Negro and seventeen white, and they mingle more freely than older children—and after school they walk together, homeward-bound, Negro and white. Eating with them, Aebersold says, "The problems this year are the old ones—discipline, tardiness, aggressiveness, kids wet their pants or get sick at their stomach. I get more resistance from three Negro boys than from all the rest of the class together. But, on the other hand, some of the very best co-operation is from Negroes. There are bright and slow Negro kids. Lack of achievement is due to environment here. That boy"—nodding toward a Negro at the end of the table—"is the youngest of nine kids who live in an alley in two rooms without a bath. With an environment like that, what can you expect?"

Negro achievement is one of the big problems of desegregation everywhere. Negroes were integrated grade for grade and many could not keep up. Most schools insist they have not held back quicker white kids in order to let slower Negroes catch up. They have sequestered the slow, average and quick students of both races and let each group progress at its own pace. It has usually fallen out that the slow groups contain a disproportionate (*Continued on Page 58*)

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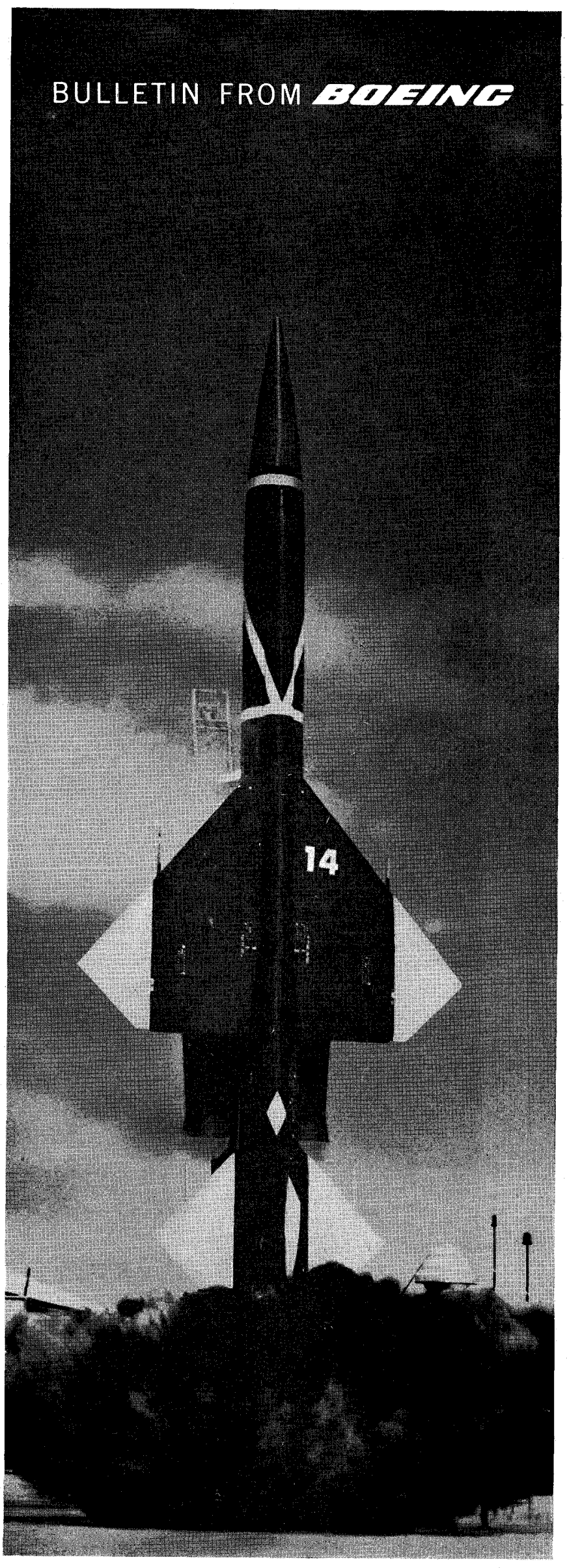
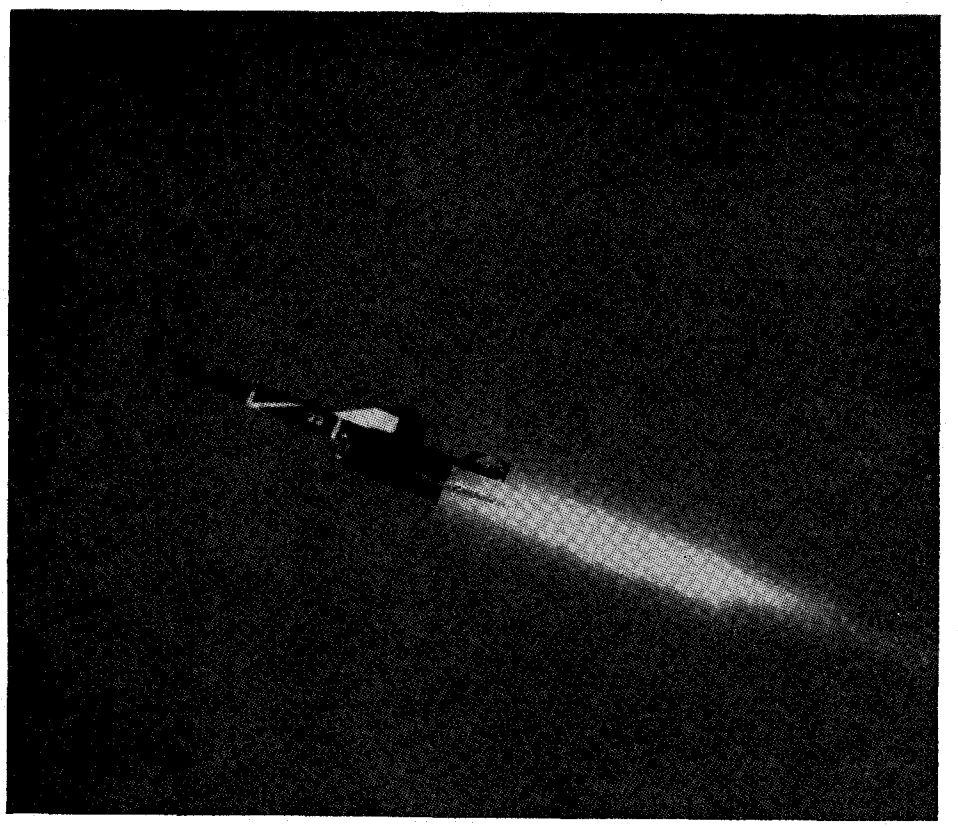
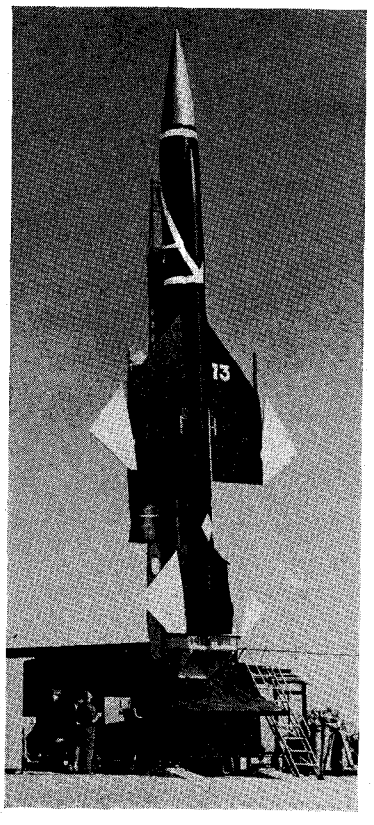




HURTLING through the sky at supersonic speed, Boeing's Bomarc IM-99 interceptor missile is equipped with an electronic guidance system that keeps it on an interception course with the target.

Newest weapon for America's defense—

the Boeing Bomarc interceptor missile



An advanced weapon is being added to the defense arsenal of the nation. The Bomarc IM-99—designed, developed and now being produced by Boeing for the Air Force—is a supersonic missile capable of operating at extreme altitudes.

Bomarc will greatly extend the reach of America's defenses. Superior range enables this missile to shoot down enemy aircraft while still over areas well away from vital targets. Bomarc is an "area" defense weapon as contrasted to short-range anti-aircraft missiles, which are "point" defense weapons.

In addition to the missile itself, Boeing has responsibility for the complete Bomarc weapon system, including launching means, bases, supplies, communications and electronic guidance. Bomarc will be operated by the Air Defense Command.

LEFT. A Boeing Bomarc in firing position. The missile is launched vertically by a liquid fuel rocket motor. When suitable speed is reached, the rocket cuts out and two ramjet engines take over to provide power for supersonic cruise speeds.

BOEING

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(*Continued from Page 56*) number of Negroes. Carmichael says that by the sixth grade, Negroes are about a year and a half behind white children in achievement. Fischer, of Baltimore, agrees. Why is it so? Social, economic and cultural background, say most educators, plus inferior teaching in the old all-Negro schools. And one adds, "I'm very sure some Negroes don't do well because they say, 'What's the sense of studying hard in high school when the only job you can get later on is as a bus boy anyway?'" Segregationists blame inherent Negro inferiority. Fischer, of Baltimore, says, "As to racial differences, we don't know and we will never know whether they exist until some Negro youngster somewhere can live under the same conditions as a white boy. If you can ever equalize conditions that bear in on a child, then you can match them on race alone."

Desegregation created other problems. Louisville junior high schools eliminated interschool athletic competition. Some St. Louis high schools curtailed their social programs. But everywhere that both Negroes and whites attend high-school dances, the races dance separately. There have been no complaints anywhere about mixed dating. Many teachers feel that tardiness is more prevalent among Negroes than among whites, "a clock just doesn't mean anything to them." Some say there has been more stealing in the schools since Negroes entered. Most teachers add quickly, "Of course, they're left alone at home so much of the time; their mother works; they don't even know who their father is; it's just a difference in the way they're raised." One teacher has said, "It's harder to teach this year—harder to get them to listen, to obey, to buy books, to start to work, to put their books away."

There is a widespread impression that white teachers are less strict than Negro and have leaned over backward to be nice to Negroes; maladjusted Negro children have abused their new freedom. Some teachers feel the Negro children are hostile to them. A Louisville teacher has said, "For the first six months it was a novelty. Everybody was on their best behavior. Lately that's been wearing off. I've noticed open defiance of the teachers. The Negro student now is getting the idea he's a guest in the white man's school. Integration of faculties could eliminate that." Carmichael has said he intends to desegregate faculties, as St. Louis and Baltimore have, but he won't say when. It is a sore point.

Desegregation has saved some school boards money—one school system is cheaper than two. In St. Louis it has relieved overcrowding in Negro schools. Talking with principals, teachers and children, one gets the impression that everybody has worked very hard to make desegregation work. Many teachers have noticed that Negro pupils seem more "polite" than white pupils. All agree that Negro parents have been extremely cooperative. A Louisville principal recalls a troublesome motherless Negro boy whose aunt and uncle came all the way from Chicago to see if they could help out. "I've known white parents that live four blocks from the school and I couldn't get them over here. The Negro parents want their children to get ahead."

The kids get along fine together. A guidance director says, "I haven't heard one child say one word against desegregation." White children do not seem to resent Negro crossing guards. At the start of the year, white children helped Negroes find their rooms and lockers. A Negro girl who is a good reader helps the slower white children. In one sixth-grade class a Negro girl asked why she couldn't get a job as an airline hostess when she grew up. A white girl said matter-of-factly, "If you were white you probably could." The Negro replied, "That's because people in Louisville are still prejudiced in some ways." Desegregation really is a community, not merely a school, problem. A Negro who had traveled to Europe described his trip to his classmates, less advantaged. Another brought a projector to school and showed films to the other children. "They are marvelous at sharing." A Negro girl's ability to play the piano enabled her class to sing accompanied. A Negro boy trained in his church choir distinguished himself at Christmastime. "He could have these children standing and singing on a signal from him as beautifully as any choir director I've ever seen," his teacher says. At a Louisville junior high the cast of the Christmas play included Negro angels and a Negro wise man. After desegregation in Frankfort, Kentucky, as one resident has said, "Whatever resentment there might have been at the white high school disappeared the night of the first football game when a Negro halfback scored two touchdowns." One day a first-grade teacher was reading to her pupils when she noticed that a small Negro girl seated beside her desk kept rubbing her hand up and down the teacher's arm. She persisted, and the teacher finally asked her what the trouble was. The child said, "I just wanted to see if your skin felt like mine. And it does."

> Research indicates that the Joneses are now having trouble keeping up with themselves.
>
> ELLIS C. GALT

Today across the nation there are 2,731,750 Negro school children in the seventeen states which before the Supreme Court decision required segregation. Of these, 256,475 are "in integrated situations"—enrolled in school districts where an official policy of desegregation has been declared or where one or more schools or grades are desegregated. But of these, no more than 115,000 Negroes are actually in mixed schools—4 per cent. (This estimate is liberal.) In the District of Columbia most of the 73,723 Negroes are in mixed schools—nearly as many as in all the Border States together—bringing the total to no more than 189,000 out of 2,805,473 enrolled in the seventeen states and the District—6.7 per cent.

In the Deep South—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina—no Negroes have been desegregated.

In the Mid-South, two states, North Carolina and Virginia, have done nothing. Five Arkansas school districts containing 941 Negroes—out of 102,000 in the state—have desegregated, and so has one district in Tennessee containing 344 Negroes—out of 128,164—and including Clinton.

In the Western states 104 districts out of 1800 in Texas have desegregated, putting 3400 Negroes—out of 248,531—in mixed schools; 197 of 261 districts in Oklahoma have officially desegregated, putting 24,500 Negroes—of 37,367—into integrated situations.

The Border States have done the most. West Virginia desegregated quickly and completely. Delaware has put about 3000—of 11,411—Negroes into mixed schools; Northern Delaware is fully desegregated, though Southern Delaware remains a segregated island. Adjoining Southern Delaware is another island—the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In Maryland, desegregation began in Baltimore; the second year it spread through eight counties in Northern and Western Maryland; now it covers fourteen counties of twenty-four, so far as official policy is concerned. Of Maryland's 109,720 Negro pupils, 20,936 are actually in mixed schools, and of these nearly all—19,209—live in Baltimore. The situation is similar in Kentucky. About 45,000 of Missouri's 69,000 Negro pupils live in St. Louis and Kansas City, both desegregated; most other Negroes are concentrated in "Little Dixie" in Central Missouri, where desegregation has progressed gradually, and in "the Bootheel" along the Mississippi Delta, a cotton-growing region with a heavy Negro population where progress has been slow.

Everybody agrees that in the Border States the big changes have already come. Henceforward desegregation is likely to spread district by district or school by school. The great bulk of desegregation has taken place in the cities—Washington, Baltimore, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City. Even the cities are a patchwork. In Louisville, nine schools, including the Negro high school, are still all-Negro and eleven all-white—out of seventy-five schools; many contain only a handful of one race or the other. In Baltimore and St. Louis about half the schools are still all-white or all-Negro. Why? Residential segregation. As Negroes spread outward from the centers of the cities, they ultimately will enter all schools. At the same time whites are fleeing to the suburbs, so more and more schools may become all-Negro. It is possible that school desegregation has accelerated the white flight to the suburbs. The same thing is happening in Northern cities. In New York, 29½ per cent of Negro pupils are attending schools that are predominantly Negro. In Chicago, Negro leaders have estimated that 90 per cent of Negro elementary pupils are in all-Negro schools. Chicago does not keep statistics by race, but school authorities consider this estimate much too high. In New York the school board has adopted a policy of promoting desegregation by rezoning school districts in transition neighborhoods and selecting new school sites to serve a desegregated population. The Chicago board has declined to promote desegregation deliberately. It feels that Negro mobility is causing desegregation. Both New York and Chicago favor the concept of the "neighborhood school"; as the complexion of a neighborhood changes, so does the complexion of its school. Chicago has held district lines firm and refused to permit white children to attend schools outside their districts in order to flee a Negro influx. New York has not, as has been reported, transported Negro children long distances to white schools, or vice versa. Both New York and Chicago are making great efforts to improve the schools in Negro neighborhoods.

As Negroes flee the Deep South and come to the Border and Northern cities they place an increasing burden on education. Already the greatest problem in the St. Louis schools is caused by Mississippi immigrants. A week after Emmett Till was killed in Mississippi, 1000 Negro children from Mississippi knocked on the doors of the St. Louis schools. School desegregation is not just a Southern problem or a Border State problem; it is a truly national problem, perhaps the most pressing domestic problem the nation faces today.

A few general conclusions can be drawn about desegregation. It is easiest where there is something to build on—a previous association of the races in parks, swimming pools, Red Cross drives and other community activities. It is most difficult where the races are kept strictly apart, as in the Deep South. The farther south one goes the harder it gets. But this is not ironclad: witness Texas and Arkansas. Numbers do not necessarily control. St. Louis desegregated successfully with half its elementary pupils Negro, but putting five Negro children into a school at Henderson tore the town apart. Nor does tradition necessarily control. True, Henderson was in the section of Kentucky that went with the South in the Civil War, but Clinton, Tennessee, is in the loyalist section of Tennessee; today both are segregationist. Desegregation seems to work best in cities, perhaps because it has been tried most wholeheartedly there, perhaps because the numerous schools of a city permit flexibility—as the single school of a small town does not—perhaps because urban human relations are somewhat depersonalized.

In the cities there have been remarkably few "incidents." The kids get along fine. The parents object only a little more. Most complaints come from the teachers. Children in mixed schools, especially older children, show some tendency to resegregate themselves automatically outside the classroom. Low Negro achievement has probably caused some lowering of academic standards, but not so much as might be expected. Whether desegregation should be ironclad or lax depends upon the place. Citizens of Baltimore and Louisville, though probably secretly in favor of segregation, reluctantly did what their leaders convinced them they must. Citizens' Councils have made little headway in the Border States. Here members are few, and you almost never find the town banker, lawyer, doctor, merchant or sheriff leading the council, as in the Deep South. But the councils may make trouble in Louisville next fall. The fondest dream of Deep South segregationists is to resegregate Kentucky, and John Kasper has announced he will try. In areas that could go either way, everything depends on the quality and firmness of leadership on both sides. Finally, it is perfectly clear that in places where desegregation has been tried in full good faith, it has succeeded.

Awhile back, Dr. G. D. Wilson, a thin, elderly, white-haired Negro who heads the Department of Education at Kentucky State College, said, "People have learned a lot from this. I visited a school one day and saw a little Negro girl come out and struggle with her coat. I stopped on the steps to watch. She ran on; then I saw two white mothers standing there with their white children, and I realized the Negro girl was running toward them, and one of the women leaned down and helped her with her coat; then they all went on together." He smiled, a gentle, brown-skinned man with a soft smile. "This thing is full of little human stories. A principal told me about a little white girl who had been a polio victim, she had to use a wheel chair, and after desegregation—this superintendent had been against it, thought it wouldn't work, had said so—one day after desegregation he was coming down the hall and saw two boys, one white and one Negro, one in front of the wheel chair and one behind it, wheeling the little girl along, and when they came to the stairs, they carried her up the steps together. The girl didn't care whether it was a white boy or a Negro carrying her, she had to get up the steps. Neither boy cared who was in front; they wanted to help her. The principal said, 'That's democracy in action. It's working pretty good.'"

Editors' Note: This is the last of five articles by John Bartlow Martin.

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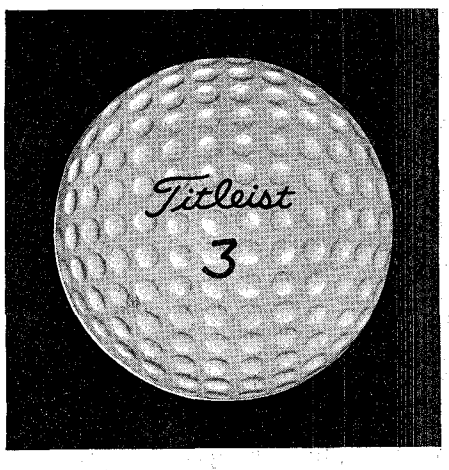

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California Passage

(Continued from Page 37)

Luke picked up the coiled bullwhip from its hook on the wagon. Wagons ahead were all in motion.

Cameron turned to Ellen. "This is the moment of decision," he said, and helped her as she gathered her skirts and lightly mounted over the fore wheel and into the front bow of the wagon.

Again Luke resented the dark-haired man's easy, well-bred manners. He popped the whip and the wagon fell into place in the column. The song was rising higher from the throats of the others, but he noticed that Ellen was not joining in.

"They'd be smarter if they saved their singin' for a day when they'll be more in need of cheerin' up," he said.

"You seem to be positive there will be such days, Storm," Cameron remarked.

"I'm positive," Luke nodded. "You'll learn," he said. "You'll both learn."

Cameron and Ellen traded glances and smiled a little. Cameron, on an impulse, tied his horse alongside Luke's sorrel, which was on a halter rope at the tail of the wagon.

Then he climbed into the wagon alongside Ellen. He sat there gazing from this viewpoint at the spectacle of the caravan in motion.

"Your driver has a very poor opinion of me," he said.

"I'm afraid his estimate of me is no more flattering," Ellen smiled. "Apparently, in his viewpoint, it is a sign of utter worthlessness to be caught wearing civilized clothes and to speak in an educated manner."

"I suspect that both of us are in for some trying times before we measure up to his standards," Cameron said.

"His life has made him that way," Ellen shrugged. "He has lived by violence and ruthlessness. No doubt he has taken scalps. Ugh!"

"No doubt," Cameron said. "And he will die by violence, too, no doubt. And perhaps soon."

Ellen looked at him quickly. "Sledge?"

"Sledge for one," Cameron nodded. "But there are others. Storm has been stepping hard on Tracy Menafee's toes since he hit Independence. Neither Mack Sledge nor the little rodent who is known as the Missouri Kid is the forgiving kind." He was quiet a moment. "All in all," he concluded, "I wouldn't risk a penny on Storm's chance of living to see California."

Ellen was disturbed. "In that case, I'll discharge him tonight at our first camp," she said, worried. "It will be for his own safety. If he leaves the wagon train he will be out of their reach."

"I have an idea that you'll find it difficult to discharge him," Cameron said. "I imagine he will suspect the reason. But speaking of Menafee, you're about to have him as a visitor."

Tracy Menafee was approaching, riding a blooded red horse. Menafee was garbed for the trail in calico shirt, hard-twist striped breeches and boots. An expensive Panama hat shaded his ruddy, round face.

He gazed at Luke evenly as he rode up and said, "You stampeded 'em into pulling out, Storm. One of my wagons was not ready. After this, the captain will set the time for moving."

"Daybreak will be the time for stretchin' out from now on," Luke said. "Any wagon that's not ready will be left behind, unless there's good reason."

"That," Menafee said, his pale eyes losing their affability, "will also be decided by the company officers. No man is going to control this caravan by frightening people into panicky action."

He turned to Ellen. He now discovered that Cameron was in the wagon. That caused him to hesitate a moment. Then he smiled, lifted his hat. "Good morning, Mrs. Jarrett. And you, Cameron. Mike McDuffy tells me you are joining our company. Now that we are on our way, it is my privilege to wish both of you a pleasant journey. I am at your service, Mrs. Jarrett. Please feel free to call on me."

He touched his hat again; then rode away to join his three wagons, which occupied positions near the head of the column. His fourth wagon still stood on the camp ground, with Al Thorne and other men hurrying the repair work.

"A bid for your favor and a warning to Storm," Cameron murmured to Ellen. "Menafee is not a subtle man. He did not appreciate finding me already occupying the place at your side. I am sure he intended to claim it for himself as a reward for acting as your champion."

"Champion?"

"Didn't you know that the Reverend Emery Dixon attempted to call a camp meeting this morning with the intention of offering a motion to banish you and Luke Storm from membership in this company?" Cameron asked frankly.

Ellen winced. "Oh, no! He didn't?"

"Menafee put a stop to it," Cameron said. "He made it plain that anyone attacking your reputation would have him to deal with. Or rather, with Al Thorne and the Missouri Kid and similar assorted ruffians who compose his crew. At any rate, no meeting was held. You are indebted to him for that."

He watched Ellen's expression. Evidently he found nothing in her face that answered whatever question was in his mind.

"You are a strange person," he said. "You might at least break into tears or into angry defense of yourself."

"You are not a subtle man, either, Mr. Cameron," Ellen said. "At least in this matter. What you are wondering is whether there really were romantic reasons for Luke Storm's presence in my room last night."

"By gad!" Cameron exploded admiringly. "You have a way of cutting a man down to size! No wonder Emery Dixon retreated in complete disorder." He offered his hand. "Edward Jarrett is a lucky man," he observed.

Ellen looked blank for an instant. Then she recollected. "Thank you," she said hastily. She hesitated. Then she placed her hand in his. "At least you are frank in your doubts of me," she said.

Cameron stood with her slim fingers lying in his palm, looking down at them, a brooding puzzlement in his eyes, as though he was farther at sea than ever. "Then you will doubly appreciate a man like Luke Storm," he said. "He is frank, above all."

"I rather pity him," Ellen commented. "He is so primitive, so governed by the impulse of the moment. So unrestrained. But I am glad you warned me about the danger he is in. I did not realize. I will let him go before the day is over."

"Never let Luke Storm know that you pity him," Cameron warned. "He might forgive anything but that. And, above all, don't let him suspect it is because of his safety that you are discharging him."

Cameron swung to the ground then. He drew a cigar case filled with stogies from the inner pocket and started to select a smoke. Then, remembering his manners, he moved ahead and overtook

The Perfect Squelch

It was her first flight. Naturally, she had some questions. The much-traveled man seated next to her good-naturedly answered one after another. Unsatisfied, she kept up a cross-examination. Finally the man reached into a nearby seat pocket and handed her the airline's information booklet. She leafed hastily through it, discarded it and fired another round of questions:

How to operate the reclining seat? How to adjust the air intake? How to arrange the window curtain to subdue the glaring sunlight at 23,000 feet?

In a final attempt to silence her, the man handed her a magazine and switched on the reading light above her seat.

"Why," she asked suspiciously, "did you turn on that light?"

"Because, lady," he said wearily, "we're about to go through a tunnel."

Sylvia Lufburrow Decker

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Luke, who was walking alongside the oxen.

"Would you care to join me, Storm?" Cameron said, offering the case.

Luke shook his head. "Thanks!" he said. "But I'll stick to my *cigaritos*. I picked up the habit of rollin' my smokes at Taos."

Cameron closed the case and replaced it in his pocket. Then he freed his saddle horse from the wagon and mounted. He waved to Ellen and Luke as he rode by.

Suddenly Ellen called after him. "The answer to your question, Mr. Cameron, is—is no!"

Cameron twisted around. "I really had not asked a question," he said. "And I needed no answer. I already knew."

Luke watched Cameron ride onward. Now, from the corner of an eye, he saw Ellen slowly slip from her finger the cheap wedding band that she had been wearing and drop it over the wagonside into the wheel-crushed ruts of the trail.

Luke understood. She likely felt that she was at last beyond the reach of the law and there was no longer need for pretense. Her role as a married woman evidently had become distasteful to her since meeting the dashing Vance Cameron.

Luke was remembering the inscription he had glimpsed on the blue velvet lining of the cigar case Cameron had offered him a few minutes earlier. Printed in gilt was a tiny reproduction of the emblem of a tobacco shop where the case had been purchased. Beneath that had been inscribed the city in which the shop was located—"Baltimore, Md."

Baltimore! Where Ellen Jessup was wanted for connivance in murder! Dan Slater, the murdered investigator, even though he was a member of a New York City agency, had been in the employ of Baltimore people. And now, apparently, Vance Cameron was no stranger to that city either. That, of course, could be a matter of coincidence only. But Luke was wondering if Cameron had been the mysterious intruder whom Dan Slater had surprised in his room, and who, with gunfire, had ended forever the investigator's pursuit of the dark-eyed girl.

Luke strode along beside the oxen, thinking hard. Cameron seemed to be always in the habit of turning up in Ellen Jessup's vicinity.

Tracy Menafee was now heading down the line of wagons again, returning to resume paying his respects to the pseudo Mrs. Edward Jarrett, now that Vance Cameron was out of the way.

Menafee walked his horse alongside the wheel. He slung a leg over the saddle horn and braced one arm against the rim of the wagon side while he chatted with Ellen. Menafee was at his ease now, and when he chose he could be entertaining for a time. He talked of the trail and its problems and its personal experiences. He had a facility with words and could be engagingly friendly.

"I'll see to it that, beginning tomorrow, your wagon will travel nearer the head of the column," Menafee said. "It is not right that you should be plagued by dust this way."

Luke spoke from his menial position with the oxen. "We'll take our turn at pilot an' in the swing an' in the dust o' the drag, just as everybody else will do. We ask no favors."

Menafee was annoyed. "He seems to have sharp ears," he said to Ellen. "I had hoped that our conversation was private. Apparently he takes it on himself to speak for you."

Ellen was even more annoyed. "He doesn't speak for me, naturally," she said. "But in this case I must agree with him. I will not ask any special favors."

Al Thorne now came riding up, bringing word that the fourth wagon in Menafee's string had been repaired and would overtake the company soon. Menafee reluctantly ended his visit with Ellen and jogged away with his wagon boss.

Thorne gazed at him inquiringly. Menafee shook his head. "I learned nothing, of course. I did not expect to. I must say, however, that she is an extremely pretty female."

"Not more attractive than two hundred thousand dollars, I hope, Tracy," Thorne murmured silkily.

"You should know me better than that!" Menafee snapped angrily. Then he added rather wistfully, "She's a lady. That's what she is. A lady."

"A very dangerous lady," Thorne said. "A lady who helped murder her sweetheart an' dump his body in the sea."

Menafee frowned, glancing apprehensively around. "Careful, Al," he breathed. "It would be troublesome if anyone else got wind of our little secret."

"Maybe there's at least one person besides ourselves who is in on it," Thorne said. "You haven't forgotten them arrest warrants from Dan Slater's baggage that have disappeared? The Missouri Kid says Slater snatched them from his hand when he surprised the Kid in his room. If so, what happened to them?"

"It couldn't have been anyone except Storm," Menafee frowned. "He was first in the hallway, and was alone for seconds with Slater's body before anyone else appeared. That, I reckon, is why he was so quick to accept the job as whacker for Ellen Jessup on this trip. He's not the kind of a man to work as a hired hand unless there was some purpose in it."

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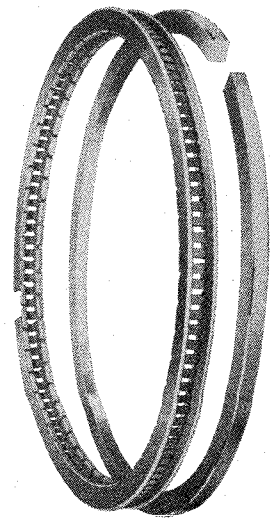

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"That's the way I size it up also," Thorne nodded. "We've got to make sure. Storm might be carrying those papers with him. Or maybe he has them in his war sack. I'll take a look at the war sack at first chance."

He said nothing for a moment, watching Menafee narrowly. "It would be awkward to try to take Storm in on this proposition with us," he said. "And still more awkward to leave him out. Once we decide for sure that he's aware of this girl's true identity, I guess we know there's only one thing to do."

Again there was silence. Menafee sat on his horse while a sickly color came into his face. He did not like to meet this question, but there was no shirking it.

Since the previous night he and Thorne had learned considerably more about the affair in Baltimore that involved the young dark-haired girl. They had ransacked the barbershops and taverns that morning for old copies of Eastern newspapers, and had soon found what they sought, for the establishments treasured such publications that had been brought to Independence by the stampeders. The copies dated back for months.

They had learned that the matter had first come to light when it was discovered that Henry W. Jessup, president of the Jessup Fidelity Bank, of Baltimore, and a young clerk in his establishment named Ralph Gilmore, were both mysteriously missing. An audit disclosed a shortage of roughly two hundred thousand dollars in the bank's cash.

Ralph Gilmore was a young bachelor. A search of his quarters in a modest boardinghouse revealed several letters whose contents were a bombshell in staid old Baltimore. First, the authorities disclosed that they had found a letter which bore a written instruction by Gilmore that it be opened in case of his death or disappearance. The message written by Gilmore said that if anything happened to him, Henry W. Jessup should be called to account.

It appeared that Gilmore had discovered that his employer had been speculating with bank funds and was heavily involved. It placed Gilmore in a difficult position, for his letter said that he was engaged to marry Jessup's daughter, Ellen, and was deeply in love with her. Because of this, Gilmore said he had agreed to say nothing, on the father's promise that the shortage in the bank's funds would be covered by a specified date. But, the letter went on, Henry Jessup had only gone deeper into default in an attempt to recoup his losses.

It was at this point that Ralph Gilmore began to fear for his life. He said that he had discovered that his books at the bank had been tampered with in an attempt to make it appear that he was the embezzler.

The letter said:

I am beginning to fear that Henry Jessup is a desperate man and will stop at nothing. And I have reason to know, too, that Ellen is aware of her father's predicament and is desperately afraid of the disgrace exposure will bring to her.

All of this evidently had been a tremendous sensation in Baltimore, where Henry W. Jessup, who was a widower, was a descendant of an aristocratic family and had been regarded as a man of impeccable integrity. Both he and his daughter had been socially prominent.

Then had come a second sensation. The authorities had revealed that another letter had been found in Ralph Gilmore's room. This one, also, had been written by Gilmore. It was in an envelope, and addressed to Miss Ellen Jessup, and had apparently been intended for mailing.

This letter evidently was an answer to some long and tense private talk Gilmore and Ellen had had a few days previously. The import was that Ellen had come to Gilmore and had pleaded with him to take the blame for the embezzlement by fleeing from Baltimore. Ellen had promised that she would join him and live with him, either with or without the benefit of marriage, as a reward for this sacrifice. Ellen had even proposed that Gilmore help himself liberally to whatever cash in the bank he could lay hands on before fleeing.

Gilmore's letter was a sad and shocked refusal of this proposal. He forgave Ellen on the ground that the strain of her father's predicament had caused her to lose her sense of moral values. He had made it plain that he was washing his hands of the whole affair.

Evidently Ralph Gilmore had been a very upright person. Sickeningly so, in the opinion of Al Thorne. It was incredible to Thorne that anyone could resist the temptation to help himself freely from the contents of a bank vault.

"An' a pretty little wench thrown in to boot," Thorne had added longingly.

In any event, Ralph Gilmore had never got around to mailing the letter. It was found in the pocket of a smoking jacket in his room. He had left his quarters suddenly the same evening that this letter seemed to have been written. He had been dressed in his best. A note in Ellen Jessup's handwriting had been found on the bureau in his room, apparently having been delivered to him by messenger. It invited him to the Jessup residence for a late supper that same evening.

Gilmore had left in a rented carriage. The driver had testified under oath later that he had delivered his fare at the gate of the Jessup mansion on the outskirts of the city about nine o'clock on that misty, cool evening in June. That was the last time Ralph Gilmore had been seen alive. And Henry Jessup also had vanished mysteriously that same night.

Ellen Jessup had denied everything, including Gilmore's written statement that she had offered to sell herself to protect her father. She had denied that she had written the note inviting Gilmore to her home and denied that they had been engaged to be married. Exhaustive questioning by the authorities had failed to break her down. She claimed that on the night Gilmore and her father had disappeared she had been in her bedroom reading and that her father had been in his study downstairs, working on business matters.

Ellen Jessup was in an ugly position. It was believed that Ralph Gilmore had met with foul play and that she had lured him into a trap. This was borne out by reports from two witnesses that they were positive they had seen her father in a curtained carriage, driving at a gallop down a back road out of Baltimore late on the night of the disappearances. But there was no tangible evidence on which to arrest her.

Then nearly a month later, when the sensation was beginning to die in public interest, a fish-eaten, decomposed body that was identified by a ring and scraps of clothing as that of Ralph Gilmore was found floating in Chesapeake Bay. The skull had been crushed with a blow from some heavy weapon. At last, evidence of murder had been found. Police rushed to arrest Ellen Jessup. She had moved to a modest room in a middle-class district in Baltimore, for the Jessup mansion had been seized by the court to help satisfy the bank shortage. But Ellen Jessup was gone. She had fled just ahead

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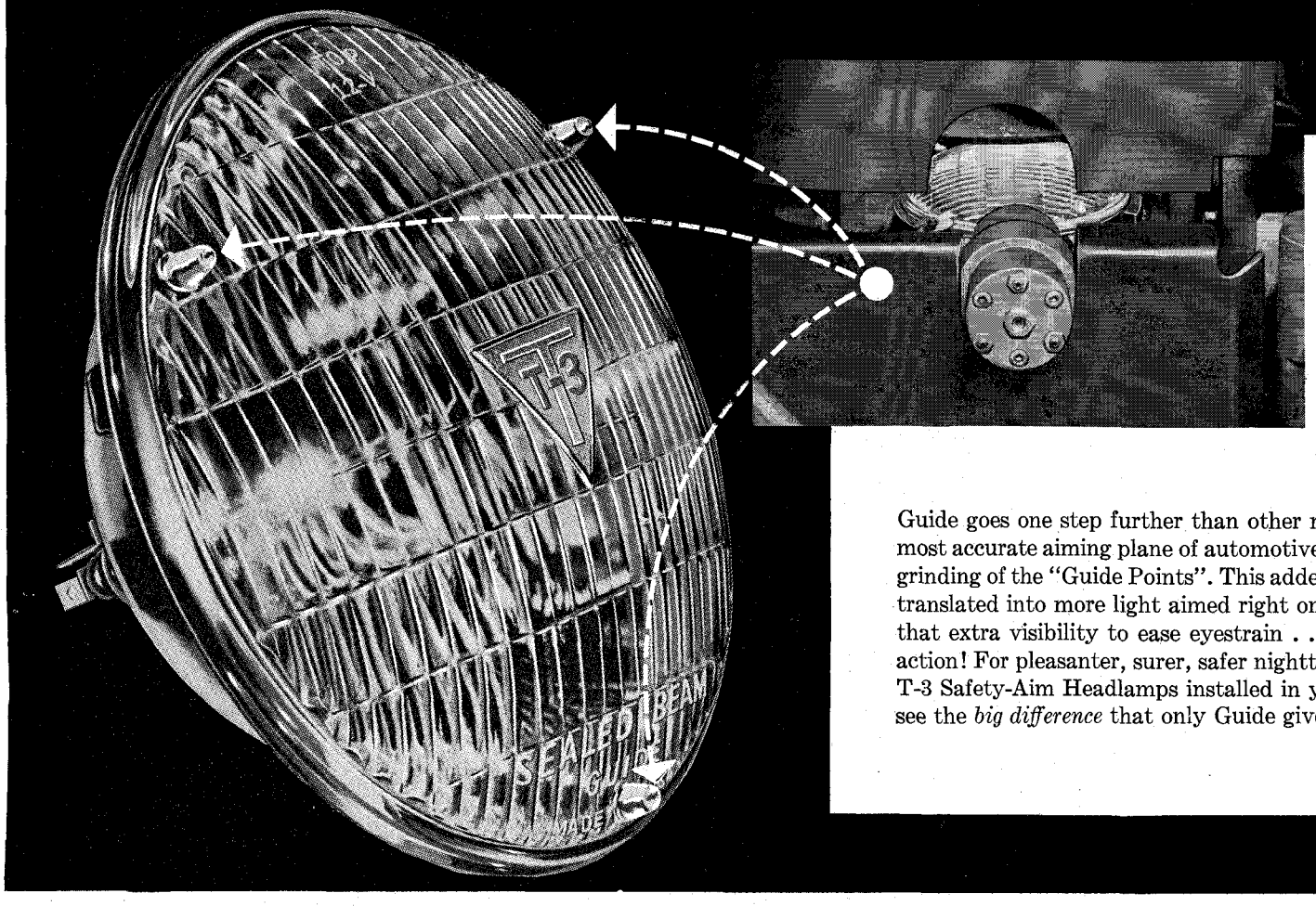

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of the authorities and had managed to escape from Baltimore.

Menafee sat on his horse, thinking of all this while he weighed his response to Al Thorne's statement. For it had been a statement rather than a question. " . . . I guess we know there's only one thing to do," Thorne had said.

Now Thorne was awaiting his reply, a faint, derisive glint in his thin, dark face. More and more, Menafee thought, with a little tug of anger and fear in his stomach, Thorne was making statements rather than asking questions.

Menafee took his time. Now that he had the full details of the crime he was more certain than ever that Ellen was heading for California to meet her father at some previously decided place. And there was good reason to believe that the greater part of the two hundred thousand dollars that had been embezzled was still in Henry Jessup's possession.

For Ralph Gilmore evidently had been wrong in assuming that Henry Jessup had squandered his peculations away in stock gambling. According to the newspaper accounts, no evidence of such operations had been uncovered, nor of any other extravagant expenditures by the banker.

Menafee drew a long, reluctant breath. "Yes," he murmured finally. "You will know what to do, Al."

Again the arid glint of a smile flickered across Al Thorne's sparse lips. "We will know what to do," he corrected Menafee. "We are in this together, Tracy. We split everything even—the work as well as the money."

"Yes," Menafee said, his voice uncertain. "Yes, Al."

Thus was another murder pledged—the murder of Luke Storm or anyone else who might endanger their own hopes.

The wagons nooned briefly, then moved on again through the blazing heat of the afternoon. Already the last farm clearings beyond Independence were falling astern and they were pushing into a country that grew more and more deserted.

Luke walked beside the oxen, his wide-brimmed hat pulled low to shade his eyes from the glare. He unbuttoned the shirt and finally removed it entirely and hovered in the shadow of the wagon whenever possible for the sake of coolness. He had tied a scarf of finest silk over the lower part of his face, for at times the boil of dust from the wheels and hoofs came upon him in a suffocating cloud.

They had emerged temporarily from the timber and brush into a sun-baked open stretch where the soil was sandy and barren. The beginnings of thunderheads loomed in the sky above timbered hills ahead. Luke could see men and women along the line gazing at those distant purple hills, a sudden uncertainty in their expressions. He glanced at Ellen and discovered this same doubt in her face.

His own gaze became scornful. This, he knew, was the moment when the crushing realization of parting with the past bore down upon them. This was the time when they wanted to hide from this challenge—to turn back to their own kind. But, for him, he was going home.

A child began to wail in one of the wagons ahead. The crying child would be six-year-old Honey Downs, who was traveling with her parents. Luke had seen Ellen try to make friends with the little towheaded girl during the nooning stop. But Honey had been quickly snatched away by the mother.

Jenny Downs had made it plain she did not want her child to come in contact with the notorious Mrs. Edward Jarrett. There were half a dozen other women in the company, and they shared Jenny Downs' opinion. They all had heard of the episode at the Overland Inn, and their verdict was pronounced.

Ellen had walked away, her chin high, giving no sign that their opinion mattered. But later Luke had noted that her eyes were a trifle red, as though she had been weeping in the seclusion of her wagon. She was branded as a dissolute woman, and the members of her sex meant to pillory her during this long journey. Grimly, Luke visualized their consternation if they were to learn that the pseudo Mrs. Jarrett was also wanted for murder.

> Nothing improves a fellow's boyhood behavior like having a son of his own.
>
> VESTA M. KELLY

Ellen gathered her skirts about her legs and descended to the ground from the slow-moving wagon. The dust and heat beneath the hood, and the jostling had become intolerable. She opened a small parasol as a protection from the sun.

"I believe I'll walk for a while," she told Luke lightly. "I need the exercise."

"A right smart idea," Luke nodded. "An' it'd be better if your gentleman callers stayed off the wagon too. Every ounce the cattle can avoid pullin' now will help 'em just that much a couple o' months from now on the Humboldt Desert an' in Carson Sink. Then they'll need their strength."

Ellen bridled and the parasol bobbed indignantly. "I'm sure Mr. Cameron's short visit placed no strain on the oxen," she said. "You are being officious—and childish—Mr. Storm. My wagon carries the lightest load in the company. There's nothing but my pallet and trunk and the stock of food."

"It won't always be that way, you hear me now," Luke said. "There'll be dead oxen an' busted wagons an' doublin'-up needed before this *pasear* is finished. The most of these wagons are overloaded. Like the preacher's. He's only got three yoke o' oxen an' he's carryin' all his family furniture. He'll have to start shuckin' that foofuraw before he reaches the first Platte ford, or this child never wore moccasins, I tell you now. But not 'til he's took the strength out of his cattle. Time he crossed Green River he'll be needin' help. An' he won't be the only one."

"Perhaps you think I should walk all the way to California," Ellen said stiffly.

"A mile or two at a time will do 'til you toughen up," Luke nodded. "You'll see plenty o' walkin' before this is over or I miss my guess." He eyed her appraisingly. "It'd be best for you, at that," he added. "Sittin' in that wagon for two thousand miles would sure broaden you in places other than your viewpoint."

Ellen tried to glare him down. That was a mistake, for Luke only gave her a devilish leer. In addition, she was at an increasing disadvantage, for the wind was springing up and her wide skirt and many petticoats were a distinct liability. Also she wore slippers and was realizing that they were not the sort of thing for this type of going. She was aware that Luke was enjoying her discomfiture.

To add to her tribulations, the wind soared into violent life at that instant and swooped down upon them. The parasol was whipped from Ellen's hand. She found herself desperately battling to hold down her skirts, with only indifferent

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success. She was twirled around dizzily and would have fallen, but Luke reached her side in time and steadied her.

The whirly passed. The oxen, which had halted momentarily, resumed their stoic pace. Luke chased the parasol across the sand hummocks, retrieved it and returned it, considerably the worse for wear, to her.

Ellen tried to restore her dignity. "I seem to have made a spectacle of myself," she said. She added hopefully, "Or did I?"

"Yep," Luke agreed. "It was quite a sight."

Ellen drew a long sigh. "You could at least have softened my humiliation by telling a little, harmless fib instead of being so brutally frank," she said.

"You got nothing to be ashamed of," Luke assured her. "Fact is the only damage done was to make these other womenfolk madder'n ever at you. You got the right kind of a shape for windy days. They'll hold that against you too."

"You make yourself thoroughly disgusting with your impudent vulgarity!" Ellen exploded. "I'm sure you'll be happier elsewhere than with this company! I'll pay you a week's wages tonight and will hire another driver!"

Luke looked at her steadily and said, "You've got the wrong attitude on this trip. Also the wrong kind of clothes. Britches an' good stout shoes and sunbonnets are what you'll find the handiest. We'll likely pass a trader along the way who can fix you up. You can pack away all them petticoats and skirts you got on until you hit Hangtown."

Ellen stamped her foot. "Don't you understand that I'm discharging you?" she exclaimed.

"Because you pity me?" Luke asked grimly.

She stared at him, startled.

"I don't need your protection," Luke said. "Nor that fancy-dressed Cameron's either."

"You—you heard what Mr. Cameron and I were saying?" she demanded indignantly.

"Yeah," Luke said.

"You—you deliberately eavesdropped on us?"

"Hell's purple flames!" Luke snorted. "How could I help it? I wasn't twenty feet away!"

"Well—well!" Ellen said helplessly.

She was defeated. She fled suddenly. She scrambled aboard the wagon and over the bow, and dropped into the security of the interior. Luke Storm, she reflected, was growing more and more intolerable. He was a man for his environment, she conceded. Every move he made, everything he wore or owned was exactly right for its purpose. Even the silk scarf that he used as a dust mask was eminently practical, although it was obviously of feminine origin.

He had hung the bullwhip and the goad on the wagon, relieving himself of those burdens. In the few hours he had been in charge of the oxen Ellen noticed that he seemed to have gained the complete confidence of the animals. They obeyed every casual vocal command eagerly, and at times seemed even to anticipate his wishes.

Other men were making hard going of it over the heat-drenched hummocks and wheel ruts and loose sand, as had Ellen during her short sojourn on foot, but Luke moved along in his soft, noiseless moccasins without apparent effort. In fact he appeared to be almost asleep even on his feet now. Evidently he had the faculty of complete relaxation, no matter what the discomfort or the circumstances. Like an animal, she reflected. And also, like an animal, his hearing evidently was far more acute than the humans with whom she was accustomed to associating.

She bitterly regretted the turn of chance that had brought him across her path. She had the sensation of total entanglement—of being swept along by forces she could not resist nor control. First there had been that terrible affair in Baltimore that had torn her away from the ordered, sheltered life she had always known. Then the flight from the law—the days and nights of tension, expecting each moment to be caught and taken to a cell. And the heart-freezing discovery that the law actually was at her heels waiting—waiting to pounce. Then the murder of Dan Slater, which freed her from that danger at least.

Now she was on her way to an unknown land. She was an outcast among her own sex for the duration of the journey at least, and only because she had intervened to save this overbearing mountain man from the same fate that hovered over her—the noose. She was utterly alone, completely cut off from the world she had known.

It came to her, startlingly, that she was, in fact, almost entirely dependent now upon Luke Storm.

She aroused. A girl's voice outside the wagon was calling, "Mrs. Jarrett! Mrs. Jarrett!"

Ellen peered out. Abbie Wallace was alongside. "May I come aboard?" Abbie asked, smiling. "I would very much like to become acquainted with you, Mrs. Jarrett."

"Why—why!" Ellen said. "Of—why, of course!"

Luke halted the oxen. A rare concession. "I'll give you a hand, miss," he said gallantly, and helped the lithe, chestnut-haired missionary girl over the wheel.

Ellen saw Jenny Downs' and Mrs. McDuffy's and other sunbonneted heads turned all along the line, faces staring with shocked disapproval.

Abbie Wallace pointedly appeared oblivious of this. In the hot interior of the wagon she smoothed her calico dress, kicked off her shoes and looked at Ellen with a frank and friendly smile. "If I'm intruding I hope you will tell me," she said. "But as you and I are of about the same age, I wanted to make friends. I brought along my knitting. Luke Storm gave permission. He says the trail is easy for a few miles and I won't be a burden to the oxen."

"Mr. Storm evidently places the welfare of the oxen far above mine," Ellen said. "You will always be welcome, and you do not need to ask his permission." She paused a moment. "But are you sure you want to do this, my dear?" she asked. "Your uncle will disapprove. I imagine you know that I am supposed to be a soiled dove."

Abbie said calmly, "Bosh! They're only a flock of hens scratching in the dirt. I heard all about what happened at the Overland Inn, of course."

She looked Ellen over, smiled and said, "I do not believe you are either a dove or soiled. You look like a girl who has too much spunk to be regarded as a dove, and, as for being soiled, I imagine that a female as attractive as you are could do considerably better than a drunken mountain man like Luke Storm if she were in the mood for romance."

Ellen laughed suddenly. It struck her that this was the first she had laughed with real enjoyment since that nightmare had first come upon her at Baltimore.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you, Miss Wallace."

"My name is Abigail," the missionary girl said. "Abbie to my friends. And yours is ——"

Ellen hesitated a moment. "Ellen," she said.

She regretted it the instant she had uttered it. She had meant to use a pseudonym, but Abbie Wallace's wholesome friendliness had struck a warm, responsive chord within her. Suddenly she had wanted, in this one instance at least, to be truthful to her visitor. She realized the similarity between her assumed name of Ellen Jarrett and the real one of Ellen Jessup might be disastrous. But evidently it meant nothing to Abbie Wallace. Ellen began breathing again.

She seated Abbie on the pallet, opened the bow curtains and rolled the side sheets to admit more air. "I'm sorry to admit it, but I neglected to bring my own knitting bag," she said. "I don't know why I overlooked it."

"I have extra needles and plenty of yarn in my uncle's wagon," Abbie said. "I'll bring them the next time. You will have a couple of pairs of socks ready for your husband by the time we reach California."

"If what Luke Storm says is true, there'll be little time for knitting," Ellen remarked. "He seems to think we are in for a hard journey. But I'm sure he is only trying to frighten us. He wants to impress me with his own ——"

Her voice drifted off into a panicky halt. She had forgotten Luke's acute sense of hearing. She arose and peered out fearfully. To her relief, Luke was with the point yoke, moving along with the half-asleep stride that expended a minimum of energy.

Then Luke turned and eyed her witheringly. "You better learn to keep your voices down before we get into Indian country or you'll have every squaw from the forks of the Platte to the Digger country laughin' at me," he snorted.

Ellen sank back, crushed. "That—that awful barbarian!" she moaned. "He hears everything a person says, knows everything I even think. He's even trying to tell me how to dress, and that I ought to do more walking to—to reduce my—my hips."

That brought Abbie to her feet to peek out, aghast, at Luke. "Well—well!" she breathed. "I never heard of anything so brazen."

"Somebody had to tell her," Luke observed without turning his head. "An' you might take heed, too, little gal."

Abbie's face vanished. Luke heard Ellen moan again and whisper helplessly, "You see! He actually does hear everything. We don't dare even talk."

After that they dropped their voices to a cautious whisper. Luke grinned. He rolled one of his brown-paper *cigaritos*. For the moment, at least, he was content.

The caravan reached a stream late in the afternoon. The watercourse was relatively insignificant to Luke, as well as to Menafee and other members of his crew who had traveled the plains, but the majority of the others stared uneasily. In the orderly pattern of the settled lands from which they had come they had never thought of a stream of this size without also thinking of a bridge.

This was a creek only a few rods in width and below wagon-bed depth at the deepest. The banks were brushy and steep and the approach to the stream had been hacked through the willows and alder. It was evident that once a heavy wagon was committed to the descent through the brush there would be no holding back.

"Maybe we better camp here for the night," the husband of Carrie Phillips said uneasily. "We can ford in the morning when the stock will be better rested."

Others began to nod quick agreement.

"Camp?" Luke snorted derisively. "Why, it's still an hour to sundown an' we'll have another hour or more after that in the cool of twilight, with plenty of time before full dark to pitch camp. We can do three, four more miles before we outspan. You, there in the wagons ahead, keep rollin'. That ford is easy if you handle your teams."

"Are you advising us to make a dry camp farther on?" the father of Honey Downs objected.

"A dry camp won't do any harm," Luke said. "The stock can water here as they ford. Tonight they'll have good grass with dew on it to feed on. We'll hit next water at noonin' time tomorrow. We'll be miles ahead instead of losin' valuable time here."

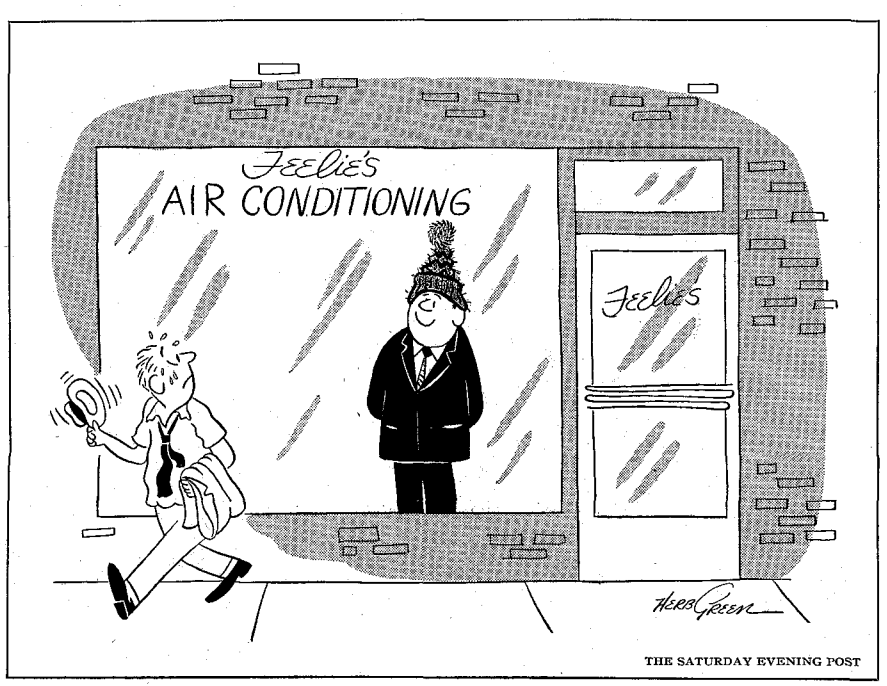
Other men looked dubious. "I still say such dry driving will take more out of the stock than we'll gain," George Downs argued. It was plain that he was frightened.

Tracy Menafee now came riding up, belatedly exuding the authority of captain. "What's the delay?" he demanded. "We're wasting time. . . . Storm, are you advising these men to camp here tonight? Ridiculous! We must take advantage of every hour, every minute if these people are to reach California this year. We must push on at once."

Vance Cameron, who had joined the group, murmured in Luke's ear, "The devil a saint will be. He seems to be trying to make you out as a false prophet, Storm."

Luke was puzzled. If that was Menafee's purpose, then he had scored his point. In this instance, at least, he had refuted Luke's prediction that his prime object was to see that this caravan wintered at his trading post on Raft River.

TO BE CONTINUED



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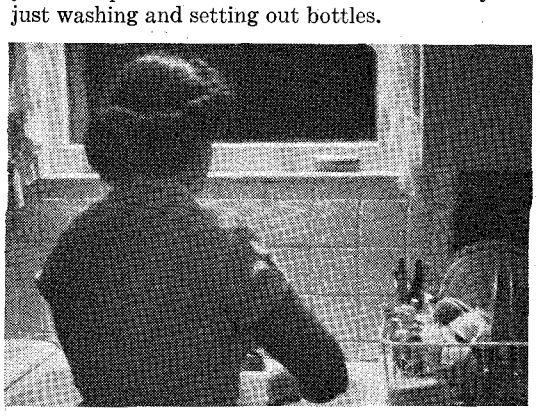

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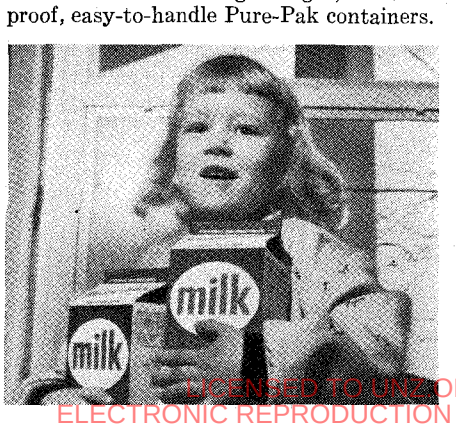

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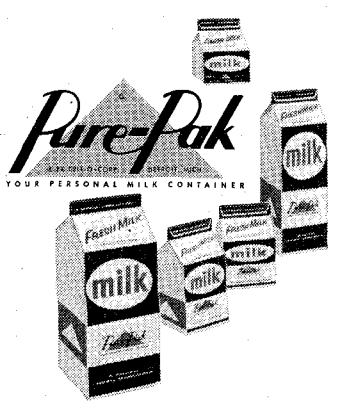

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The Education of Maggie

(Continued from Page 28)

Paul's friendship was genuine. She felt happier than she had been for some time, and when he took her home in his father's pickup truck, she knew she didn't have to worry that he would try to maul her. Fortunately, her father was out that night, so Paul didn't run into any family row.

After that, Paul took her out almost every Saturday night. He learned to play the trumpet, senior year—he wanted to be in the school band—and on Easter Sunday he was asked to play the trumpet parts in Kipling's Recessional, which the church choir was to sing. He told Maggie about it, and she said she wanted to hear him, so he brought her in his truck.

He wore his "new" blue suit, which had been bought a year ago and was already too small for him. He stood at the far side of the choir, holding his trumpet under his arm, his big, round face serious and determined. The trumpet introduces the Recessional, and when he pursed his lips at the mouthpiece, his cheeks swelling, his shoulders stretching the blue coat, he produced a blast that rattled the walls and disconcerted the bass soloist, so that he came in on a wrong note. After that, the choir never really got going together; they sang without confidence and frequently off key; except for Paul, who picked up his part with vigor each time, his face growing red with effort, as the trumpet clamored over the dark pews and reverberated against the white walls. Maggie, sitting primly by herself, heard a man behind her—city people up for the weekend—mutter, "How awful!" to his wife, and it made her indignant. She was proud that Paul should play so stanchly, when the others were nervous.

By now she and Paul had a silent understanding, but he had not yet kissed her. The great event took place on the night after the graduation dance, when they drove away in his truck and he muttered something about taking the river road for the view. Since it was pouring rain, they wouldn't be able to see anything, but of course she knew he had made up his mind that this was the night. They stopped on a logging road on the riverbank. She had already been kissed a dozen times, and she observed his hesitant approach with an affectionate amusement.

"You might as well turn that windshield wiper off," she said. "You don't have to watch the road now."

"I didn't notice it," he said apologetically, switching it off.

"Your mind must be on something else."

"It is."

"What?"

"You."

"Well, that's nice." She slipped her hand in his.

Paul took a breath as if he were about to blow his trumpet, and blurted out, "I was thinking of kissing you." He looked at her to see how she received this information, and she smiled at him, and he leaned down and kissed her.

She put her head on his shoulder, and they talked about their summer plans. He would be working on the farm, but they would have dates every Wednesday and Saturday night, and go to church Sundays. She was planning to work in the shipping department of the shoe factory. She could drive to and fro with her father, and maybe under those circumstances he would be less apt to stop for a bottle. She would save her money from the factory, except that she had to buy a couple of dresses. She had been ashamed of her clothes, but that was one thing Paul didn't notice much. Farm boys in Hart's Mountain aren't apt to be style-conscious.

But Maggie didn't work in the shoe factory. Lila Harper, one of the most sophisticated of the Bandstand group, told her she'd be a sucker to do that.

"You'll only make forty dollars a week," she said. "Last summer I worked as a waitress at the Bantam Lake Club. It's a very swank place. You get twenty dollars a week and your tips. Tips for a girl like you"—she eyed Maggie speculatively—"if you'll fix yourself up a little and get your hair fixed, and some decent clothes and be agreeable—gawsh, you ought to pick up another sixty-five or seventy dollars easy."

Almost twice as much as the factory pay, Maggie thought. She had never had any money of her own—not even a regular allowance. It would be a different, more exciting life too. Finally, and above all, she wouldn't have to live at home.

"I'm going to do it," she told Paul.

"I guess I won't see you much, then," he said soberly.

"I have to work weekends, because that's the busiest time. But I have Wednesdays off from noon until noon the next day. Maybe you could drive up some Wednesday."

It was a hundred and ten miles. During the summer they didn't finish on the farm until 7:30. He could drive up a couple of times, maybe. But it wasn't like seeing her twice a week. He didn't feel cheerful, but he managed to say, "I guess maybe you'll have a pretty good time."

"I'll be thinking of you, though," Maggie said.

"I'll be missing you."

The Bantam Lake Club was a high-priced, elaborate resort hotel, with a golf course along the lake, tennis courts, a bar, two dining rooms and a ballroom. The guests wore evening dress on Saturday and holiday nights. Maggie had never seen anything so grand, and at first she was a little frightened and wished for Paul's stocky, reassuring figure. But she was eager to find out what this new world was like, and she worked hard to learn her job in the two days before the hotel opened. She shared a room with a girl named Mary Rock, who was so plain and timid that it gave Maggie confidence by contrast. Mr. Nichols, the houseman—a sleek young man with pale brown eyes—seemed to take an interest in her. At the end of her first day on the job, he asked her how it went.

"Oh, it was very nice," she said. "My tables were all so nice. Especially Fourteen."

"That's Mr. Emmons, an industrialist," Mr. Nichols said, rolling the word like a marble. "Very refined people. I took the liberty of telling them it was your first day, as I knew they would co-operate."

"Oh, well, they did," Maggie said, a little disappointed that they were making allowances for her. "Thank you, Mr. Nichols."

He had an important position as supervisor of the rooms and service, and the waitresses thought he made an elegant appearance. He wore gray trousers and a dark coat during the day. In the evening he changed to a light tweed jacket and slacks. He always wore shirts with French cuffs and had several pairs of handsome cuff links. Maggie was flattered that he seemed to like her.

On her first Wednesday off she was wondering what to do with her free time when Mr. Nichols remarked to her, "I'm driving over to Laconia today and, since you don't know this area, I thought maybe you'd like to see it."

"Thank you. I'd like to," Maggie replied, flustered by the unexpected honor.

He had a small blue convertible, which made the trip even more adventurous. With the sun on her face and the wind blowing past her and the mountains towering around her, she enjoyed every moment of the drive.

Mr. Nichols glanced at her. "Having a good time?" he inquired.

"Yes," she exclaimed responsively.

He stopped at a couple of stores to buy some small things for the hotel, and then they went to the movies. Afterward, she had her first cocktail. On the way home, she thought, with a silent giggle, that she was certainly seeing more of the world than if she had worked in the shoe factory.

She made seventy-six dollars her first week, and then, as her tables filled, she got up to ninety-three dollars. She had never seen so much money in her life, and it gave her an exhilarating sense of freedom. At her first opportunity she was going to buy a really smart dress.

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Paul was coming on the Wednesday after her birthday, but he wrote her a letter—in pencil, on ruled paper—saying that the first hay crop had come in early, that they would cut it next week, and if the weather remained dry, they would have to take it up; so he'd better postpone his visit a week. "But I'll be up then, sure," he wrote. "I've been missing you."

Since she came from farm country, she understood the importance of getting the hay in before the rain. But she was disappointed. He sent her a birthday card, however; it had a portrait of a young girl in a circle of pink roses with gold leaves, and underneath was the verse:

A birthday miss
As sweet as this
Deserves a kiss.

In the corner he had put his initials, "P.T."

The picture of Paul fumbling through the counter of fancy cards with his strong brown hands, and probably blushing as he did so, made her laugh, and gave her

... ...

Lullaby
for Monday Night

By Gladys McKee

Right from the lines
Go the sheets to the beds;
Tonight, my loves,
We'll rest our heads
On scent of wind
And golden sun,
Glad that the long
Hot day is done!
We'll dream like kittens
With delight
On rose-blown air
Stretched smooth and white.

... ...

the kind of warm comfort that she always got from him.

She told Mary Rock it was her birthday, and the girls gave her a small cake in the staff dining room. So Mr. Nichols heard about it, and at nine-thirty, when they finished work, he asked her to walk outside. He took her on the golf-course trail to the deserted caddie house.

"I have a birthday present for you," he said in his smooth, assured voice.

He turned on the light of the porch and handed her a velvet box which contained a pair of dropped-pearl earrings. They were beautiful, whether or not they were real. She had never had any jewelry before; in fact, she had never had anything but utilitarian presents, and few of those. Her face shone with pleasure, and Mr. Nichols, watching her, looked satisfied.

"But you really shouldn't give me such a nice present," she cried.

"Nice girls deserve nice presents. Just don't wear them with your uniform!"

"Oh, no. I'll wear them with my blue-and-green print. I'm certainly obliged to you, Mr. Nichols."

"When we're alone together you might as well call me Carl," he said.

She didn't dare to do it for quite a while; it was too much of a change in their relationship; she just avoided calling him anything.

Paul came up in his truck the next Wednesday, as he had promised. It was nine o'clock before he arrived, and quite a few girls were sitting on the back veranda where Maggie waited for him. He was embarrassed by such a large reception committee, and he stood awkwardly on the steps, in a white T shirt and scrubbed blue jeans, saying, "Hello, Maggie." He looked husky and honest, but he didn't have the polished appearance of Mr. Nichols.

She introduced him, and they left the porch as soon as they could, but as they walked to the truck they met Mr. Nichols. He was wearing a white linen coat and gray flannels.

"Well," he said urbanely, "is this your friend from the home town?"

"Yes," Maggie replied. She struggled with her tongue, but could not seem to free it for the obvious introduction.

"My name's Carl Nichols," he said, extending his hand.

"Pleased to meet you," Paul said.

"What's your name?" Mr. Nichols queried, a little sharply.

"Paul Tenney."

"Well, I think we should show Paul a little of our pleasure resort," Mr. Nichols remarked.

His slightly patronizing tone implied that Paul was just a country boy, to whom he and Maggie would reveal the wonders of another way of life. He showed them the main dining room, the ballroom, the bridge room and finally the monkey bar, so called because the walls were painted in vivid jungle colors, with monkeys climbing the trees and vines. He chatted of the special dance given by the Waldos—"oil people, you know"—and of young Mr. Herrick who was going to inherit twenty million—"or so they say. Money doesn't count here—at least, as long as you have it."

Paul said almost nothing. The tour and conversation took forty-five minutes of the precious three hours he had allowed himself before driving back—which would give him only three hours' sleep before work time.

"Well, now, I guess you'd like to talk to Maggie about what's going on at home," Mr. Nichols said, dismissing them abruptly, as if he had done more for them than Paul had a right to ask. "Good luck, young man. And you can tell them we all like Maggie here."

"Good-by," Paul said.

He and Maggie got into the truck and drove off, Paul sitting very straight and a little grim in the seat. Maggie slid close to him. "I'm sorry that took so long."

He did not reply.

"You could turn down this road if you want to park," she said.

He did so, and she leaned toward him and kissed him. Her earrings clicked as she turned her head.

"Are those new?" Paul said. "I never saw them before."

"Yes. Aren't they pretty?"

"They look all right."

He was waiting for her explanation, and she had intended to tell him about it, but now that he was already irritated with Mr. Nichols, she decided hastily not to do so—and found herself inventing a lie. "One of the guests gave them to me when she was leaving. Said she didn't like them any more, and she wanted me to have a present." Her face burned, and she was glad he could not see her in the darkness.

"Oh." He believed her and was cheered a little. "People around here must be pretty rich."

"I guess they are."

He told her the news of his farm and the town, and she told him about her life at the hotel—omitting Mr. Nichols' part in it. By the time he had to leave, they had recaptured the joy of being together; she gave him most of her money to bank for her—keeping out enough for the dress she planned to buy—and he joked about running off with it; and when she asked him teasingly at the end, "How did you like that Mr. Nichols, anyway?" he was

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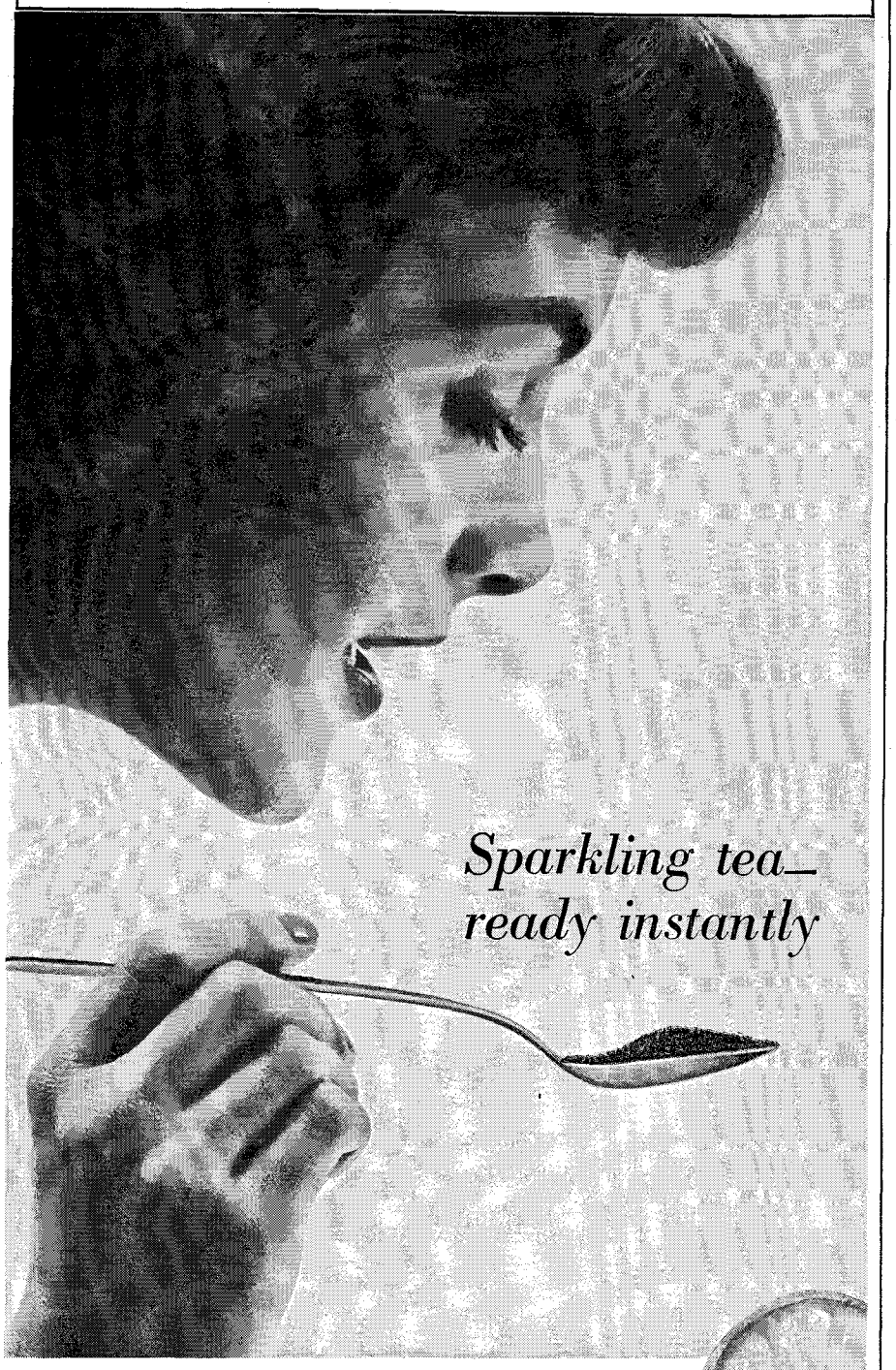

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able to reply with a grin, "Well, he certainly wouldn't be any good on a farm."

She didn't know where to get her new dress, so she asked Mr. Nichols, since he seemed to be informed about almost everything.

"There's a very nice town-and-country shop in Laconia," he said. "Some of our guests go there. I'll tell you. On your next Thursday morning off, we'll take a quick run over there. Early. The guests never get there before eleven."

The town-and-country shop was so genteel and quiet—without the friendly bustle of the department store Maggie knew—that she would have been scared to go there without Mr. Nichols' support. She bought a sleeveless poplin dress with a round neckline and flaring skirt, in a color called mistletoe green. It was more than she expected to pay, but it really did look well on her.

That evening, as she was standing at her post in the dining room, watching her tables, Mr. Nichols passed her to whisper, "I have something for you."

"Oh, what is it?" she whispered back.

He lifted a monitory finger. "I can't tell you now. Meet me at the caddie house about nine-thirty."

He was there waiting for her, and he had a set of four gold bracelets. "To go with that green dress," he said. "It needs a touch of jewelry."

"Oh, you shouldn't do this!" she exclaimed. "Oh, they're beautiful!" She slipped them on her wrist, and holding her arm up, turned it back and forth in the porch light, so that the gold gleamed and flickered.

"You like them?"

"Oh, yes! Thank you."

"I bought them in Laconia this morning, after I saw how sweet you looked in that dress." He switched off the light. "You're really awfully nice, Maggie."

"You've been very nice to me."

"Only because I like you so much."

She could not help feeling proud, and in the velvet-and-diamond world of the night it was so easy to let him kiss her.

"I'm afraid I'm falling in love with you," he murmured.

She had an instant image of Paul standing sturdily beside her, so that in her momentary panic she almost reached out for his arm, but the panic passed. Mr. Nichols did not touch her again. He was very gentlemanly, and he must have comprehended that she was overwhelmed.

"Well,"—she gave a childlike laugh and made a gesture of entreaty with her hands—"thank you for saying that, but I guess we better go back now."

That night she lay awake in a tumult of excitement and concern. She felt guilty with respect to Paul. Yet it was certainly a compliment that a man like Mr. Nichols—Carl Nichols—should say he was falling in love with her—a sophisticated man who seemed to have money and probably knew lots of girls. Of course he might not mean it. With Paul there was never any doubt. Paul was just as clear as a window, so that you could see into his heart, but men of the world like Carl didn't show their feelings so readily. She was only a country girl, and she couldn't be sure about these things. It was probably a good thing that she was planning to spend her next Wednesday at home—not that her family would be any help to her, but Paul might be.

But she didn't go home. It wasn't entirely her fault; she missed her bus because her wrist watch had stopped. It was a cheap one—only twelve dollars—and she had had trouble with it before. Now that she was making so much money, she decided to buy a good one. But the next bus was not due until four o'clock; and when Mr. Nichols invited her to watch the water carnival that night—which was really the big event of the summer—she agreed to stay.

Two days later he gave her a watch—a round gold one with four small diamonds in the rim, on a gold-mesh band.

"Oh, Carl!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I can't take this!"

He took her left wrist and strapped the watch around it. "Do you like it?"

"It's a beauty. But you mustn't spend your money this way."

"Why not? I told you I was crazy about you, baby." He regarded her with his pale brown, expressionless eyes. "I like to spend money on you."

"Well, I do thank you—awfully much." She could never take it home, she was thinking, or show it to Paul.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Well, I—I don't know. I'm very fond of you, Carl." She added in a burst of honesty, "I'm very fond of Paul too."

"Paul! You mean the farm boy?" He turned away from her. "Yes, I see. He's home-town. But I don't think you'd be happy on a farm, Maggie. However, you'll have to think these things over." There was a hurt look on his face when they separated.

It was late in August by now, with the big Labor Day weekend not far away. She wrote Paul that she wouldn't go home until after that. In his reply, he didn't mention her return or say—as he always had—"I've been missing you," so she knew she had hurt his feelings too. Although it was pleasant to have two men after you, it did create difficulties.

The Bantam Lake Club was to close October fifteenth, and the owner would then go to Florida, where he had another hotel which opened a month later. Many of the girls stayed with him. They said it was a good life—Florida in the cold months, New Hampshire in the warm ones—and Carl Nichols urged her to try it.

"We could have fun on the beach," he said.

"Yes, it would be fun. I've never been ocean bathing."

"We might try it here. I was going to ask you. At Hampton Beach. That's about two hours from here."

"I'd love to."

"We could leave here promptly at one, get in a couple of hours on the beach that afternoon and a couple of hours in the morning."

She looked at him quickly. "You mean, spend the night?"

"Yes." He looked at her with a tolerant smile. "Maggie dear, we can have separate rooms. If you insist!"

"Well, I do," she said, with a little gasp. "And I think we ought to have another couple with us."

"I'll get Mr. and Mrs. Withington, friends of mine in Laconia."

She told Mary Rock she was going with the Withingtons. The morning of the expedition was hot and bright, perfect for the beach. Carl Nichols encountered her in the dining room when she was setting her tables for lunch.

"The Withingtons have backed out," he said. "Ann has a sore throat."

"Oh."

"Let's go anyway, Maggie. We'll have lots of fun. And you can have your separate room."

She wanted to go—it was a real adventure—and she said she would. But she was troubled about it as they drove over in the car. She knew that Paul wouldn't approve at all. But Carl was very nice, and they got the separate rooms, and swam and lay on the beach. Afterward, as she dressed in her room before dinner, she put on all her prettiest things, realizing that she had got them all with or from

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him—her mistletoe-green dress, her pearl earrings, her bracelets—and she was about to fasten the wrist watch, when it slipped from her hand and fell on the hardwood floor. The crystal hadn't broken, but the movement had stopped. Perhaps the little wheel might be stuck. She pried the cover open with her nail file. Engraved on it was the inscription:

FROM DICK TO POLLY 1946

Her heart flopped in her breast. Her hand shook so that she was afraid she would drop the watch again. She quickly put it in her lap, and sat there, staring into this dark, evil-seeming enigma. Carl knocked on the door. He had a pint of whisky.

"I thought we might have a drink here," he said. "Just to celebrate. It's so expensive in the bar."

"All right," she said. "I'll have just a small one."

He prepared two highballs and brought one to her.

"Carl ——" she said. She had to stop for a moment to gather her courage, and he glanced at her inquiringly. "Where did you get the wrist watch you gave me?"

"I bought it one day in Portsmouth. Why?"

She took it from her lap and handed it to him. He examined the open cover and then smiled. "Well, sweetie, I guess I have to confess—I bought it secondhand. I didn't realize there was any engraving on it. A watch like that would cost three hundred dollars, new. I really couldn't afford it."

She felt an instant relief. "No, of course not."

"Do you mind?"

"No; I was just puzzled."

"You can get anything if you know where to go for it," he remarked. "And I ought to tell you that the bracelets aren't new either. My aunt gave me those—told me to give them to my best girl, when I had one. Which I did."

She remembered, with absolute clarity, what he had told her about those bracelets before. And the memory came to her like a sickening second blow against someone who had just staggered to his feet.

"I thought you said you bought them in Laconia the day I bought the dress," she said.

He eyed her sharply, and ugly lines sprang into his face, such as she had never seen before. "All right, so what?" he answered in a soft snarl. He walked about her like a cat circling its prey, picked up his drink and drank half of it. "So what?"

She lowered her eyes from his face and said nothing.

"Listen, kid," he said. "You're awful pure, but you and I better stick together. I'll tell you where I got those things—I *stole* them. I have a key to every room in that hotel, and I've picked up about ten thousand dollars' worth of stuff. Maybe more. And that's where your watch and your bracelets and your earrings came from. Those pearls, by the way, are real. And they're stolen."

"No!" she cried in dread. She began to strip the bracelets frantically from her arms, as if they burned her, and yanked the earrings from her ears and dropped them on the floor. "Oh, no!"

He laughed. "You might as well keep them. You've had them some time now."

She answered in a trembling voice, "Carl, I'm going to tell the police."

"Oh, no, you won't. I meant it when I said you and I better stick together. You've been receiving stolen goods all summer, and here you are, registered with me in a hotel, in an adjoining room. Do you think the police would believe you're innocent? Don't be crazy, kid. If I go to jail, you go to jail. And what would your family think of that?"

She was too terrified to speak. He had resumed his smooth, smugly affectionate voice—the more horrible, now that she knew the viciousness that lay behind it.

"But we don't have to quarrel," he said. "I really have fallen for you, kid. We can have a good time: travel around, enjoy ourselves, spend money. We can begin with a party tonight—a real party, Maggie, better than any we've had before!"

The ring of the telephone was like the glimmer of a light to one lost in a wilderness.

"Don't answer it," he ordered, but she grasped desperately at the receiver and heard Paul's steady voice asking for her. Nichols snatched the instrument from her hand before she could reply, but, as he was returning it to the rack, she shouted, "Paul, come up!" and began to weep, not knowing whether Paul was there in the hotel or calling from far away.

"You little brat," Nichols said, and slapped her. He stood there broodingly, started for the door, waited and decided to leave. But Paul was there by then, looming solidly in the door frame. Paul saw only that Maggie was crying and that this man was blocking his way; and he shoved Nichols with his hand, so that the other was thrown against the opposite wall.

Maggie clutched Paul's arm. "Make him take these things and go away," she begged, through her tears.

Paul picked up the wrist watch, the bracelets and the earrings, pulled Nichols to his feet and shoved the loot into his pockets. "Get out," he said. Nichols opened his mouth, but Paul raised his hand, and the man went without a word.

Paul sat down on the edge of a chair, putting his hands on his knees. Maggie's half-hysterical crying was subsiding. Seeming to understand that she needed time, he began to talk to her in a matter-of-fact voice. "Had a chance to deliver three heifers this morning to the County Farm up here. So I stopped at the Bantam Lake place, thinking to see you. Saw Mary Rock, and she told me you were here, and I figured I'd stop on the way home. Kind of a long way 'round, but I took a chance."

"Yes," Maggie said. She wiped her eyes with a small ball of a handkerchief. "If you wouldn't sit so far away I'd like to tell you everything."

So she told him everything—even the small lies—afraid to look at his face to see what he was thinking. "I've been a fool," she said miserably. "An awful fool."

Paul did not comment. Neither then nor later did he utter a word of condemnation. "Well, now," he declared with an authority that was both surprising and comforting, "I'll take you back to the hotel tonight. But you have to report him, Maggie; you have to tell the sheriff or the county solicitor just what you've told me."

"Yes," Maggie said humbly.

"I guess the hotel will take you back, all right. But you'll be coming home soon, anyway, won't you?"

She nodded.

"I've been missing you," he said.

She feared he might never say that again. The simple words filled her with joy.

"I've missed you," she said. "I guess that's really the trouble."

She looked at him earnestly, and he kissed her.

"There's one thing I want to be sure you understand," Maggie said into his shoulder. "I wasn't going to let him stay in this room with me."

Paul made what was for him a daring reply. "Well, the bed looks kind of small," he remarked, and grinned.

Nichols left the state that night, taking with him quite a collection of trinkets. But he couldn't stay out of the hotel business, and the police picked him up that winter in Nevada. The name was an alias, and he had a long record of larceny. By that time he had another girl, so he had more or less forgotten about Maggie. Of course, the story got around in Hart's Mountain, but once a person settles down, people let bygones be bygones. Maggie and Paul were married that spring, and he's turning the old farm icehouse into a small home for them. They go to church regularly and he plays the trumpet on special Sundays. THE END

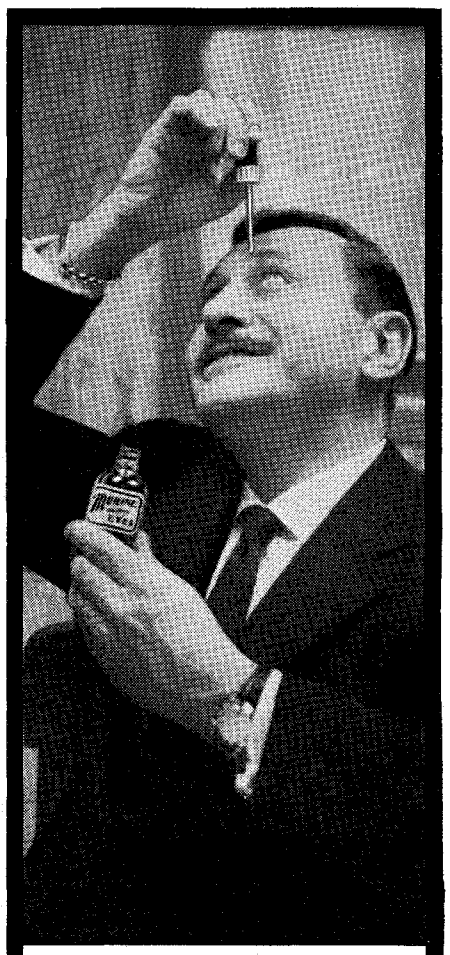
Can You Name This Star?

When this five-year-old songstress sang, "I'm going to sit right down and write myself a letter," on the radio in 1936 (above) she was already an experienced performer. She made her professional debut on radio when only two. Her sponsor, a bakery, gave her a doughnut in payment. From the ages of five to twelve, she toured in a song-and-dance act with Major Bowes. A hit record lifted her from obscurity in 1950. Now a top television and recording star, she has made recordings which sold 3,000,000. Bing Crosby called her the "Sophie Tucker of the Girl Scouts." Sometimes mistaken for an Englishwoman, she actually was born in Ohio. Can you name her?

David Myles

ANSWER:

Teresa Brewer



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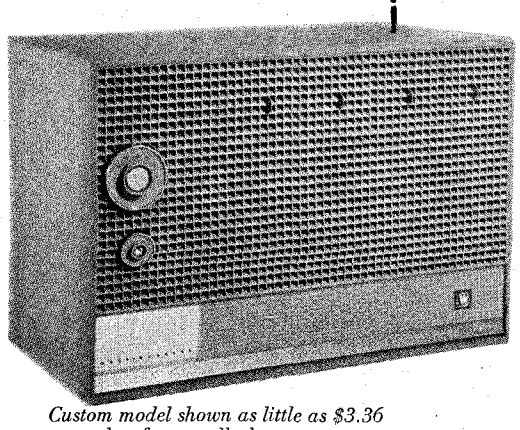

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You Americans are Murdering the Language

(Continued from Page 30)

Pascal wrote in 1657: "I have made this letter longer than usual, because I lack the time to make it short."

Thirdly, if these are the requirements of language everywhere, a special duty is imposed on those who speak English. For we have the greatest lyric poetry in the world and a superb tradition of great writers in prose. The man who corrupts our language is a poisoner of the wells of human thought and inspiration.

I intend to give examples of the barbarism, illiteracy and decay that I am attacking. My primary concern is with the language used in my own country, but most of my examples will be American, since America is the principal culprit. I agree with Mr. Mencken that the English language and the American language are two streams of English. The two streams will certainly diverge, but any development injurious to either will, I believe, injure both. Certainly American usage is bound to exert great influence on English everywhere on account of American numbers and the wide dissemination of American films. The fact that American usage is likely to prevail is not, as most Americans assume, a reason for not troubling whether that usage is good or bad—nor is there any reason for supposing that it must be good merely because it prevails. There is a Gresham's law in language as in economics. Bad currency once admitted will tend to drive the good out of circulation. The bilge of Hollywood will sink the language of Churchill and Lincoln.

Let me correct at the outset a common misunderstanding. Of course I recognize that language is a living and growing thing. I would not confine it in a straitjacket, fighting all innovation. On the contrary, I glory in the fact that English is a versatile and adaptable instrument, capable of meeting new needs and serving vigorous and inventive peoples. The question is not whether the English language shall grow. It is whether it shall grow in strength, beauty and variety, or degenerate and decay and proliferate in feeble gibberish.

In enriching the language to meet new needs slang can play an admirable part. Slang has this general characteristic. Either it is not very good, in which case it is short-lived; or it is good and is found to serve a useful purpose, in which case it stays and enriches the language. It is to slang that we owe such excellent words as "mob" (from *mobile vulgus*), "bus" and many others. American slang has made an especially rich contribution, and shown characteristic vigor, inventiveness and wit. Let me give some examples of good slang, most of them American in origin:

bamboozle	glad rags	killjoy
blurb	half-baked	racket
cold feet	hard-boiled	rubberneck
debunk	highbrow	stooge
double-cross	hunch	stunt
gate-crash	joy-ride	yes-man

Far from attacking American slang, I fear that it may soon be the only virile part of American speech.

The test to be applied, when a new word is suggested or it is sought to give an old word a new meaning, is this: Does the change enrich the language? The easiest and silliest way in which to impoverish the language is to misuse a good existing word that conveys a clear and precise meaning and thereby to destroy that meaning and render the word useless. This is what Americans have done by using "alibi" when they mean "excuse." An alibi can never be an excuse, and an excuse can never be an alibi. A man pleads an alibi when he denies that he did an act and says that he could not have done it, since he was elsewhere (alibi) at the time. By an excuse, on the other hand, he admits the act, but says there was a good reason for it. The distinction should really not be too difficult for the ordinary intelligence to grasp. The misuse is a barbarism which has made the language poorer by depriving it of a once-useful word. It is like spoiling a chisel by using it as a screwdriver. It is linguistic murder.

Let me pass from American murder to American pretentious illiteracy; from the destruction of an old word to the invention of a new word which clearly cannot bear the meaning assigned to it. "Underprivileged" is the leading example. This word appears to be used as a synonym for "poor," a word which strikes many Americans as mildly improper, though I do not know whether they propose to rewrite the Beatitudes. I have found in many conversations that, while they understand the criticism that the word "underprivileged" is pretentious, they do not see immediately that it is illiterate, but it demonstrably is. A privilege is a special advantage which one person has over another or one class over another class. It is an inequality before the law. An underprivileged person must mean a person who has not enough privilege—a person, that is to say, who has not enough advantage over his neighbor. To pretend that you are in favor of equality before the law and then to use a word which complains that there is not enough inequality seems to me to exceed the stupidity limit.

Let me pass to a different criticism—the invention of inferior new words which then tend to supersede better old ones. Consider what has happened to the word "move" and its derivatives. People used to say that a man was "moved" by anger or by love or by greed—or whatever it might be—to take some action or other, and what moved him was his "motive." Then somebody, rightly or wrongly, felt the need for "motivate." From that there proceeded the noun "motivation," and I have a horrible fear that some American will soon treat "motivation" itself as a verb, and we shall hear of people being "motivationed." Whether that horror occurs or not, I have already noticed in an American newspaper the question: "What are his motivations?" where not long ago the writer would have said, "What are his motives?" If "motivation" ousts "motive," does anyone doubt that the language will be the poorer?

The risk of this happening seems all the more obvious when I observe the strong tendency in America—except in headlines, and sometimes even there—to prefer the long word to the short and to revel in the addition of unnecessary syllables. Formerly a person had an aim or object. Today, however, "objective" is rapidly superseding "object" in this sense. In America "transportation" has virtually ousted "transport." A comic example of the tendency came to my notice in one of the glossy American weeklies which can never say a simple thing like "Miss Blank is an actress," but think it very smart to say, "Miss Blank practises the Thespian art"—meaning the art of Thespis, the Greek poet. After a short time, "Thespian" had become "Thespianic," and the last time I saw the magazine, "Thespianic" had grown to "Thespianical." Heaven knows what later developments may have been.

The reader should also note what happened with "pack" (verb) and "package" (noun). They have been followed by "packaging," which is itself now threatened by "prepackaging"!

Other examples of the love of the long word are the use of "mentality" for mind; "proportion" or "percentage" for part; "ideology" for faith, doctrine or belief; and "assignment" for task or job. Even when the use of some monosyllables seems unavoidable, the rule appears to be never to use one word if you can use three. How else can you account for "in short supply" instead of "scarce" and "at this time" instead of "now"?

A much more serious threat to the language is the deplorable American habit of destroying the simple, strong transitive verb by pointless additions of adverbial particles. One of the glories of the English language is its extraordinary wealth of monosyllables. It is true that the English language also shows amazing versatility in adding a preposition to the simple verb to give a variety of meanings. Consider, for example, what can be done with "take." We can take to people, take them up, take them down, take them off or take them in. Consider, too, "play up," "knock out," "carry on," "keep off." The phrasal verb can thus enrich the language. But today there is a growing tendency to do the opposite—to make the language weaker by adding unnecessary particles, not to change the meaning which the verb would have without the particle, but merely for the sake of verbosity.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

wrote Macaulay. Are you sure that "face up to" is better or stronger than face? Is it really better to "meet up with" a man than to meet him, to "visit with" friends than to visit them, to "study up on a subject" than to study it? "Soften up" is inferior to soften, "drown out" is inferior to drown, "lose out" is inferior to lose. You "pay off" an army when you discharge it, but to say that some policy has "paid off," when you simply mean that it has proved profitable, seems to me deplorable. Soon, I suppose, American parents will teach their children that "honesty pays off"!

I cannot understand how anybody with an eye and an ear for English can tolerate this scattering of feeble particles.

Let me pass to a pleasanter topic—the use of words so ambiguous as to cause confusion. A good example of this is the

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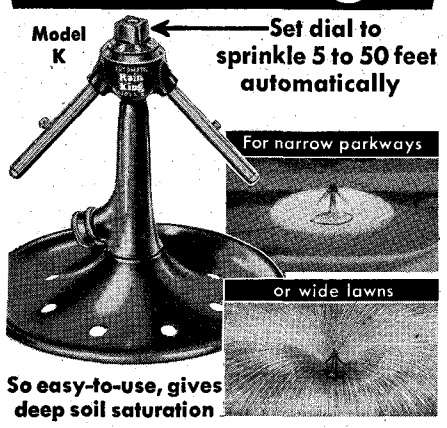

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use of "breakdown" in the sense of "analysis," "subdivision" or "classification." This seems to me a foolish practice and many years ago I called public attention to the serious risk of misunderstanding. An official had spoken of "the breakdown of the European services of the B.B.C.," not meaning that those services had in fact broken down, but referring to the relative number of broadcasts to different countries. My warning was not heeded and I am now beginning to enjoy the fun. Americans must not be surprised if a reference to "the population of the United States broken down by age and sex" makes us laugh.

Another word which has become immensely popular among politicians, officials and journalists is the adjective "over-all." In about nine cases out of ten, the word now bears no meaning whatever and can be omitted without affecting the sense in any way. In the tenth case, the meaning may be "total," "average," "overriding," "complete" or any one of several other things. I hope that some expert in business efficiency will make an estimate of the profit that would be derived by any business that simply prohibited the use of the word. The word would then be omitted wherever it had no meaning, and in the remaining cases the right word would be substituted.

Twenty-two years ago Alan Herbert wrote: "There seems to be a notion that any British or American subject is entitled to take any noun or adjective, add '-ise' to it, and say 'I have made a new verb! What a good boy am I!'"

This queer notion has led to some very odd results; none odder, perhaps, than "hospitalise," not meaning, as you would naturally suppose, "convert into a hospital," but "send to a hospital." "Hospitalise," as the literate know, is no more capable of meaning "send to a hospital" than "canalise" is of meaning "throw into a canal." But that will not deter people from writing nonsense. Meanwhile, I am still waiting to hear what happens to a hospitalised man when he is cured. Is he dehospitalised or homeised?

It is not only by the addition of "-ise" to nouns and adjectives that some deplorable new verbs are being created. A man signs a letter with his name, and his signed name is his signature. It seems incredible that there should be people who wish to create a verb "to signature," but there are. There are probably people, as Alan Herbert has suggested, who regret that Shakespeare did not write: "Where the bee suctions, there suction I"—or perhaps they think that he did.

Snobbery, too, can produce some strange expressions. Our ratcatchers grew dissatisfied with their ancient and honorable name and became "rodent operatives." A rodent operative is presumably a workman with prominent front teeth in the habit of gnawing, or—more technically—with strong incisor but no canine teeth. In America, I gather from Mr. Mencken's book, the ratcatchers decided to be "exterminating engineers." I hope all this has brought them happiness.

Some years ago I decided to compile an anthology of "bottlenecks." I started my collection by writing the following letter to The Times of London:

> In order to illustrate the progress (or whatever it is) of our language, I am compiling a brochure on bottlenecks. I shall accordingly be grateful for any significant additions to these examples from recent journalism:
>
> (1) "The biggest bottleneck in housing," meaning the worst, most constricting and presumably narrowest bottleneck.
>
> (2) "Bottlenecks must be ironed out" (leading article in the daily press)
>
> (3) "Bottlenecks ahead" and "Bottleneck in bottles" (recent headlines).
>
> (4) "The economy of the Ruhr is bound to move within a vicious circle of interdependent bottlenecks."
>
> (5) "What is planned is actually a series of bottlenecks. The most drastic bottleneck is that of machine tools."
>
> (6) "One bottleneck . . . which is particularly far-reaching and decisive."

My collection now includes, in addition to the gems already mentioned, bottlenecks described as human, vital, aggravated, supreme, overriding and world-wide. I have read the patriotic call "Man the bottlenecks" and the poetic "Is a bottleneck approaching?" I do not know whether you have the same wealth of metaphorical bottlenecks in the United States.

An equally absurd anthology could easily be compiled of "targets" and "ceilings," both of which are great favorites with our officials. Any reader who would pursue this fascinating subject further can consult The Complete Plain Words by Sir Ernest Gowers, already cited, where he will find some superb examples. Two of my favorites are these official statements:

"The advisory committee did not apply for a general increase in the ceilings."

"Any ceiling imposed under this rule may be increased or waived if the contributor agrees."

"Ceiling" means maximum prices in the first quotation and maximum benefits in the second. As Gowers comments, "If one wants more headroom one does not increase the ceiling, still less perform the curious operation of waiving it; one raises it."

For real fun and games, however, you will not beat the use of "literally" when what is meant is not literally but metaphorically. A newspaper reported of one of our high-court judges that "he literally died in harness," but the earlier statement that throughout a debate "Mr. Gladstone had sat literally glued to the Treasury Bench" will never be surpassed.

Let me now turn to the strange American delusion that the words "as of" can always be used before a date as if they were a temporal preposition. Of course, you can have a letter "of" a certain date. Further, if the letter was not, in fact, written on that date, but you wish it to be treated as if it had been, you can describe the letter as "as of" that date. The expression is, however, now often used where there is no letter or other noun for the words to qualify. That practice is wholly illiterate. An additional illiteracy is introduced when the words "as of" precede not a date, but the adverb "now." "As of now" is a barbarism which only a love of illiteracy for its own sake can explain. What is generally meant is "at present."

As Mencken and others have pointed out, the headline has had great influence on the use of words, and has even modified their meaning. An amusing example is the word "bid," which most people now imagine means "attempt." One can see how this development came about. A bid at an auction, if accepted, becomes a contract and the goods fall to the bidder. In that sense the bid is an attempt to obtain the goods, but an essential intermediate step is the acceptance of the bid and consequent agreement. That really makes the headline "Wife Murder Bid" very funny. It implies that the husband offered to murder his wife and, if she had said yes, he would have done so. In the absence of her consent he would have abandoned the whole affair. I wonder.

Is it possible to lay down any rules as a guide to good English? Attempts have

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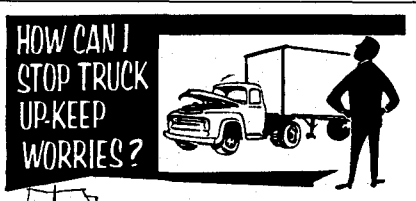

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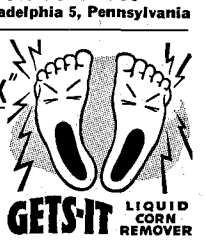

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been made from time to time, the best known, perhaps, being those of Fowler and Quiller-Couch. Fowler advised the writer "to be direct, simple, brief, vigorous and lucid." He then gave some general rules as regards vocabulary, and the first three at any rate have been, I think, universally approved. They are:

"Prefer the familiar word to the far-fetched.

"Prefer the concrete word to the abstract.

"Prefer the single word to the circumlocution."

Quiller-Couch added the excellent advice to use transitive verbs, to use them in the active voice and to use few adjectives, since by his use of the straight verb and his economy of adjectives you could tell whether a man's style was masculine or neuter.

Sir Ernest Gowers has reduced the essential rules to three—avoiding the superfluous word, choosing the familiar, and choosing the concrete.

Matthew Arnold gave this advice: "Have something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

If I added anything, it would be this: Never forget that English is incomparably rich in monosyllables and that, if this wealth is used and the short words are made the backbone of speech and writing, they can give them simplicity, strength and beauty. They will also provide the setting for such longer and more melodious words as may be needed or desired. This has always been known to great writers of English, in poetry and prose, in every age. This is also true of the great orators and men of action.

You can improve almost any jargon by translating it into simple language, by saying, for example, "help after the war" instead of "assistance during the postwar period." Conversely you can ruin any great utterance by translating it into officialese. Nelson signaled at Trafalgar: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Alan Herbert's translation of that signal into official jargon is devastating satire because it is so little exaggerated.

It runs: "England anticipates that with regard to the current emergency personnel will duly implement their obligations in accordance with the functions allocated to their respective age groups."

I ventured to take Sir Winston Churchill's famous declaration: "Give us the tools, and we shall finish the job" and to translate it into the jargon now in fashion: "Donate to us the implements and we shall finalise the assignment."

No one knew the immense power and importance of the monosyllable better than Shakespeare. His sonnet "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day" has ninety-one monosyllables out of a total of 114 words, of which "possession" is the longest. Take again this tremendous speech of Lear:

Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who' out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

It is perhaps the greatest speech in all tragedy and uses the shortest words.

Of course Shakespeare occasionally revels in such long and magnificent words as "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," but look at the setting of short words in which he frames them:

"No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red."

Let me pass from poetry to prose, and from Shakespeare to Churchill. Let me quote a passage from what I believe to be the finest of all his speeches, his speech to the House of Commons on May 13, 1940, because it has exactly the qualities of great English utterance that I have tried to describe—the direct, short, simple words providing a perfect setting for the splendid rhythm and cadences of the longer:

". . . I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this Government: 'I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat.'

"We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many long months of struggle and of suffering. You ask: What is our policy? I will say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us: to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy. You ask: What is our aim? I can answer in one word: Victory—victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival."

Lincoln's Gettysburg address has a perfection that defies quotation of an isolated passage. I would invite every reader who glories in its greatness to agree that the English language, there so splendidly employed, is worth saving from the corruption and ill-treatment with which it is now threatened and assailed. THE END

River in Flood

By Bianca Bradbury

On black thick rain and
foaming brooks
The Housatonic fed,
before—
Too big for its own ancient
bed—
It rose and set out to
explore.

Slowly now and clumsily
It lurches past its old
terrain,
Fenced farmland green and
intimate.
Its humor grown
Gargantuan,

It carries on its roiling back
One town's rubble to the
next
And casts it off. Then, with
the roar
Of a blind old swollen
dragon, vexed

By cramping hills,
protestingly
It heaves its length to
reach the sea.

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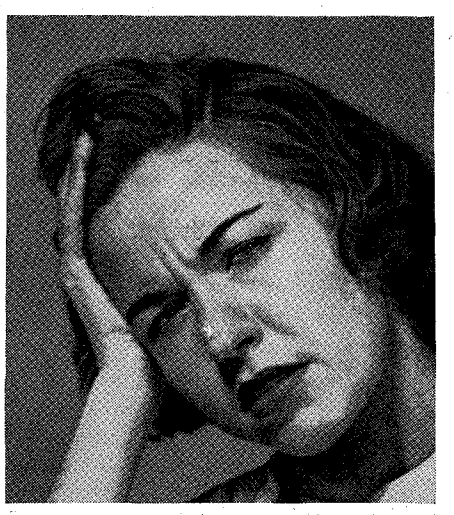

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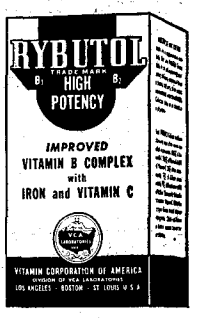

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Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Yankees?

(Continued from Page 27)

the Yankees some more. And every time we got a runner to first base, he'd take the kind of lead off the bag that forced Kucks to throw over there repeatedly. Kucks threw to first seven times on Jim Rivera alone during one inning. That's bound to take something out of a pitcher.

I cite these cases to show that the Yankees have their human frailties, although writers have built them up as supermen. The idea that "the Yankees always win the big ones" is a myth, encouraged largely by newspapermen.

In that connection, I still remember one real big game between Cleveland and the Yankees in 1954, a year when I was managing the Indians and they went on to win the American League pennant. The Yankees jumped off to a 7–0 lead in the first inning and, with their ace, Allie Reynolds, pitching at Yankee Stadium, no one would have given a plugged nickel for our chances. On the Cleveland bench, though, the players refused to believe they were licked. They started to talk it up, and from the sound of them, you would've thought they were ahead, 7–0, instead of behind by that score.

Gradually, the Indians began pecking away at that lead. One run here, two runs there, and then Bobby Avila hit a homer in the ninth that tied it up at 7–7. In the tenth, Al Smith came up and hit a homer to win the game for us. The Yankees never got another hit after the first inning.

When the current season started, my White Sox broke away to a terrific start. We were in first place from opening day until the Yankees rolled into Chicago on their opening western swing during early May. That was when they swept that first three-game series from us. This dropped the White Sox into second place and put them on top.

There were the usual headlines on the sports pages: YANKEES PUNCTURE WHITE SOX PENNANT BUBBLE; SAME OLD YANKEE STORY. Some writers even dusted off the old cry of "Break Up the Yankees!"

The whole business gave me a laugh. First of all, we hadn't been hitting a lick before the Yanks came in, and we didn't snap out of our slump during the three games with them. Even so, I honestly felt we had the better club. All three of those games could have gone the other way—as was true of the two games they took from us in a Chicago series last month. Most important of all, I came to the conclusion that the Yankees were not so strong as they were when I first came in as Cleveland manager in 1951.

In those days, they had pitchers such as Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi and Ed Lopat and, believe me, those fellows were capable of beating any ball club. The Yankees don't have pitchers like that today. The only real outstanding pitcher in their current crop is Whitey Ford, and it was plain how much they missed him when he had to go to the side lines with a shoulder injury. If they hadn't added Bobby Shantz to their staff over the winter in a trade with Kansas City, they'd have been in real trouble.

I do think that the Yankees' age is starting to show, along with the other normal signs of wear and tear. For example, Yogi Berra has been catching more than 100 games a season for the past nine years. As a former catcher, I know what a backbreaking grind the job can become. Yankee players like Hank Bauer, Joe Collins, Tommy Byrne, Gerry Coleman and Enos Slaughter are getting along in years also, and can't be expected to do all the things on a ball field that they did five years ago.

When I took over the White Sox this spring at Tampa, Florida, I was inheriting a club that had finished in third place five out of six times and fourth once. The consensus was that we'd wind up third again, or second, at best. But I was convinced we could beat the Yankees and win it all with a few changes.

One thing I wanted to try was to bring Jim Rivera in from right field and make a first baseman out of him. At third base, a problem had existed for some time, and I thought perhaps Bubba Phillips could solve it. He is an outfielder by trade, but he had played some third base too. When I put him at third, he looked as if he was born to the job. With Rivera at first base, we had a spot in right field to test one of our rookies, Jim Landis, who had proved a defensive whiz.

Maybe all these experiments won't stand up over the full season. I've already had to depart from this original plan on occasion, with injuries side-lining first one man and then another. But whatever line-up we put on the field, if you stack our club up against the Yankees, man for man, you'll find we don't suffer by comparison.

They have Bill Skowron and Joe Collins at first base; we have Rivera, big Walt Dropo and Earl Torgeson, whom we got in a trade in June. I think Rivera could develop into one of the better first basemen in the league. Because of his speed, he is a lot more agile than either Skowron or Collins, and he can make plays they can't. I never saw anyone take to a new position as quickly as he did. I'll concede Skowron probably will hit for a better average than Rivera, but Jim has a big edge in base running and all-round speed.

If Rivera didn't hit enough, or if it became desirable to move him back to the outfield—as happened last month—there was Walt Dropo. I used Dropo as a pinch hitter for Rivera against left-hander Chuck Stobbs of Washington on May second, and Dropo smashed a grand-slam homer that won the game for us. When Rivera had to leave the club on May thirty-first to attend his stepmother's funeral, I put Dropo in the line-up, and he hit another homer with the bases full—this one off Frank Lary, to help beat Detroit, 6–0. Along with Dropo, who bats right, we now have a left-hand-hitting first baseman in Torgeson.

We have the American League's finest second baseman in Nellie Fox. In my book, no other second baseman around can compare with him, either at the plate or in the field. With Fox at second and speedy Luis Aparicio at shortstop, I have to rate our double-play combination the best in the circuit. We don't give the Yankees a thing right there.

As far as fielding is concerned, no one in our league can touch Aparicio. He has a wonderful pair of hands, he moves like quicksilver and he has tremendous range to both his left and right. Don't overlook his base running either. With the type of running game we play, Aparicio is invaluable.

I've been perfectly satisfied with the way Phillips has covered the bag for us at third base, and he's been coming up with the long ball at the plate now and then too. I've been able to shift him to the outfield when necessary, with reserves like Fred Hatfield.

In center field, you can't take anything away from the Yankees' big fellow, Mickey Mantle. He is an extraordinary ballplayer in practically every phase of the game. However, our own center fielder, Larry Doby—who has had more than his share of injury problems this season—is good enough to hit at least twenty-five home runs and drive in over 100 runs. And he is every bit as good as Mantle in the outfield.

I don't know of any left fielder in the league I'd take over my own guy, Minnie Minoso. He's right around .300 or better in hitting almost every year, and there's no one like him for building up club morale. Some guys go all out for their team; Minnie gives 102 per cent.

If Jim Landis' hitting perks up a bit, he could be the rookie of the year as our right fielder. He has an exceptionally good arm, and the kind of speed that enabled him to steal ten bases in his first eleven tries this season.

In the outfield, Chicago fans are still talking about a catch Landis made against Cleveland not so long ago. He was playing center field that day because Doby was out of the line-up. We were leading by one run in the eighth inning, when Al Smith, of Cleveland, hit a shot to deep left center. Landis took a quick look at the ball and set sail. He kept pedaling until he reached the wall, then suddenly turned around, jumped at least four feet in the air and somehow snared the ball. It prevented a sure triple, and saved a 2–1 victory for us. A couple of baseball writers told me later that it was one of the greatest catches they had ever seen at Comiskey Park. Landis saved us several times like that.

Behind the plate their man, Yogi Berra, still rates in my book as the best catcher in the league. But our receiver, Sherm Lollar, is certainly the No. 2 man. Lollar is a real good right-handed hitter, although not as much of a power threat as Berra is. However, Lollar is Berra's equal as a catcher, and maybe even better.

As the season goes along, you'll notice that I'll always try to have Billy Pierce, Dick Donovan and Jim Wilson ready to pitch against the Yankees. The Yanks complain that the seven other clubs in the league always save their best pitchers to use against them. All I can say is that a manager has to use his best against the best. For that matter, the other clubs throw their best pitchers against us too.

Why do I choose Pierce, Donovan and Wilson for games with the Yankees? Well, Pierce has a chance to beat the Yanks—or anybody else—every time he faces them. He has an outstanding fast ball, a good slider and a fine change-up. And Donovan has usually had good luck against the Yankees, particularly their right-handed hitters. As for Wilson, he's a smart cooky who knows exactly which pitches to make and which not to make to the Yankees' long-ball hitters.

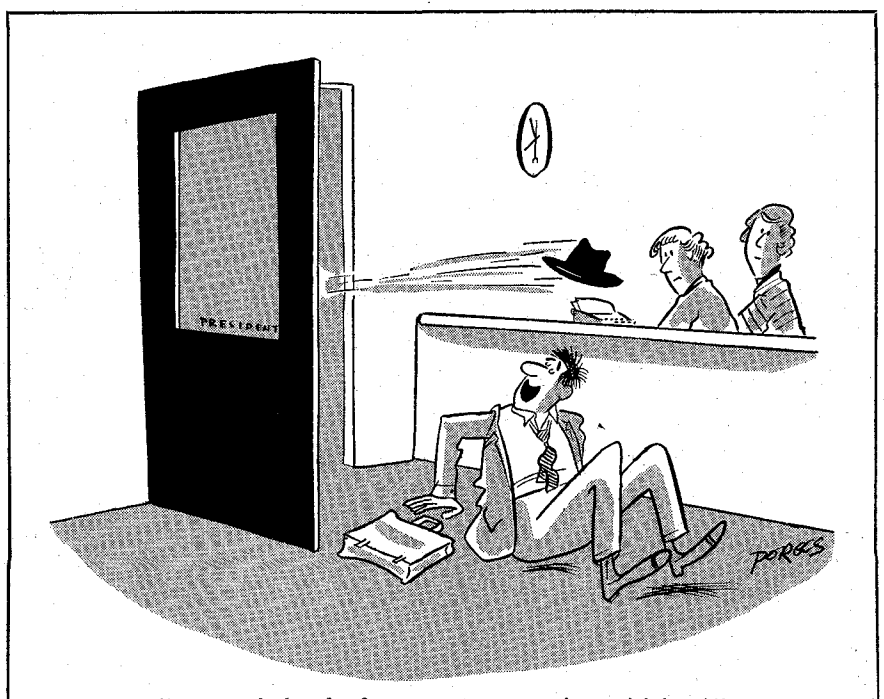
Three other pitchers I won't mind using against the Yankees are left-hander Jack Harshman and right-handers Gerry Staley and Bill Fischer. Harshman lost nine out of ten games to the Yankees up to this season, and I couldn't understand why. Potentially he's one of the best southpaws in the league. I know he used to give the Indians fits all the time I was managing them. I made a point of working him against the Yankees this spring, and I think it may have helped his confidence when he got credit for a win over them in June.

Staley throws a screwball that makes the hitters complain even in batting practice. Fischer was my pleasantest surprise of the early season. He has a honey of a sinker, which helps to explain why I like his chances against the Yankees. Casey Stengel goes in for packing his line-up with left-handed hitters at Yankee Stadium, where they have a good chance to reach the right-field seats. But a sinker-ball pitcher frequently gets batters to hit the ball on the ground. Fischer is capable of giving the Yankees a lot of trouble.

When I was over at Cleveland, relief pitchers like Don Mossi and Ray Narleski were lifesavers. But I can't kick about my present bull pen, with pitchers such as Bob Keegan, Dixie Howell, Paul LaPalme and Staley. My bull pen was so well stocked, in fact, that in May I had to let go a tried competitor like Ellis Kinder, although he hadn't given up a run in any of his spring-training or regular-season appearances.

One of the reasons why I insist that the 1957 Yankees can be beaten is their bench. Don't get me wrong, it's a good one. But it doesn't strike fear in the other clubs around the league as it may have in other years. In past seasons, the Yankees always had at least one "big man," sometimes two, who could come off the bench cold and beat you with an extra base hit in the eighth or ninth. For years, that big man was Johnny Mize, and Eddie Robinson also used to get in some good licks. Nowadays the Yanks don't have a big pinch hitter like that who can beat you out of a ball game so suddenly.

Casey Stengel is a firm believer in a strong bench, and so am I. One of the first things I did when I came over here to the White Sox was to set up what I considered a (*Continued on Page 76*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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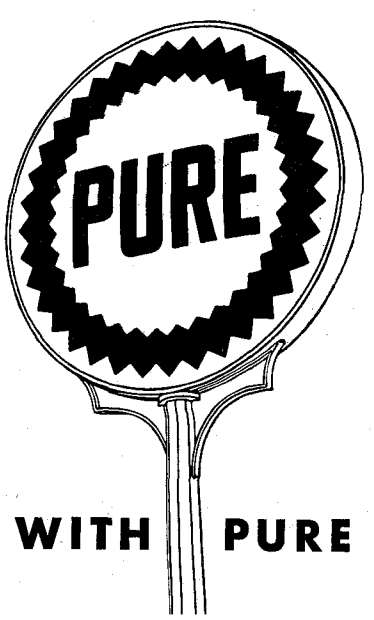

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 74*) formidable bench. I took three players who were regulars last year—Walt Dropo, Fred Hatfield and switch-hitter Dave Philley—and made them the nucleus of my reserve strength. Any one of them was capable of playing regularly in case one of my starters got hurt or went into a slump.

Last month we gave up Philley to get Torgeson from Detroit. We also have a dependable utility infielder in Sam Esposito; two catchers to back up Lollar in young Earl Battey and experienced Les Moss, and the league's best pinch hitter last year in Ron Northey.

If we do win the pennant this season, there will be those who'll say that we just caught the Yankees in an "off year." That's a lot of hogwash. The Yanks could very well have been beaten in 1956 too. Not many fans seem to realize it, but the Yankees won last year largely on the strength of their fast getaway. After midseason they tapered off. Detroit outplayed them through the second half. The Tigers even won their season's series with the Yanks, twelve games to ten.

The Yankees took the 1956 pennant by a nine-game margin over the Cleveland club I managed. That may sound as though Cleveland was never much of a threat, but you have to remember that outside of the pitchers no one on the Indians had what could be described as a good year. No Cleveland regular hit as much as .280. If one or two fellows on the Indians had got hot, we could have finished ahead of the Yankees.

One thing I'm aware of, though, is that Casey Stengel will leave no stone unturned in an effort to win again this year. My admiration for him as a manager is limitless. He gets the maximum mileage out of each one of his twenty-five ballplayers. I know firsthand, because I played ball under him for the Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Braves in the National League back in the '30's. He couldn't get either of those teams out of the second division, but it certainly wasn't his fault. He simply didn't have the material.

Everyone who plays for Casey learns something from him, myself included. For instance, he is a great believer in not having any of his players hit the ball up the middle. Casey claims a batter is apt to hit into more double plays that way. I agree with him. So if one of my right-handed hitters is going up to the plate in a double-play situation, I generally tell him to try to hit to right field, at least on the first couple of swings. I feel he has a better chance of getting a base hit that way, particularly if he doesn't happen to be a strong pull hitter. I don't ordinarily advise right-handed hitters such as Minoso and Lollar to go to right field, since they can hit the ball hard to left field, and I don't want to handicap them.

Another thing I learned from Casey is the value of baseball contacts. He has thousands of them, and you'd be surprised at the role they can play in winning pennants. Johnny Cooney, who played under Stengel and is one of my coaches now, can vouch for that. When Cooney was coaching for the Boston Braves in 1949, he was named temporary manager of the club toward the end of the season. The night he was made manager he received a telephone call from Casey, who was serving his first season with the Yankees. At first Cooney thought Stengel was calling to congratulate him, but Casey didn't say anything about that. All he wanted to know was whether Cooney felt that Johnny Mize, then with the Giants, would be able to help the Yankees. Cooney told Casey that Mize could still do the job. So the Yankees made a deal for Mize, and every baseball fan knows the rest.

Two of my other coaches, Tony Cuccinello and Ray Berres, also played for Stengel. We feel we know his style of play pretty well. Incidentally, a while ago Whitey Ford, of the Yankees, said I had discovered that he was tipping off his pitches. Actually I didn't rate the credit. It was Cuccinello who spotted it.

One of the things you often hear about the Yankees is that other ball clubs tend to "choke up" when they play a key series with the Yanks. I can only say that when I was at Cleveland the Indians always looked forward to meeting the Yanks. So does this present White Sox club.

Baseball players are natural-born showmen. They enjoy playing before big crowds. Nothing pleases them more than to beat a club like the Yankees before a packed park. Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia and Herb Score, of Cleveland, always seemed to be "up" for a series with the Yankees. It's the same way with my White Sox pitchers now.

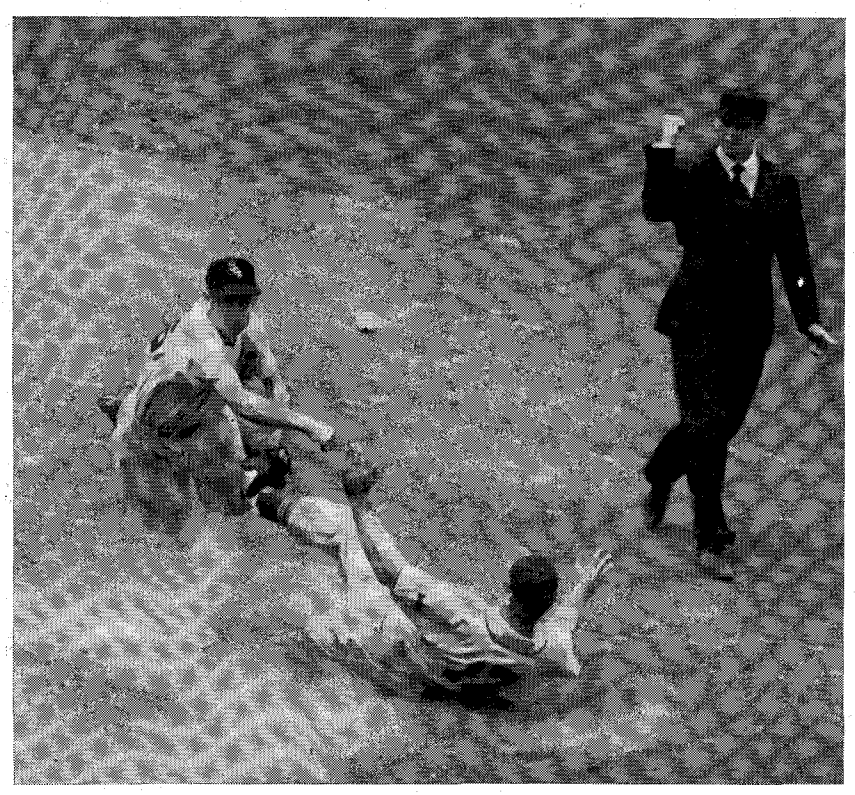
In the past, the Yankees used to "fatten up" on the second-division clubs in the league. They'd seize on one mistake, drive in an opening wedge and go on to win handily. But the second-division clubs in our league are getting stronger and not making so many mistakes as they did previously. They, too, are beginning to realize the Yankees can be defeated. Kansas City has the power and pitching to do it on occasion. Washington won two games out of three against New York recently, with Camilo Pascual and Pedro Ramos both beating the Yankees for the first time in their careers. And right after that, Baltimore came into Yankee Stadium and took three out of four.

All this helped to put us in first place, and we were still there a couple of weeks ago. However, there are skeptics who expect the White Sox to drop completely out of the picture long before the season is over.

Frankly, I see no reason why we should have more than an occasional temporary slump. It's true that a great many ballplayers tire during the dog days of August. I bore that in mind this spring, and opened our training camp at the latest date possible, February twenty-eighth. If you look back at the box scores of our spring exhibition games, you'll see I frequently used rookies who didn't figure to stay with our club, thereby giving those players who would remain as much rest as possible.

The tremendous maneuverability I have with my bench should serve as added protection if any of our regulars show signs of tiring. There has been some talk that Billy Pierce and Jim Wilson, who got off to such great pitching starts this season, might also tire later. I don't think they will, and neither does Ray Berres, our pitching coach. But just to play it safe, I'm going to try to keep both out of the bull pen as much as possible.

People come up to me every day and ask me how come the White Sox have looked like an entirely different ball club this year. I can sum up the answer in one word: speed. The White Sox always had it, but they've been using it far more this season.



Much of the White Sox' early-season success was spark-plugged by little Nelson Fox (left).

Without a doubt, this White Sox club is the fastest I've ever seen. Our base runners have been distracting rival pitchers to such an extent that they've been losing some of their concentration on our hitters. Aparicio, Rivera, Minoso and Landis have been wearing pitchers out with their antics on the base paths. In one game against Cleveland, pitcher Ray Narleski was so unnerved by Aparicio dancing off second base and Minoso off first that he simply kept standing on the mound without pitching. Umpire Ed Runge had to go out three times to tell him to pitch before he finally let go of the ball.

We've been stealing bases and taking an extra base every chance we get. Fellows like Rivera, Fox, Aparicio, Minoso and Landis have permission from me to try to steal a base whenever their judgment dictates. They don't have to wait for a sign to do it.

Sure, my players get caught stealing occasionally, and our running game can result in double plays against us now and then. I think, however, that with a club like the White Sox, the advantages of running all the time heavily outweigh the disadvantages, so I expect to continue playing the percentages accordingly. The Yankees never did steal very often, but they always could go from first to third on a base hit. They still do, but they can't match the over-all speed of our team.

No club can monopolize the American League pennant indefinitely, not even the Yankees. They may have won seven times in the last eight years, but there is nothing to indicate that they are going to do anywhere near that well in the future. Their recent rookie talent hasn't been so overwhelming. The Yankees don't come up with a Joe DiMaggio or a Mickey Mantle every year. No ball club does.

Meanwhile, one of the big things the White Sox have had going for them this year is their ability to bounce back after defeats. When we hit our first slump in May—losing those three straight to the Yankees, and then dropping two more games to the Boston Red Sox—some observers thought we were through right there. But my players didn't think so. They came right back and put together a nine-game winning streak. It's going to be that way all season long, I'm confident.

I've found that the White Sox are not the kind of ball club I have to keep after with rah-rah pep talks. I had a clubhouse meeting with the players on opening day, and I don't think there will be a necessity for more than two or three more such meetings the rest of the season. My players are grown men. They want to win just as much as I do. If we happen to lose a tough ball game now and then, even to the Yankees, I don't think it helps the least bit to get on the player responsible for the defeat. He feels badly enough as it is.

I'm not the only manager in the league who went into this season believing that the Yankees weren't invincible. Jack Tighe of Detroit, Kerby Farrell of Cleveland and Paul Richards of Baltimore all came out and said they felt the same way.

Richards declared that better clubs than the present Yankees have been beaten. He said you could even put the Yankees in the Texas League and, if they didn't hustle and play heads-up ball, they might not win there, either. In other words, baseball is too tough a game for any team to win effortlessly.

As for Tighe, he showed he wasn't unduly worried about the Yankees' bench in a game at New York this season. The Yanks loaded the bases with one out in the eighth, and Tighe knew Casey would put up a right-handed pinch hitter if the Tigers brought in a left-handed pitcher. That didn't bother Tighe, though. He called in southpaw Al Aber anyway. Sure enough, Stengel sent up a right-handed pinch hitter, Andy Carey. Aber got Carey to hit into a double play.

There was a time when the Yankees' base runners felt free to take liberties with most of the outfielders in the league. Not any more. There has been a general tightening up on defense, and each club in the league has at least one strong-armed outfielder capable of throwing Yankee runners out. On the White Sox all of our outfielders can fire strikes. Fellows such as these are an added stumbling block for the long-dominant Yankees.

Perhaps the finest compliment I've ever heard paid the Yankees is that every last one of them is a "pro." I'll go along with that. And knowing they're pros, I haven't the slightest doubt they'll battle right down to the wire before anyone can take the pennant away from them.

I'm confident we can, however, because I know in my heart they are not invincible. No one can win 'em all. That went for Man o' War, and goes for the Yankees too. THE END

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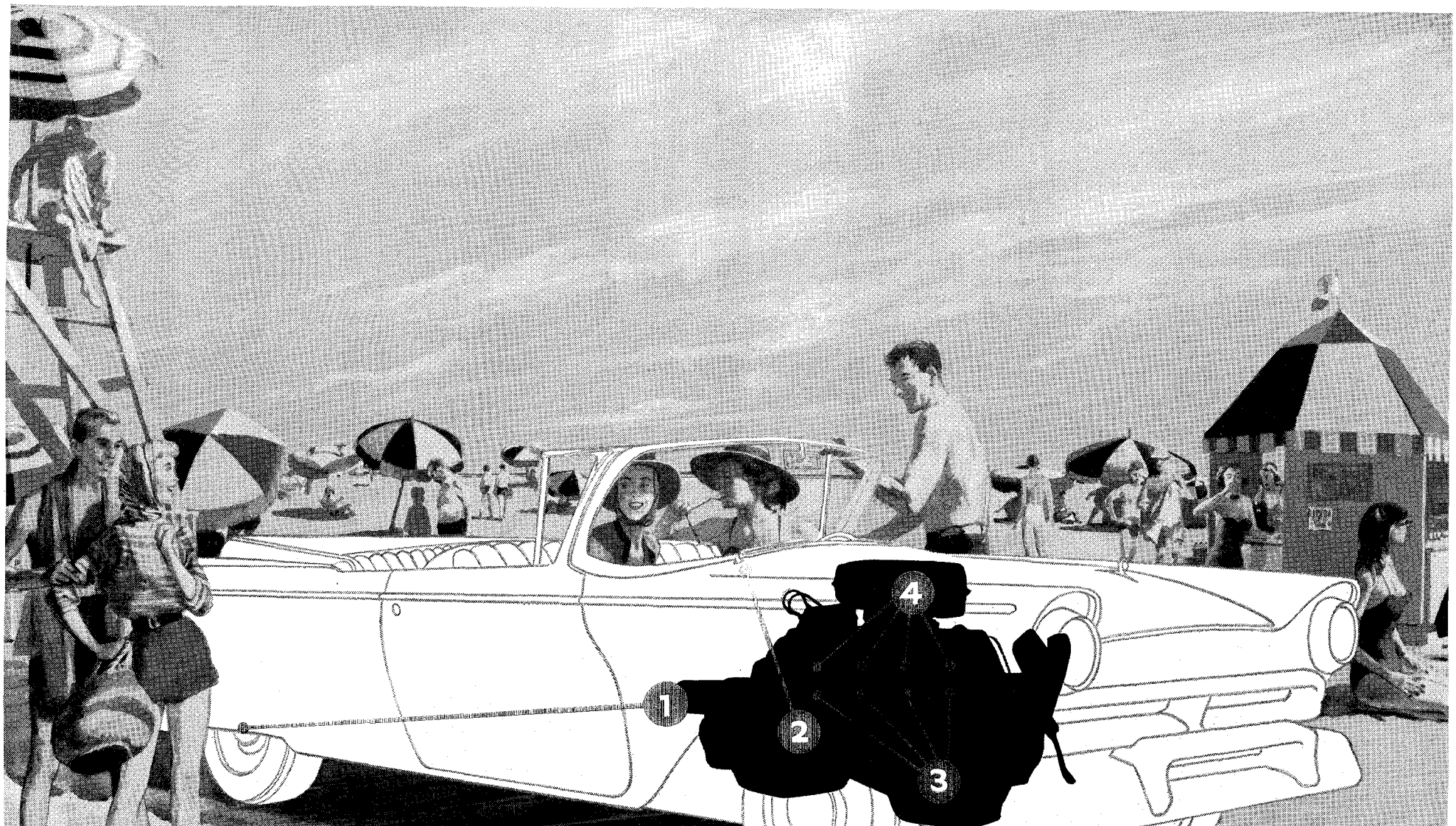

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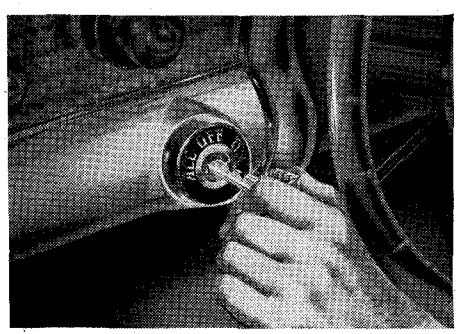

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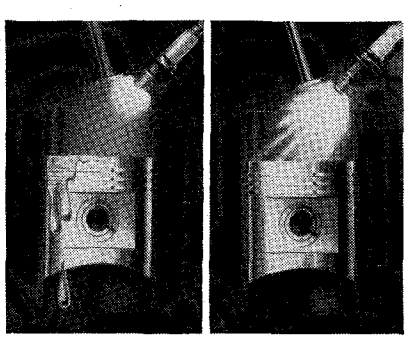

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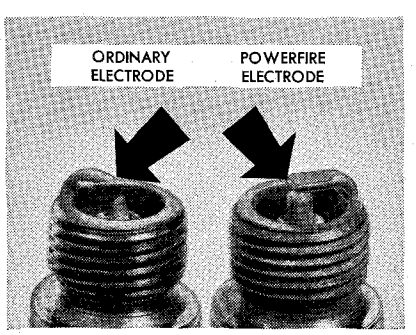

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"Such a plant, practically surrounding an elite hotel," said Columbine, "might conceivably, as Wilhelmina Turtle, aged eight, once said in a certain context, stand it on its bloody ear."

Miss Stubblefield's lip twitched, but she maintained an admirable gravity.

"One can perceive such a possibility," she said.

"I must confess," Columbine said, not penitently this time, "to another example of, shall we say, misdirection. I caused that story to be published. My intention, if I can reach agreement with you, is to add oil to the fire by—and ostentatiously—causing surveyors to go to work on your property, and bringing in other artisans whose presence would indicate large building operations."

"Miss Drugget," Miss Stubblefield said gravely, "you were born too late. In another and perhaps better day, you would have become a captain of industry, if not, in the words of the first President Roosevelt, a malefactor of great wealth."

Columbine waited while Miss Stubblefield sat in brown study. At last the old lady asked, "Is it within the bounds of possibility that you would sell to Mr. Quentin?"

"Only if the sale assured me freedom from further molestation."

Miss Stubblefield nodded. "In which case you would mulct the man?"

"Definitely. However, in such an eventuality, I should expect to divide the profit equally with you."

"You would not agree to give me all the profit?" Miss Stubblefield asked slyly.

Columbine's lovely chin set stubbornly. "You would not be entitled to all. It would be my adroitness that brought about the profit. I feel I am being generous in giving you half."

Miss Stubblefield nodded her head approvingly. "I would have thought the worse of you had you been willing to surrender all the fruits of your sharpness. Will you lunch with me?"

"We must, I regret, get back to The Daphne," Columbine told her. "We have been neglecting our duties there."

"I understand," Miss Stubblefield said gravely. "I shall give you my answer tomorrow. I understand you offer me a certain sum for an option on this property for a certain length of time."

"Yes, ma'am," Columbine answered.

"Meantime, without prejudice," Miss Stubblefield said, "you may invade my property with surveyors and engineers to create your ostentatious impression of alarming activity." She was almost so unladylike as to indulge in a grin. "I shall do myself the honor to call upon you tomorrow morning at eleven-thirty. Meantime I am grateful to you both. You have brought a twinkling of amusement into a lonely life. Good day, young ladies. Good day."

She did not accompany them to the door, but waved a white and slender hand as they stepped out into the hall. There, when the door was firmly closed behind them, Barbara Green halted and squinted her eyes at her companion. "Boss," she said, "you know Ulysses?"

"I am familiar with Greek mythology," she answered.

"Well," Barbara said in her highest, tinny tone, "if you'd been sprawled singing on a rock, no amount of wax in his ears would have kept him from running ashore."

"I trust," Columbine said stiffly, "that you are not comparing me to so immodest a creature as a Siren."

"Well," Barbara said sardonically, "I never heard of one of them warbling her song in a law office."

Columbine was on the point of taking offense, and then her eyes danced as Barbara never had seen them dance before. "Maybe I didn't quite sing like a Lorelei," she said, "but there was music in the air."

They got the car out of the auto lobby and drove home through the noontime traffic.

"Miss Stubblefield was delightful," Columbine said thoughtfully.

"You missed your metier, Miss Drugget," Barbara said. "You should have been an animal trainer. I'll bet that sweet old gal can be a sharp-clawed catamount if she's rubbed the wrong way."

"And something," said Columbine, "tells me Lucius Quentin has contrived to be untactful. She grimaced when first his name was mentioned."

When they arrived at The Daphne, luncheon was being served at the pool. Because of the shuffleboard tournament scheduled for the early afternoon there were present an unusually large number of guests. Barbara moved among them, exerting salesmanship to draw reluctant or bashful people into participation. Columbine, standing uncertainly in the door of her office, was yelled at by Madame Thistlebun and Susan Flint, who made room for her at their table. It was a buffet luncheon and Columbine filled her plate at the table laden with cold foods and a couple of hot dishes. She sat down with the two older women, who were eating industriously. Madame Thistlebun stopped, half a deviled egg on her fork, and sniffed. Undoubtedly an odor was wafted on the slight breeze.

"What's that stink?" she demanded inelegantly.

Susan Flint sniffed. "Skunk," she pronounced.

This notification of the proximity of a skunk came suddenly, as if there had been a very recent visitation. And then, heedless of the amenities and of the necessity for pretending nothing was amiss, a chambermaid came charging in from the quarters of the staff.

"There's a skunk under my bed!" she proclaimed.

"Hush," said Columbine.

"I won't hush. A girl don't have to put up with skunks. A girl's got a right to sleep without a skunk under her bed."

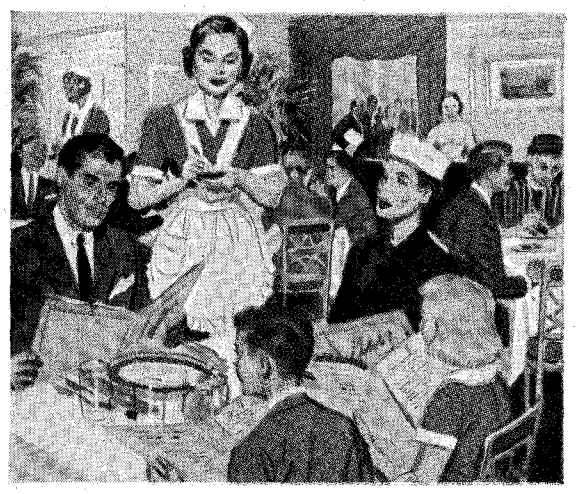
"Shut up," Madame Thistlebun snarled. "Go report it to the union."

She made menacing grimaces and gestures, and the girl scuttled away toward the kitchens. But in the patio, where there had been sounds of gaiety, there was sudden silence, broken only by the sibilance of mass sniffing.

And then a piercing scream penetrated the miasma, and an overweight lady from Indiana tried to clamber upon a table, which collapsed under her weight. Every eye in the patio was turned in the direction to which her arm had pointed before the debacle, and there, just rounding the corner of the kitchen wing, came two lovely little creatures, tails erect over backs down which ran white stripes.

They did not seem nonplused by the presence of so many human beings, but continued their forward march imperturbably, bright eyes missing no detail of the spectacle before them. No one seemed to know whether to depart in panic flight or to remain frozen to the spot.

"Everybody stand still!" called Susan Flint, who had had experience of such quadrupeds and their uncertain dispositions. Splashes in the pool indicated that certain persons of resolution had, fully clothed, sought refuge beneath the water. Those whom the two beautiful little creatures had passed and left behind, gathered up skirts, if women, and scooted. If



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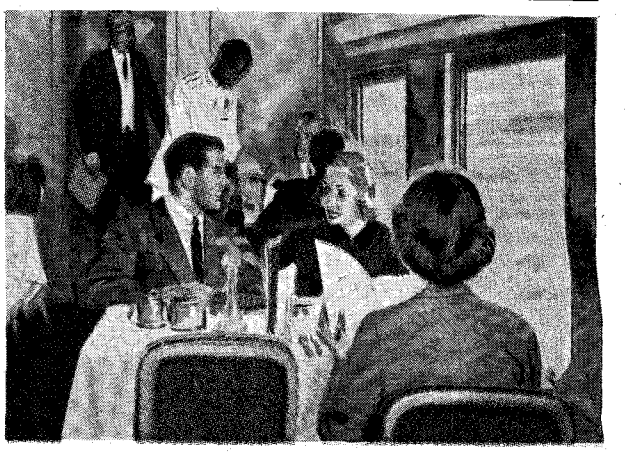

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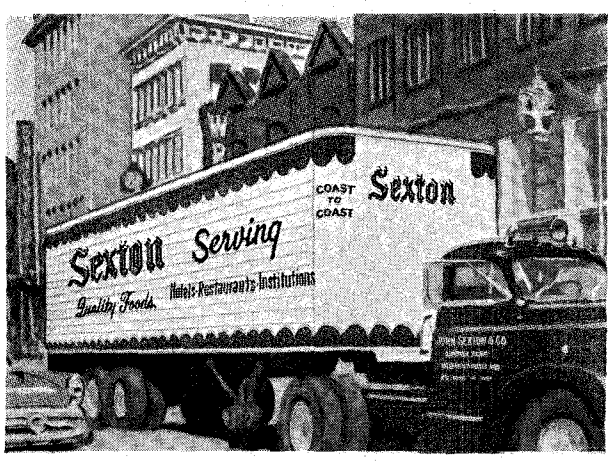

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men, they merely scooted without picking up anything but their feet.

And then Madame Thistlebun, believing always in dynamic action, was so maladroit as to hurl a plate, which crashed to the ground just in front of the pair of varmints. They paused in sudden injured dignity and their beady eyes glittered with resentment. Then, as if by mutual agreement, they acted in unison, and that took place which every quivering soul in the patio had apprehended. And so, having functioned in a manner contrived by generous nature, the pair of skunks took up their stroll again.

Behind them they left a shambles. Curt, the bus boy, appeared from the general direction of the parking lot. He was impervious to what rode the autumnal air. Through it he marched to where Columbine and Madame and Susan Flint stood—all that remained of the group that had disported itself there so short a time ago.

"Miss Drugget, ma'am," he asked, "did you see a couple skunks? Did they come through here?"

"They did, Curt," Columbine answered faintly.

"Well, Gila Bend Mike fetched them," he said.

"What? Who?"

"The Skunk Man," Curt answered. "He fetched 'em in their cage and kind of sicked 'em onto you folks." He blushed and shuffled his feet. "And then he skedaddled."

Barbara Green emerged from her place of concealment and spoke her mind. "This," she said unmusically in her monotonous voice, "constitutes something new in the annals of warfare." She shrugged. "Hereafter we advertise all rooms equipped with gas masks."

"But who," asked Columbine despairingly, "will be here to wear them?"

Experts whose trade it was to exterminate undesirable vermin were plying their art vigorously. All that could be accomplished by spraying and the use of agreeably odoriferous chemicals was being done. Columbine was to become acquainted with the heartening fact that a basic humor is a characteristic of the American people even in this fantastic day. As they talked about the invasion, the guests commenced to see it as an experience; as an event in their lives to be related with gusto when they returned to their homes and firesides. This was not wholly spontaneous, for Barbara Green circulated busily, pointing out the more desirable features of a visitation of skunks.

"Not many," she said in her uninflected voice, "have been present when a famous saying has been demonstrated."

"What saying is that?" asked Madame Thistlebun.

"As popular," Barbara told her, "as a skunk at a lawn party."

That this latest depredation—which even Columbine was compelled to admit had certain humorous aspects—was contrived by Lucius Quentin she had no doubt. Therefore she waited with growing impatience for the arrival of Miss Stubblefield.

Though she sat at her desk next morning with details of management to attend to, she could not concentrate. Barbara came in once or twice, but found Columbine so distrait and terse that she withdrew without satisfaction. Columbine sat unhappily striving to make some alternate plan, in case Miss Stubblefield proved obdurate, but no *suitable adroitness occurred to her.* Finally she gave up trying to think and just waited.

Miss Stubblefield was prompt. Columbine drew the old lady into her private office and closed the door. Miss Stubblefield's delicate nostrils fluttered and she raised her brows inquiringly.

"A plague of skunks," Columbine said, nodding vigorously, "loosed upon us by a person called the Skunk Man."

"Well but not necessarily favorably known to all old residents," stated Miss Stubblefield. "You suspect?"

"That he acted in behalf of Mr. Quentin," Columbine said.

"I have noticed your hotel from the road, in passing," the old lady said primly, "but had no idea it was either so extensive or so attractive."

She got up and walked to the door and stood surveying the patio with its swimming pool and gay furnishings. She returned and asked penetrating questions as to the number of guests that could be accommodated, the size of the staff, the prices charged, the overhead and possible margin of profit. She asked about the remodeling operation and seemed impressed when told of the conversion of that part of the premises into shops. She wanted to be told if there was patronage of the restaurant and bar by the public. She even wanted to be informed of the amount of the annual taxes. There was no doubt that Miss Stubblefield was a qualified woman of business and amply capable of handling her own affairs.

"And do you, my dear, wholly lacking in hotel experience, believe you can operate this institution efficiently?"

"I am convinced of it, Miss Stubblefield."

"If the adroit manner in which you gained admission to my apartment yesterday is an indication of your abilities, I agree with you." At this, she smiled, and Columbine was surprised at that smile and how very charming it could be.

"Ma'am," she said in reply, "all my life I have been required to cope with the incredible astuteness of little girls. I have been required to forestall their contrivings. The practice of it has not, I flatter myself, dulled such wits as I have. If you do not, Miss Stubblefield, as Catherine Newman, aged ten, observed on a certain occasion, beat them to the punch, you dust rosin off the seat of your pants."

"I beg your pardon!" Miss Stubblefield exclaimed. Then she ceased to be amazed and smiled. "An example, I take it, of the enlarging of our language by imagery. Doubtless an excellent thing."

She sat a moment, twining and untwining her long and expressive fingers. Then she said, "I received a third communication from Mr. Quentin this morning."

"Indeed?" said Columbine.

"I made no replies to the first two. I incline to answer the third. Mr. Quentin's letters were curt. I hold the opinion that a communication from a gentleman to an elderly lady, even though it be a business letter, should exhibit a certain graciousness. There is no valid reason why dollars and cents should exclude politeness."

"I know so little of the tenets of commerce," Columbine said pedantically. "Of the usages of decorum I am better informed. Instruction in that subject was important in the curriculum of Miss Cordwainer's school."

"I," said Miss Stubblefield, "have been mulling over our conversation of yesterday. I have looked at it from all sides, considering your exigency, and, of course, my own advantage. Our family has had an inflexible rule, derived perhaps from that Mr. Astor who founded the family in this country, that we never sold a piece of land, once acquired."

"I believe," said Columbine, who read the newspapers, "that this rule no longer obtains with them."

Miss Stubblefield nodded in agreement. "No rule," she said, "can withstand the mutations of time. Do I understand that you are making me an offer for the fifteen acres of land now under discussion?"

"I am prepared to do so," Columbine said. "I have made suitable inquiries. I believe, in the circumstances, that an offer of five thousand dollars an acre is fair. Perhaps somewhat above the current market."

"Mr. Quentin, in his three letters, has asked me to set a price on that parcel of land. Do you think he would pay me five thousand dollars?"

"I do," Columbine said.

"Is it," asked Miss Stubblefield, peering at Columbine with curious intentness, "your opinion that he would pay more?"

"I believe he would do so."

"My child," said Miss Stubblefield, seemingly changing the subject, "you are, in your conversation, quaintly pedantic. Your personal appearance belies pedantry. If I may say so, Miss Drugget, you are lovely and desirable. Indeed, your appearance, in spite of your background, is chic."

"Until I came to Phoenix," confessed Columbine, "I wore all my life what amounted to a uniform. That I dress as you see me now is due to Barbara Green."

The little old lady continued to stare fixedly at Columbine. "A point that interests me," she said, "is which is the real you. The pedantic, perhaps inhibited, schoolmistress? Or the slender, lovely girl, pausing upon the threshold of life. What awaits you over that threshold, my dear? Will your future be circumscribed by dry intellect or will a youthful ardency assert itself and require you to follow the quest for happiness?"

"Miss Stubblefield," Columbine replied earnestly, "it is only most recently that I have acquired even a faint conception of the meaning of the word 'ardency.'"

"Ah," Miss Stubblefield said, her bright old eyes softening. "And having had it called to your attention, what do you think of it?"

"You may," Columbine said gravely, "think this a snap judgment. But, as Esther Jenkins, aged ten, once observed, From where I perch, it smells to me like the great-grandfather of all little red apples."

"Somewhat uncouth," Miss Stubblefield said, "but eloquent. I wish this Esther Jenkins had so advised me more than fifty years ago. I would not now be an eccentric old woman, full of whims and crankiness." She paused an instant, blinked and passed a hand over her eyes. "I would," she went on, "be a grandmother, as one of your former pupils might say, up to here in grandchildren. I have come to understand, my dear, that what leads up to grandchildren in a woman's life is worth all the vacant and improved land in the state of Arizona."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 78

1. Pa.	2. Nev.	3. W. Va.
4. Del.	5. Tenn.	6. Mont.
7. Ia.	8. Wash.	9. Ga.
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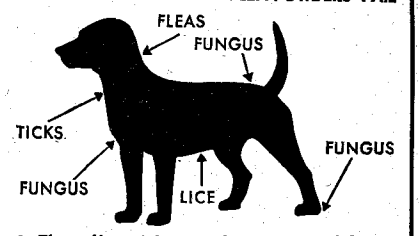

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"But—but," said Columbine worriedly, "what if he doesn't want me?"

"He?" Miss Stubblefield raised her brows. "A definite he?"

"Ma'am, as little Helen Dunn said when she begged for a puppy out of a pet-shop window, I fell for him like a ton of heart throbs!"

"Then," the old lady said, "as soon as you can spare a minute from business, set you a line of traps along every path he's apt to walk. Me, I waited passively because that was decorous. So he got away." Her eyes snapped and she smote her knee for emphasis and rather astounded Columbine. "To hell with decorum, my child. Step out and get your man."

"Yes'm," said the startled Columbine. "Yes'm. But ——"

"Business before pleasure, eh? Very well. If you will here and now give me your solemn pledge not to let a hotel, or a desire to make reprisals, or any other consideration, great or small, take your feet off the path that leads to grandchildren ——"

"Oh, yes; yes," Columbine said in a whisper.

"—— then," said Miss Stubblefield, "I'll give you the option for one dollar and other good consideration. Call your lawyer and have the paper drawn. Yes, and if you need what mother wit I have, it is available to you in your dealings with the uncouth Mr. Quentin."

"Thank you," Columbine said, without gushing protestations of gratitude—which Miss Stubblefield liked immensely. "May I call Mr. Jones now? Will you—I should love it if you will—stay to lunch with me?"

"I was hoping for an invitation. Telephone the young man."

Columbine asked for Sam Jones' number. "Mr. Jones?" she asked when connected. "This is Miss Drugget. Miss Stubblefield is here. She has agreed to give me an option on the land we talked of. I am to pay one dollar for the option. I do not wish Mr. Quentin to know it is in my name. Please have it made out in your name as Samuel Jones, trustee, or agent, or whatever the proper legal term may be." Her voice altered its businesslike tone. "If you hurry you may have lunch with us."

"You wangled an option out of that ——"

"Please, without delay. And be so good as to notify the paper that you have received this option on behalf of a client whose identity may not be disclosed."

She hung up the receiver and Miss Stubblefield clucked. "So that," she said ungrammatically, "is him?"

"How," asked Columbine, "could you tell?"

"When you spoke to him," Miss Stubblefield said, "as one of your more precocious pupils might have said, there was a bassinet in your voice."

The young lawyer arrived with his brief case sooner than might have been expected. Columbine presented him to Miss Stubblefield, who scrutinized him searchingly. She quite evidently liked what she saw, for she nodded her head jerkily a number of times and said sharply, "I overlook your staring at me so unmannerly, because I was staring at you with equal rudeness."

"I don't rate a stare," Sam said, "but you, Miss Stubblefield, qualify as a cynosure."

Columbine was businesslike—very businesslike because she was embarrassed.

"Did you bring the option?"

He withdrew the paper from his brief case and placed it on the desk. "In correct legal form. Also I notified the afternoon paper."

Miss Stubblefield read carefully the typewritten sheet and affixed her signature. "One dollar, please," she said.

"Miss Stubblefield," Sam said, when the transaction was completed, "for years, skillful negotiators have tried to induce you to sell a part of your holding. With notable lack of success. Would you mind satisfying my curiosity? How did Miss Drugget succeed where so many others have failed?"

"Because," Miss Stubblefield said in her most stately manner, "Miss Drugget presented an unanswerable argument."

"And that was?"

"She," said the old lady, "led my mind back to the time when I was twenty. Suddenly I became conscious that inflexibility is not a virtue, and that stubbornness is a thief of happiness. And besides," Miss Stubblefield said astonishingly, "she made me laugh."

"That, doubtless," said young Sam Jones, "is a cogent explanation, but I don't understand a word of it."

"How should you?" the old lady asked with raised brows. "My dear, were we not invited to luncheon?"

They lunched beside the pool, and a very pleasant meal it was, for Miss Stubblefield talked of the past, and of great men and wicked men, and of the splendors of harsher days, and of the achievements of men who did not know they were achieving, but only performing their day's work. And when, at the end, she left them, they knew that they had enjoyed a high privilege.

"Do not come with me to the door," she said at parting. "I like to feel I am still—shall we say—indestructible?" Her eyes became roguish. "I hope, children, you may find something more gracious to discuss than the intricacies of the law."

Sam Jones was earnest as he leaned across the table. "There," he said, "goes a personage."

"She," Columbine said with misty eyes, "would rather have been a commonplace grandmother."

Sam Jones lighted his postprandial cigarette and leaned back in a comfortable manner. "Columbine," he said, and she noted it was his first use of her given name, "I do not offer this as a considered legal opinion, but purely as personal observation and deduction."

"Yes?" she said.

"You," he said, "are not only a dog-gone remarkable girl, but, thrown in to boot, a blockbuster of a beauty."

"And you," she said evenly, "are quite definitely astute to be able to notice it."

"Recess is over," Sam said. "I'm called from refreshment to labor."

"You understand what comes next?" she asked.

"In a business way, yes," he said. "Otherwise I'm not so certain."

The remainder of that day was serene. Columbine found she was able now to concentrate upon details and to solve promptly such minor problems as arose. In the evening she watched Barbara Green's motion picture in the recreation room, and retired to her bed at an early hour.

She did not know how many hours had passed until she found herself wide-awake and startled. She sat up, listening with alarm. There had been a sound that should not have occurred. She sat on the edge of her bed and put on slippers, and a robe over her pajamas—unaccustomed night garments to a girl who all her life had slept in long-skirted nightgowns—and she went to her door and softly descended the stairs. She opened the door to her office and a sudden dazzling light blinded her eyes. It was followed by the shock of a blow. Then there was only unconsciousness.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"No, no raise but he told me an awfully funny story. It seems . . ."

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They Flew With Terror (Continued from Page 19)

so he could relieve the pressurized atmosphere inside the plane and vent the fumes.

He turned and shouted to King, "Gang-bar the master switches!"

This was to eliminate the chance of an electric spark that might lead to an explosion. The engineer reached up and hit the bar that controls the main electrical system. Barton reached forward and flipped up a switch marked EMERGENCY BATTERY POWER.

Several things happened at once. The lights went out. Dozens of small motors died with protesting whines. Scores of instrument needles dropped to zero. The radar scope in front of Jim Sullivan went black. Circuits to raise and lower landing flaps and landing wheels went dead. The propellers remained locked at 1900 rpm.

Even Nichols' radio report to the cell leader was nipped: "We are going off the air. We are going down ——"

The rest of the message was: "—— to ten thousand feet." But the lead plane did not hear that.

When Barton turned on the emergency circuit, batteries restored his panel lights and three basic instruments: artificial horizon, turn-and-bank indicator and directional gyro. Now Barton and his crew were alone against the night.

Paul Painter appeared at Barton's shoulder. The leak still had not been found, he reported. Though Paul King had shut all the valves, JP-4 was accumulating in lower aft. Fumes were spreading forward, rising around the edges of the floor under the pilots.

"Dump the hatches," Barton ordered. . . . "Sullivan! Give me a heading to Thule."

Painter ran back, relaying Barton's order. He seized the levers on the left rear hatch and yanked. A sudden force of wind swept inward and spun him across the deck.

Carmon worked at the hatch over the wing on the right side, but the rush of air from the left side held it shut. Squat Jimmie Ruiz lent his bulk, and the balky hatch moved half an inch. Then Pine joined them and the hatch came free.

Jim Sullivan might have been officially blameless now if he had told Barton, "I'm not sure where we are." When flying in cell, as they had been, his job was solely to follow the leader. He had simply to keep his radar set "on station," watching for other airplanes, and rely on the lead plane for position reports. But being the kind of navigator he is—he wears the prized star of a senior observer—he had fudged a little. While the cell was on its way to rendezvous, thirty-five minutes earlier, he had flicked his radar switch briefly to "ground search" and had scanned the coastline to get a bearing. Once more, only fifteen minutes before the trouble started, he had stolen another fix from a strange little stream that runs into the icy trunk of Petermann Gletscher.

Now, making a mental calculation from those fixes, he scribbled "280" on a scrap of paper and handed it to Barton. In the strange language of polar navigation, this was an approximate course in "grid" degrees toward Thule.

Now Painter and Carmon again descended to lower aft. The floor was already covered by a puddle perhaps three inches deep. The men's flashlights probed the pipes and pumps in search of the leak.

"Here it is!" Painter called.

Out of sight, on top of the last rubber coupling in the line, his knowing hand had found an X-shaped rupture about three inches across. Under the weight of the liquid load in the upper tanks, a stream was spraying against the ceiling at the rate of about fifty gallons a minute.

They knew at once that it could not be stopped. It was just upstream of the main valve. Though the lower tanks were isolated, the upper ones would inevitably drain by gravity.

And the deadly puddle was forming at the very electrical center of the airplane. If they ever turned the main power system on again there would be sparks and arcs—and an almost certain explosion.

Painter scrambled back up the ladder and hurried to Barton's side. Barely four minutes had passed since Carmon first reported the leak. Barton was still hoping that the trouble could be fixed.

Painter paused behind the commander's seat, then spoke slowly, in the drawl that marks him as a native of the Ozarks, "Ah—Captain Barton. Ah—we've got a bust in the main interconnect line. A coupling has split. We can't fix it."

"Can we get rid of the fumes?"

"Don't think so, sir. Too much JP-Four. Lower aft is filling up with it."

"Put everybody on hundred per cent oxygen. . . . Nick, you'd better go back there and see if you can do anything."

The second lieutenant wriggled out of his seat, attached a portable "walk-around" bottle to his oxygen mask and struggled aft. As he passed the overwing hatch, he half crawled, clutching fittings along the left side of the fuselage to avoid being sucked out.

With everyone in oxygen masks, conversation was now conducted in snatches. A man could pull off his mask for a few seconds, shout a phrase or a sentence, then clap the mask back on before being overcome by fumes. Nichols used this method to talk to Painter, Ruiz and Pine.

"Can we jettison the lower aft door?" he asked.

"Might, but it wouldn't get rid of all the fuel," Ruiz replied.

"Should help some!" shouted Nichols. "I'll try!" He started down the ladder.

"Wait a minute!" Painter called, grabbing his arm. "Get a chute on. When that door goes, you're liable to go with it."

Nichols snapped a chest pack to his harness, lowered himself and leaned across a tank. He was barely able to reach the door. He could get no leverage on the emergency handle. He struggled back up the ladder.

"Pack gets in my way!" he gasped. "Gonna try without it."

Painter slipped the end of a nylon rope through the back of the pilot's harness.

Now Nichols could reach the handle. He moved it leftward and upward. This is to pull two hinge pins so that the door falls outward, to be torn away by the slipstream. But it did not fall.

Nichols shoved. The door stayed fast.

Once more he struggled up the ladder and asked Painter to untie the rope. Now he was free to work to the rear of the compartment. Bracing himself by holding the interconnect pipe and a rib of the fuselage, he kicked again and again.

As Nichols emerged for the third time, his face was grim.

"No soap," he muttered.

Paul Painter, on first impression, appears a little cocky. He will fill your ear with stories of his adventures as a gunner in a B-29 over Korea. On the ground, in a uniform pressed to razor sharpness, he wears his cap jauntily over one eye as he explains the importance of his work.

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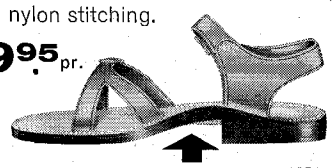

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force of personality—of anyone who ventures into this domain. "My troops," he called the little group clustered around the manhole. He smiled wryly as he spoke.

"I'll get it," he said crisply. "You troops hold the rope."

He knotted the line around his chest and wriggled down. A little taller and with longer legs than Nichols, he could reach the door more readily. He kicked it repeatedly. He pounded with his fists. He cursed. Still the door did not budge.

Finally Painter came back up, shaking his head. "It's getting deeper every minute," he said. "Let's talk to King."

The flight engineer was conversing in snatches with Barton. They were discussing the remaining gasoline supply and how much JP-4 would probably accumulate in the belly.

"How about chopping a hole down there?" Painter asked. "I bet we could drain most of it that way."

"No," King said. "That aluminum skin won't spark, but if you hit a steel nut or fitting, we'll all blow up."

Painter turned toward the rear. Nichols took one more gulp of oxygen from the walk-around bottle, disconnected it and hung it up. For some reason, he counted his breaths as he sidled around King's instrument panel toward his own seat, perhaps eight steps away.

The fuel fumes, seeping forward and up around the edge of the deck, were overpowering. At the eighth breath, Nichols' head began to spin. At the tenth breath his knees buckled. At the twelfth breath he collapsed. Groping, his fingers found the hose from his fixed oxygen outlet and fitted it to his mask.

As he regained his seat, he saw Sullivan talking to Barton. Alone, shivering at his desk, Jim Sullivan had been weighing the savvy acquired in eight months of navigating B-26's in night combat over Korea and 1500 hours of directing Military Air Transport Service Skymasters over the Atlantic between the United States, Southern Greenland and Europe.

His navigation problem this night was one of unsupported dead reckoning. He had the sketchiest of data. There was the chart of winds aloft, predicted by the weatherman at Thule. Had it not been for the two radar fixes "stolen" an hour earlier, Sullivan would have had to rely entirely on those predictions. But his fixes told him the wind was actually more southerly than forecast. This meant the plane would be drifting west of the course to Thule.

His corrected wind figures were good at 16,000 feet, he knew. Now he was at 10,000. Experience told him the wind was likely a little weaker and more easterly. Unless he could deduce this force and direction closely, they would drift farther from his planned track.

If they missed Thule they'd be over the ice-choked waters of Baffin Bay. The chances of seeing the lights of Thule were poor unless he could hit it on the nose. All around, the sky was a faint gray. They were in a layer of cloud.

Slowly, Jim Sullivan weighed all these things as he worked with numbed fingers, holding a flashlight in his left hand and a pencil in his right. He decided on an average between the predicted wind for 10,000 feet and the error he'd observed at 16,000. He plotted a point and traced a new track toward Thule.

He scribbled on another piece of paper for Barton: "At 2235 turn to 275 degrees. Estimate reach Thule at 2307."

Barton nodded. He knows the navigator's problem. Max Barton served two years as a navigator in the R.A.F. Coastal Command. He knows the awful times when a carefully calculated guess is the navigator's last hope.

Now Barton turned the wheel ever so gently and stared into the blackness. He leaned toward Nichols and spoke in bursts, clapping his mask on and off:

"Sullivan says we're thirty-two minutes from base. . . . We'll fly out the estimated time. . . . If we don't see Thule . . . we'll start a lost pattern."

This is a triangular pattern of specified size. If a ground radar operator saw this, and if they were within jet-fighter range of Thule, and if the fighter could be vectored to their unlighted craft, he might lead them home.

"What if they don't find us?" Nichols asked.

"Don't want to bail out over the bay," Barton said. . . . "We'll turn back toward the ice cap . . . go down to about five thousand . . . and keep flying inland."

Nichols nodded.

From the air, the ice cap of Greenland looks like a table top covered by wrinkled linen. Eastward from the ring of 2000-foot hills that surrounds Thule, it tilts upward to a height of about 8500 feet in 300 miles, with only an occasional mountain or wind-carved valley to break its texture. If they didn't hit one of these, they would eventually fly to a grinding crash landing. If the plane stayed right side up, most of them might survive. Then life would depend on how well they sheltered themselves from the eternal wind while Air Rescue Service searched for their 117-foot-long airplane in a 700,000-square-mile sea of ice.

Nichols pondered these facts and shuddered.

Paul Painter was at Barton's shoulder again. "The JP-Four is up over the catwalks now. Pretty near knee-deep," he reported.

Barton was silent, thinking ahead. King had told him about five tons of fuel would leak into the lower compartments.

Running loose, these five tons would become a giant snake, fighting the pilots for control of the airplane. If Barton nosed down too steeply in a landing attempt, the fuel would rush forward, overbalancing the plane. If he hauled back too steeply, trying to stall as he reached the runway, the fuel would rush back. The tail would drag, the fuselage would split, sparks would fly ——

At last he said to Painter, "We expect to reach Thule at 2307." He clapped his mask back on for a moment, then continued, "You can bail out there if you want to. . . . It will be a dangerous landing. We'll have no flaps and we won't have much power. If we drag the tail or collapse the nose wheel, we'll collect it right there. You'll have to decide for yourself. There won't be much for you ——"

Barton's head sagged and his voice trailed off. Nichols, who had been watching, leaned across and put Barton's oxygen mask back to his face.

After a few seconds, Barton breathed deeply again, raised his eyebrows in thanks; then went on, "Send the others up . . . so I can talk to them . . . one at a time."

Painter's thoughts were a whirl as he edged back past the swirl of air at the overwing hatch. *Always wanted to make a jump*, he thought with a half smile. *But not over Greenland at night.*

After talking with Barton, the men huddled again in the rear. Jimmie Ruiz, who had made ninety-six jumps as a paratrooper, was opposed. He knew the hazards of night bailouts. He'd seen men with legs broken, and worse, from landings in rough terrain.

"Well, I'm gonna go," Painter announced.

"I'm right behind you," put in Pine.

The others stood or squatted, undecided.

Ruiz spoke up, "No, I'm going to ride it down."

"It will be a dangerous landing," Painter argued. "He'll have to land hot and heavy. He won't be able to reverse props. Even if he gets it on the runway, he may run right off the end."

He turned to Carmon. "What you gonna do, boy?"

Carmon paused, grinned. "Anything you'll do, buddy, I'll do. I'm with you."

The Ozark Mountains boy and the North Carolina Negro boy grasped each other's arms for reassurance.

Jimmie Ruiz pondered, then spoke again. "O.K., Painter. If you go, I'll go."

"You don't have to worry about moving. The highway goes overhead at this point."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Then, boy, you're going!" Painter said. "You check these troops and see they've got their harnesses fitted tight and know what to do."

He worked his way forward to Sullivan's tiny desk. The navigator, the success or failure of his work now coming irrevocably under judgment, was huddled, trying to keep warm.

"You think we'll really have to bail out, then?" Sullivan asked.

At Painter's self-assured nod, Sullivan closed his eyes briefly. He was thinking and praying. He was thinking of a KC-97 that once exploded in flight—presumably because of a fuel leak. He was asking himself if there was any more he could do if they didn't find Thule. He was praying that God might tell him what to do.

"I'll go if we have to, and if the captain doesn't need me," he said at last.

Painter leaned forward to Barton. "We've got five men that want to bail out!" he shouted.

Paul King, busy at his desk, looked up. "Nobody asked me," he said.

"You want to go?" Barton asked.

"Wouldn't mind, sir, unless you need me."

"Very well, you had better plan on it. There won't be anything more for you to do if we find the base," Barton said.

"Look! There's lights!" Painter cried, gesturing out over the instrument panel.

Under a layer of thin cloud was a pale glow, well ahead and a little to the right of their course. It was Thule. All else was blackness. There is no other light like Thule for hundreds of miles.

"Fifteen or twenty miles, wouldn't you say, Nick?" Barton asked. "We'll be there in five or six minutes. . . . Get them ready back there, Painter."

"Yes, sir!"

"Now can you set up those circuits, King?"

King and Barton had worked out a last-chance gamble: They knew that if Barton got into trouble on landing, he would not be able to draw full power unless he could speed up his propellers. He would have only about 6400 horsepower instead of the 14,000 a pilot usually has to pull him out. But changing propeller pitch—approximately the same as shifting into low gear for a hill—would require re-energizing the main electrical system. Normally, that would send a surge of power through the wiring and junction boxes in the fuel-filled belly.

This, then, would leave the pilots with a choice of collecting a mountainside or perhaps blowing themselves up. Barton preferred to risk the latter course, if it came to that.

To shorten the odds for this gamble, Paul King hiked from the nose to the tail, worming into the fume-laden lower compartments and other out-of-the-way places, to find six major electrical panels and to disconnect 129 circuit breakers. He left intact only the three circuits leading to propeller-pitch controls.

Now, if all else failed, Barton or Nichols could flick on the master switch, ram the propeller controls to "High RPM" and then flick off the master switch. They might still blow up, but Paul King's planning had reduced the possible points of explosion from several hundred to a few dozen.

"O.K., now lower the landing gear!" Barton shouted to Painter.

"No!" argued King. "If you do, you'll slow down and fall right out of the sky!"

Barton weighed King's argument. The engineer had guessed the airplane's weight at 132,000 pounds. It was only a guess, because the fuel gauges were all dead. Barton was carrying maximum engine boost—thirty-six inches of pressure—to keep the giant flying.

"We may start to lose altitude," he said to King, "but it will be slowly. We can give you five or ten minutes to get out. Let's lower the gear."

Painter and Carmon, using hand cranks, let down the three big landing legs. This requires manipulating cranks and hand clutches in precise order. They did it in the dark. Though it lost about ten miles an hour, the big tanker held altitude. Barton smiled at Nichols, then started a slow descent to 5000 feet.

Looking back down the interior of the fuselage, Barton now saw what he described as a "nondenominational prayer meeting." Pine and Ruiz, the Catholics, were telling their rosaries and murmuring Hail Marys. Sullivan knelt, hands clasped and head bent. King, an Episcopalian, stood leaning against a bulkhead. Carmon and Painter, who call themselves "occasional" Protestants, embraced each other without embarrassment.

On the ground, in a "secure" room crammed with maps, telephones and radio speakers, Col. W. B. Carpenter sat, watching the clock. As deputy commander of the 4050th Air Refueling Wing, he was senior controller on duty. He had received the brief message: "Turmoil Five Four is off the air." He had had no more word for more than an hour.

A "hot-line" telephone buzzed sharply. A radar operator reported, "Unidentified aircraft, bearing one three zero degrees."

"Scramble an F-Eighty-nine," Carpenter ordered. *It may be Barton*, he thought. *The fighter can lead him down. If it isn't Barton, we damn' well want to know who it is.* He waited.

Another hot-line call. The control tower: "Parachute coming down on the ramp, sir."

"Grab him. Bring him in here."

Someone from Barton's crew? This means big trouble. Can they get out without landing in the bay? A man can live only a few minutes in that freezing water.

"Call Rescue," Carpenter snapped to an officer at his elbow. "Get a helicopter up and start looking. There are eight men on that aircraft."

A minute passed. An officer on another phone sang out, "Another parachutist, sir. Down near the old runway."

"Mark it on the map, lieutenant," said Carpenter. "With two of them, we can make a plot and figure where the rest are going."

Five thousand feet above, Barton had banked cautiously.

"How many left?" he asked Nichols.

"Just two, I think," came the answer.

Painter and Pine were the two. On the first pass over the base, Ruiz had started to climb out the hatch, but the 160-mile-an-hour slipstream threw him back into Painter's arms. The others stared, thinking he had backed out. He spoke into Painter's ear.

Barton came over the field a second time, and Nichols' flashlight signaled: "Go." Ruiz climbed up, Painter planted a firm foot in his backside and the veteran paratrooper dropped out of sight. Carmon, Sullivan and King followed quickly.

Now Pine struggled up and out. Painter grasped the hatch frame, climbed astride the sill and twisted his body. The wind caught his right shoulder and spun him outside.

"There goes that F-Eighty-nine again," Nichols told Barton. He gestured with his flashlight. "I wish he'd leave."

At just that moment, Paul Painter, tumbling through space, felt the opening shock of his blossoming parachute.

"Made," he muttered. "Got it made. It's gonna be easy now."

The chute turned lazily, and Painter's eyes (*Continued on Page 87*)

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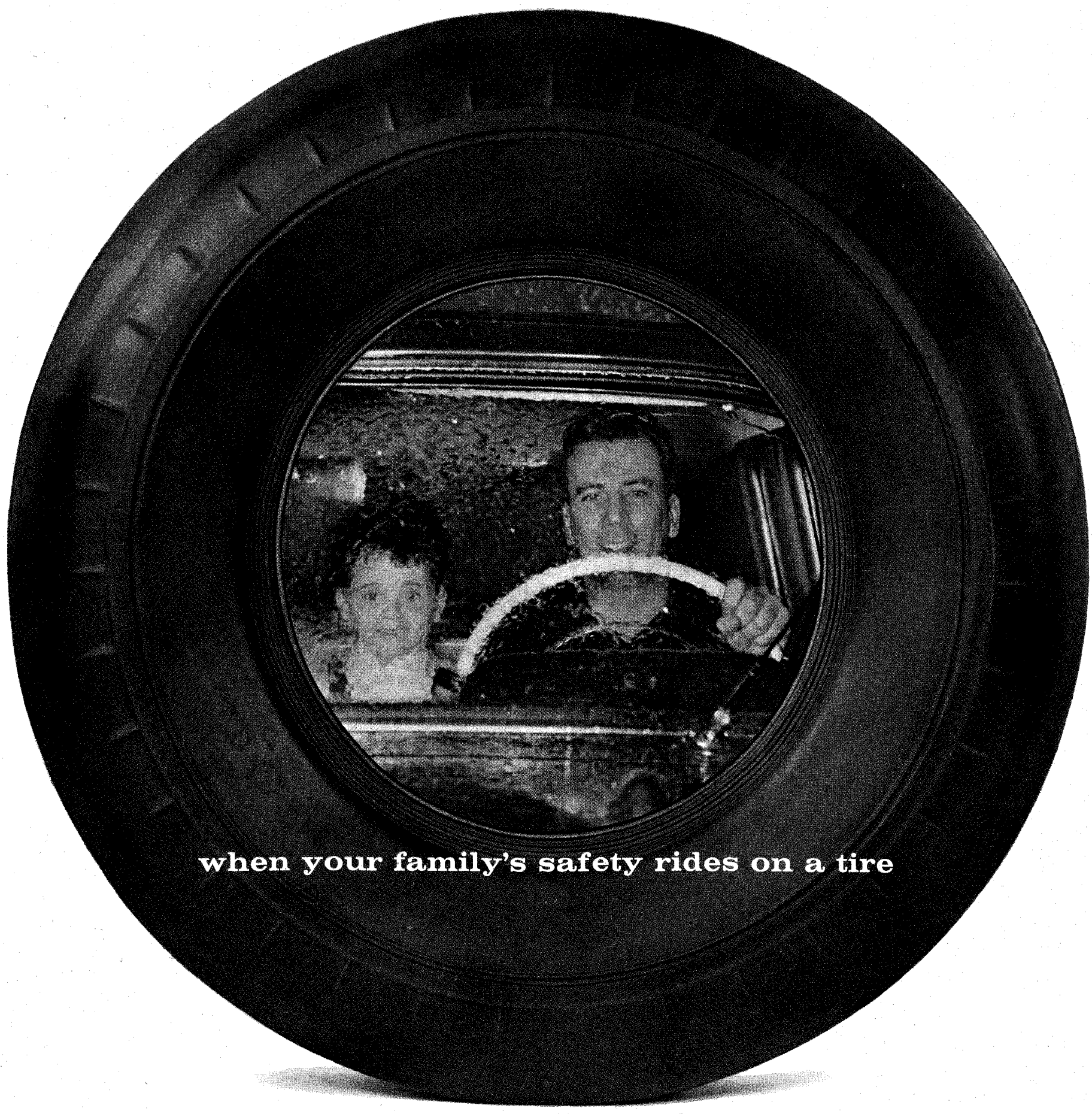

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(*Continued from Page 85*) bugged. Boring straight toward him at 300 miles an hour was the F-89. Painter fumbled frantically for his flashlight, aimed it and pressed the button quickly.

Whoo-oo-oo-om! The fighter broke off yards away, and banked past. Its backwash tossed him high, starting a collapse of his chute. Cursing, Painter climbed hand over hand up the riser cords on the lower side, trying to halt the pendulum swing. As he swung in the opposite direction, he climbed the other set of risers. Finally he brought the oscillation under control.

A thousand feet above the shaken Painter, Max Barton banked again, ever so gently, to head for Saunder Island, twelve miles out in Thule Bay. He eased back on the throttles and jockeyed the control column slightly to prevent the nose from rising and rousing the sleeping snake in the belly.

"You want to go or are you going to stay?" he asked.

"I'm going to stay if you are," Nichols answered.

"I appreciate that very much, Nick," Barton said. "Damn!"

The oath came as he saw a little red flag drop in front of his artificial horizon. The emergency circuit was going dead. Ninety minutes of lighting the cockpit and spinning four gyros had used up the storage batteries.

"Well, back to the old speedle needle and airball," Barton grinned weakly.

The speedle needle is the pilot's term for the air-speed indicator. It, thankfully, operates without electric power. The airball is a black pellet set in a curved glass tube full of oil. When centered, it shows that the airplane is in a proper bank. If it slips from the center, the plane is in a skid or slip, extremely dangerous at low altitude.

These were the only instruments Barton had left to help him maintain the correct angle in approaching the field. The ball held steady on center and the speedle needle stayed comfortingly above stalling speed.

Barton stared bleakly back down the cavernous empty black length of the tanker's deck.

Nick leaned over and patted the commander's shoulder. He knew what Barton was feeling. He felt it too. They were alone.

"Don't worry, Max," Nichols murmured in a soft voice that carried surprisingly above the weary throb of the engines.

"It's a long time since I flew a two-seater, Nick," Barton smiled back. Then both men fell silent.

Barton was thinking. His thoughts lingered on Eva Maria, his tall, blond Dutch wife, back at Westover Field, Massachusetts, with two small children and another on the way. He felt surprising reassurance because he remembered another R.A.F. pilot killed in a KC-97 crash in California. The S.A.C. Dependents' Assistance Program, a creation of the wife of Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, had taken very good care of that family, he remembered.

Now Max Barton, carrying the weight of his own nation's integrity and the professional burden of an S.A.C. aircraft commander, was riding a potential Molotov cocktail along the downwind leg at Thule. He had a million-dollar airplane and another life in his hands. He sighed deeply and stretched his six-foot-one frame in his seat. He prayed.

On the other side, Irwin Nichols twisted his five-feet-seven and hunched forward to check the manifold pressure. He, too, was praying. He is a devout Mormon, and he had often taken friendly kidding from the crew about it. No smoking or drinking for Nick. A wisecrack maybe, but no cusswords. He was suited by physique and desire for flying fighters, but he'd lost in the stiff competition for such jobs. Now through with that disappointment, he felt familiar and professional beside Max, eying the lights along the 10,000-foot runway.

Barton studied a card taped to the instrument panel and remarked conversationally, "At a hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds, we'll stall at a hundred and thirty miles an hour." He clapped his oxygen mask on again for a few breaths. Then: "Better figure a little error in that weight . . . and some turbulence when we get near the ground. . . . We'll turn on final at one sixty . . . and ease down to one forty-five crossing the hedge. . . . Watch the manifold pressure, Nick . . . want thirty-two inches to start. Don't want to be short. . . . And don't let it get below twenty inches until we're on the runway."

Nichols nodded, focusing his light on the air-speed needle. Barton made another turn, looking back toward the runway lights.

Now he faced his toughest single problem, piled atop the others: No landing flaps. These big panels, lowered by electric motors from the trailing edge, increase the area of the airplane's wing. They permit a slower landing speed—ninety miles an hour is normal for the KC-97—and give more lift if the pilot misjudges and must climb out and go around for another try.

Using flaps, the airplane takes a marked nose-down attitude. Without flaps, the approach must be quite flat. Like most pilots, Max Barton had never made a no-flaps landing in a heavy airplane. He was trying to judge an unfamiliar glide path, knowing that any error would probably mean the end of the gamble.

Rolling out once more over the island, he made his decision. He aligned the airplane with the runway on the other side of the bay.

"O.K.," he said.

He started his glide. Now they were committed. One way or another, Turmoil Five Four was coming down—in the bay, on the runway, or out against the hills.

"One-sixty-five," Nichols called out, reading the speed indicator. "Thirty-two inches of pressure. One-sixty now. One-sixty."

On the ground, fire trucks, ambulances, tow trucks and jeeps were taking positions beside the runway. Colonel Carpenter had pieced together the excited stories of Carmon and Pine. He had closed the field to all traffic and was waiting at his isolated control console to hear the results.

On a ridge southeast of the base, Jimmie Ruiz was struggling toward the lights. He could hear the plane. Mentally he braced for the bright flash and dull boom that would mean failure.

Halfway down a jagged 200-foot shoulder of North Mountain, Paul King was picking his tortured way toward the base. He had lost his gloves in the jump. His hands had been painfully cut and bruised in the roll down the mountain. A helicopter was looking for him. Its spotlight swept near, and he shouted, but was not seen. He knew it was time for Barton to land, but he could see nothing. He paused, apprehensive.

In a jeep racing toward the runway was Paul Painter. Unsurprisingly for an airman like him, he had landed near the control tower and had found a jeep rushing past. He seized a seat.

Jim Sullivan had come down in a field of jagged giant rocks. Somehow he was unhurt. He had telephoned from a warehouse and was waiting to be picked up. He, too, was silent.

"One-fifty-five," Nick was saying, between whiffs of oxygen. "One-fifty-five. One-fifty."

"Back a little on the throttles," Barton ordered.

"Coming back to thirty inches."

"A little high," Barton murmured. "We're a little high. Back a little more, Nick."

An overshoot would be as bad as an undershoot, Barton realized. The runway was covered with patches of ice and snow. Landing with 50 per cent more than normal speed, without flaps or the drag of reversed propeller pitch, he could roll or skid off the end of the strip and nose down in the rocks.

"Twenty-eight inches," Nichols said. "One hundred and forty-five miles an hour. One-forty-five."

Dimly the shoreline slipped below. A mile and a half to go.

"Hold them right there, Nick."

The air whistled past the cockpit windows. The engines beat slowly. The sixteen propeller blades, almost powerless now, seemed to be windmilling.

"We're over the fence," Barton sighed.

"One-forty. One-forty," Nick repeated. "One-thirty-five. Easy."

Squnk! The tires hit. The airplane rolled on concrete. Nichols pulled the throttles back.

"Don't change the subject."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Now ice and speed were their enemies. They were rolling at one hundred thirty-five miles an hour. Precious runway was slipping past at the rate of 197 feet per second. The nose hung high. Until the nose wheel could be firmly planted on the ground, Barton could neither steer nor brake. Unequal drag from the engines, a patch of ice or a sudden gust of wind could cause the monster to veer across the rocky infield. Slowly, firmly, Barton shoved his control column forward to lower the nose.

Nothing happened. The tail stayed low. The refueling boom rode within inches of the concrete. Three seconds passed—another 600 feet of runway gone. Were they drifting to the left?

I've goofed now, Barton thought. He sat rigid, holding the control column forward. Another two seconds, another four hundred feet. He shifted his feet on the rudder pedals, reaching for the toe brakes.

"Easy on the brakes!" Nichols shouted involuntarily. A lurch could collapse the nose-wheel strut.

At last the nose started down, grudgingly. The wheel bumped. Barton fanned the brakes with his toes. You're not supposed to use brakes when traveling over sixty miles an hour. They were going eighty-five. He braked harder.

Now the speed needle slipped down as they rushed past the midpoint of the runway. Barton gingerly turned the nose wheel to stop an incipient skid. Finally, almost suddenly, the great wounded beast slowed, its horrible momentum gone. And now they were stopped.

Headlights bounced toward them. Barton sat unmoving, his hands still gripping the wheel, his toes still on the brakes.

"Better cut the engines now?" Nichols half inquired. He shoved the mixture controls back.

Barton nodded, climbing out of his seat to stare down the forward manhole. His flashlight found a lake of fuel rippling against the lower forward door. They could go down that way, but if a hinge or latch sparked ——

"We've come this far; let's don't risk it," he mumbled, tired.

Nichols had already opened an escape window on the aircraft commander's side and tossed down a rope. He slid down fifteen feet to the runway. Barton followed. Nichols saw the brakes smoking, burning hot. A few feet away, a splattering noise of JP-4 running from pressuring vents beneath the fuselage.

The pilots walked to the rear. A fireman, uncertain whether anyone remained inside, raised his hatchet to chop open the door.

Nichols watched for a moment, then spoke mildly, tiredly, "You don't want to do that. You'll just get a bath."

He turned to see the jeep carrying Painter. The lanky boom operator rushed forward, shouting, clasping Nichols' hand.

Barton asked where the other crewmen were. They rode to the control center to help direct a helicopter to pick up Ruiz. Then they went to the hospital to see the others. Paul King sat holding his face in his raw, battered hands. He looked up, saw Barton, and burst into tears of joy.

A flight surgeon was pouring husky four-ounce shots of medicinal whisky in a row of glasses.

"Here, son," he ordered briskly. "You'd better take this. You need to relax."

Irwin Nichols, the devout little Mormon, held the glass for a moment. His fingers were trembling. Finally he tilted his head back and drank. He set the glass down and firmly refused a refill. He sat down, his head and hands hanging loosely, and thanked God. THE END

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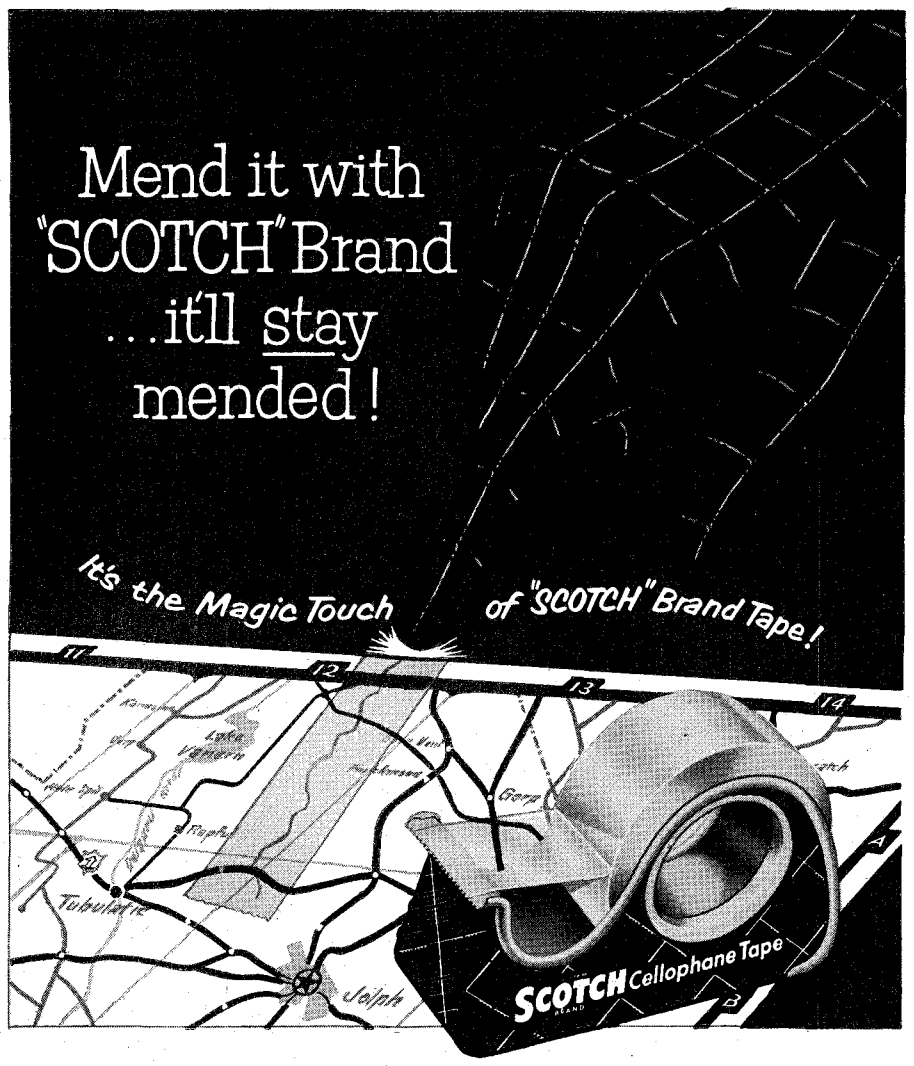

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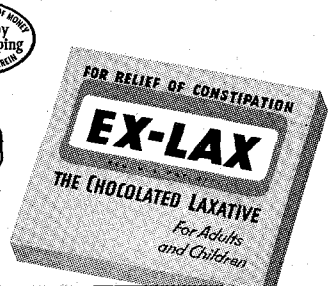

MORE FAMILIES USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

The Iron Lady (Continued from Page 20)

came from. But remember now I didn't say where I got it."

The men licked their lips and hitched closer.

"Was this source pretty far away? Did it cost you much to freight it here?"

"Didn't cost me hardly nothing."

"You say it was very rich iron?"

"About the best I ever knew."

"Was it worked out?"

"God bless you, no. It gave iron to some others who knew about it, and still does to me when I need it."

You could see victory now on their faces.

"Will you, for a consideration, general, draw us a map of the location?"

"No, I couldn't do that."

There was consternation on their faces. "Why not?"

"Because I don't think you could find it."

"That would be our risk. This iron is still in existence?"

"Well, yes, some of it. But the source has moved."

"Moved? How could it move? You said it was never worked out."

"That's true," he agreed.

He could see with enjoyment that they were completely baffled, that they thought him a queer old man. Well, maybe he was. You got queer sometimes in your eighties. Not that they gave up easily. For more than an hour they pestered and cross-examined him. In the end, like the others, they had to go without it, saying they would be back again.

He sat chuckling dryly when they had left. So they wanted to buy his iron mine? Well, they weren't the first, and likely wouldn't be the last. But never would he tell them. They wouldn't believe it had been a woman. They wouldn't understand what he was talking about. You had to live back in the 1750's to understand. Today, in the Millburn Valley, you saw mostly fields of grain and corn, with plenty of cattle, grass, fat barns and peaceful farmhouses. But then all was solid woods and swamps with thick vines running up the big butts in the bottoms, with cabins buried in the wild greenness, with alarms from the savages twice a year and waking up some morning to find your neighbors killed and their cabins burned. You might even wake up and find it done to your own folks.

That's what had happened to him, and him only eight years old. When he fought back and cried, one of the savages gave him a blow, and he remembered nothing till they shook him and threw water on him to get him going. For a week after that, it seemed, they dragged him through the forest, first a large party, then just two, tying him to one or the other of them, jerking him through bogs and runs, driving him over logs and roots. Hardly was he alive when they reached the other Indian party, waiting for them with a captive at a hemlock spring.

Never as long as he lived would he forget the sight of this unknown spot in the wilderness, with the black mountain above, the painted savage faces around the fire below, the ghastly flutter of scalps on stretchers, and sitting on the ground nearby the young white captive, Mary Harris, with her baby at her breast. She wore a gray homespun short gown, muddied and torn by the bush. Her hair was black, her face brown. She was barefoot and her legs badly scratched by roots and briers. Her state looked hopeless, and yet the way she sat there, living for herself, paying no attention to her captors or her fate, gave him the first sensation of life and hope since he was taken. He tried to run to her, but the Indian he was tied to jerked him and he fell to the ground.

He got to his feet, shaken and trembling. Had she sympathized with him a lick by word or look, his tears would have turned into a flood.

"Don't mind them; they don't know no better," she said, matter of fact.

"They killed my ma and pa!" he cried.

She made resigned noises with her tongue, like a grandmother. "Maybe your ma and pa are lucky. They don't need to go through what me and you do."

"I wish they'd 'a' killed me too."

"Oh, no, you don't," she said dully, almost flatly. "They broke in a young boy's head for cryin' a ways back. You don't wish you was him alyin' back there with his brains on a tree."

What she said sickened him. He pitied himself. To show how bad he felt, he made himself cry noisily. To his surprise, she turned her head away. He bawled and cried, but she acted as if she didn't know he was there. He called out the most pitiful things to make her feel sorry for him, so he could cry with more reason, but she might have been stone-deaf for all the notion of it she took. He found his eyes drying up despite himself. Though he tried to fetch tears again, none would come. Bitterness and hate for her rose in him instead.

"Don't you know me? I'm Ansell Sloan! They call me Andy in Black Run!" he cried at her.

He might as well have been crying to the wind. She sat calm and contained, attending her baby. That puny thing and herself were all that mattered to her. She was like an Indian herself, and next day when they moved through the woods, he watched her carry her pack of savage booty like a squaw. Not once did he hear her rebel or complain. He was only a boy, but twice with spirit he threw off the stolen horns heavy with powder they had hung around his neck. In the end, he had to carry them anyhow, along with the cuts and bruises they gave him.

Now wouldn't you reckon she'd feel for him when his captors beat him so that he would sob for a long time afterward? But hardly a word from her, except to taunt him for bawling. Then hate for her would make him stop quick enough. No sooner would they camp in the evening and the fire at dusk set him crying for home than she would mock him for it until he answered in kind.

The Indians only laughed and egged them on. This was a big joke to them, something that gave the savages pleasure—two white persons who couldn't stand together against their common enemy, but fought each other. Most always after a fight between them, the Indians treated her better and slackened her bonds.

"Injun pet! Turncoat!" he scorned her more than once, but she gave him no notice that she had heard.

For days the party had marched through the woods. Once they stopped while two of their men stole away to bring back mysterious news in their own language. Next morning the party split and the captives were left in camp under the guard of a savage they called Onchedunk. Andy cried when the Indian tied him so tight that it hurt.

"Watch out. Don't cross him," Mary Harris warned. "He's the one that massacred the other boy."

"You care more about that other boy than me!" Andy accused.

"I ought to," Mary Harris said bitterly. "He was my own Billy."

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Andy looked at her with a sudden start. He was sober now. His eyes went dry. He stared uneasily at the savage who had done it, his face painted in colors that had run in the rain so that they distorted his features. A large bunch of hair from some former scalping had been dyed bright red and fixed to the top of his head, while a piece of bright metal hung from his nose and covered much of his mouth, so that he looked like a picture of the devil.

Now how could Mary Harris let such a terrifying creature hurt her and never a whimper? He trussed her so that hardly could she hold her babe. He pulled on the knots so it must have cut into her woman's flesh. And all the time he was the one had killed and scalped her own boy before her eyes. And yet her face hardly changed. Not a complaint did she make. Then Onchedunk took his gun and left.

It wasn't long afterward when a flock of migrating birds, mostly with red-speckled breasts, swarmed into camp, picking up crumbs from around the fire. They must have taken the two bound prisoners for stumps, for they flittered close to both, and especially the young woman, chittering and chirping until finally they flew off into the woods.

"Them birds say anything to you?" Mary Harris asked when they had gone.

"Birds can't talk," the boy told her.

"Oh, they don't talk sniveling and pigeonhearted like you," she said. "Their talk was spunky and cheerful. They said, what was I doin' here? Why didn't I up and go?"

The boy looked at Mary Harris strangely. He had heard that being captured by Indians sometimes affected white minds. Now he saw her begin to inch herself and child toward the fire. When she got there, she struggled to hold her bound bare legs over the low flame. The boy watched. He saw the white ankles grow black with burn, but still she kept them there. Several times her legs tried to burst the bonds, but she had to put herself again to the fire. In the end, the rawhide snapped, but not until a long, painful time had passed. Then she moved quickly to the pile of booty. With her bare toes she pulled out a rusty ax taken from some ravaged white cabin. Holding the blade up between her feet, she bent forward and severed the thongs binding her arms.

Now wasn't it a shame that this was when Onchedunk chose to return. They heard him coming. She tried to get back where she had been, putting the broken strips of hide around her, but before she was settled, he was there. Never in his life would the boy forget the look on the returned Indian's face—a look of fierce rage that she had tried to escape. With the barrel of his gun, he gave her a blow that knocked her over on the ground. The baby screamed.

"Give um!" Onchedunk said, dropping his gun and holding out his hands for the child.

When she refused, he tore at the baby with both hands. Then she let it go sooner than see its tiny arms pulled from their sockets. Twisting his face, Onchedunk lifted it up to dash the small head against a tree. At the sight, Mary Harris sprang like a she panther. She snatched up the rusty ax and went for him. The Indian saw her coming and quickly laid down the screaming child, motioning for her to do the same with the ax.

"No, you wily snake in the grass!" she answered, and the boy had never seen her eyes so black. "You'd murder us both!"

It was doubtful if the savage understood the words, but he did her face and manner. Jerking at the hatchet in his belt with one hand, he reached for his gun with the other. Before he got hold of it, she was on him with her weapon.

"Now it's either you or us!" she cried.

The boy shut his eyes. He heard a confused series of sounds, but except for the screaming of the baby, he couldn't tell what they were. In his heart he believed that no half-starved, barefooted white woman, not even an outraged mother, could be a match for this Indian. The crying of the baby suddenly ceased. He shuddered, closing his eyes the tighter, waiting for his own end.

"You can look now. It's all over," he heard Mary Harris say. When he opened his eyes, the Indian lay on his face, and the baby was back in the arms of its mother.

"Did you kill him?" he stammered.

... ...

Potent Fluid

By Virginia Brasier

Never trust a bottle of ink!
You may think
It has only ink in it!
Be undeceived—
There's a mental kink in it!
A bottle of ink is full
Of patting-the-back and
pulling-the-wool;
Of sympathy, and
immature signatures
To birthday greetings, and
farewell scrawls!
A bottle of ink simply
crawls
With life, sane and
psychotic,
Which makes it neurotic!
That is why, sometimes, it
sprawls
Unexpected, catastrophic
and smug,
Over the breakfast table,
The best upholstery
And the rug!

... ...

"He'd 'a' took our hair, but we won't take his," she said.

"He looks so—bloody," Andy whimpered.

"How do you expect him to look?" she demanded. "You want your enemies done away with before they do away with you, but you want somebody else to do it someplace where you can't see it. Well, sometimes God Almighty puts you in a place where you got to do it your own self as best you can."

It took only a few moments to cut his thongs.

"I don't know whether to leave you or take you along," she said. "They'll likely kill you if they catch us. But they'll kill you for spite if they find you still here."

She scratched the booty pile, hunting for food. There was nothing save a doeskin bag of spoiled meal, crawling with worms, and a small piece of dried venison, dark and rock-hard. Andy tried to take a captured musket. He lifted its terrible weight.

"It's not for the puny," Mary Harris said. Barefooted, with only the hunk of venison and her child, she started off, taking to the woods instead of the path by which they had come.

"That's not the way," the boy protested.

"They won't look for us so quick in the brush," she said.

Once away from camp, freedom was almost too sweet to bear. They had escaped from the savages at last. Every wild glade looked good. A tiny stream ran across their way, and they lay down on its mossy bank to drink. Before they were on their feet they heard a savage hallooing far in the leafy reaches behind them.

"They come back and found him," Mary said grimly.

Soon the sound of a musket echoed among the hills. A little later, faintly and from a great distance, came an answer; not one shot, but two. After an interval the nearer rifle sounded again. This time Mary Harris didn't speak. Both of them knew what it meant. Whoever had returned had sounded the alarm. His distant companions had heard and answered, telling him they were on the way back and, whatever the trouble, they would soon be there to help.

The boy hurried on as best he could. He was still free, but only now did he recognize what a terrible freedom it was, a hundred and fifty miles or more in the wilderness, with no roads, just Indian paths and streams that ran as freely in Indian country as in white, and with signs that could be read only by the savages who had the country mapped out in their minds.

They kept going that day until they could no longer see. That night no painful thongs dug into the boy's flesh, but neither was there the comfort of a fire. He lay close to Mary Harris for warmth and for protection against the black unknown. Not for a minute would he have admitted it to her. He had long since learned not to try to enlist her pity. But just being with her made him feel stronger, and the closer the stronger.

At the first glimmer of light through the trees, they were off, stumbling through the fog-choked woods. As a captive he had had little concern of them missing their way. Now their lostness and vast uncertainty in the woods lay on him. But if Mary Harris felt anything, she didn't show it.

"We got sunup to foller in the morning and sunset to keep at our back in the evening. What more do you want?" she said.

Oh, she was a hard taskmaster and let him take no easy way. Once they broke out of the woods into a wild open meadow of coarse grass. It was like coming alive again for the boy, but she plunged him quick as she could into a dense forest of hemlock and pine, where it was dark even by day and the ground lay carpeted with brown needles.

"They won't track us so easy in here," she said.

More than once they came on trails in the forest, not the narrow deer paths that soon petered out. These were wider trails, plainly made by human feet. They looked inviting, a far easier road than over logs and through the brush. The boy would have gladly taken one of them, but Mary Harris would have none of one or the other.

"That's where they'd lay to jump us," she said.

It was late afternoon when they came out on the bushy, bald knob of a hill. This, they could see, was the end of the forest valley they had been traveling since they left camp. Ahead lay two valleys. They couldn't see much, just the wooded openings to each. Now which should they take? Both seemed to lead in an easterly direction. Later they were to learn that only one ran east. The other

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gradually turned and led south and back to the western wilderness and the Indians.

For a long time they stood ragged and puzzled, trying to think. Even Mary Harris seemed unable to decide. As they waited, a twittering of birds grew closer in the trees and a flock of red-speckled breasts landed in the bushes about them.

"Why, them look like those same birds that came to our camp," Mary Harris said.

As they watched, the flock, with sudden unity, took wing and flew down the left of the unknown valleys. The boy saw a look of cruel resolve come over his companion's face.

"I listened to them before and I'll listen to them again," she said, and started to follow.

It turned out to be a rough, discouraging valley, filled with obstructions that boded no good for their choice. The second afternoon the boy said he could make it no farther, not till tomorrow anyway. He was plumb worn out. He lay on his face on a drift of last year's leaves. No, he wouldn't get up any more today. Mary Harris had to lay down her child to yank him to his feet. The moment the baby was set on the ground, it started to squall. The squalling must have sounded a long way through the woods. Far off, they heard an Indian halloo, then an answer from the mountain.

At the terrible sound, the boy got to his feet quickly enough. He trembled so much that Mary Harris had to lead him to a fallen hemlock tree. They climbed its prostrate trunk until hidden in the thickest branches. Settled here for only a little while, they heard the unmistakable click of a ramrod in a rifle barrel. Then all was silent, but they knew that an Indian stood nearby, listening for the first sound to give them away.

More than once Andy had complained on the journey that he didn't care if he lived or died, if the savages got him or not. But now that one actually stood only yards away, it terrified him. Every minute he feared the baby would cry again. The smallest sound or gurgle must betray their hiding place. Hour after hour, Mary Harris sat stolidly with the child pressed tightly against her breast. It slept on, and when it awoke she nursed it. What nourishment it could find in its mother's starved body, the boy didn't know. Never had day held on so long. The savage must have gone, he thought. But when dusk fell thick on the woods, they knew he had been there all the time. Still only rods away, he uttered a terrible yell. Then they heard him leave, hallooing to his distant companion.

Before leaving the fallen tree in the morning, they had the last of the carefully treasured hunk of venison. Black, hard and tasteless as it was, Andy hated to see it go. Now nothing stood between them and starvation. That day they splashed through a swamp where the trees stood gaunt and lifeless above them and the brown stagnant water smelled of death. They chewed the tendrils of the wild grapevines for food and ate what tiny applelike fruits of the wild thorn trees they could find. Of all the country they went through, the thorn-tree thickets were the worst, whipping them, tearing their clothing to shreds, leaving long, bloody scratches on their bodies.

Wherever darkness overtook them, they spent the night, once in a region of rocks, once in a brake of rhododendrons. Hope each morning was soon succeeded by daze and exhaustion. What day of the week or month it was, neither of them had any notion. The morning after the thorn-thicket passage, the boy fell down and couldn't get up.

"You go on," he told her. "Let the Injuns get me."

"You always got to fight something in this life," she said. "If it ain't Injuns, it's something else."

"I can't fight no more," he told her.

She had to take a stick then to beat him up, like the savages did, and after that she wouldn't let him sit down.

"You're worse'n the Injuns!" he cried at her.

"Go holler and bring 'em on. You'll find out who's the worser," she told him.

"You're a devil!" he sobbed at her another time.

"You ain't seen half of me yet," she promised. "Lay down again and you'll find out."

He called her all the mean names he ever heard. Had he known she was like this, never would he have left camp with her. But nothing he said did any good. She kept driving him on. Just the same, he could tell she was weakening. Her gray dress, long whipped by the brush, hung on her in rags. Her arms and legs and face were bleeding. Next morning, through half-closed eyes, he watched her. After nursing her young one, hardly could she draw herself up by a sapling to her feet.

She can't go far any more, he kept telling himself that day. *Then we can both lay down and die together.*

Around noon he thought she was ready to give up. She had turned on him a glazed eye.

"Listen. Did you hear it?" she asked.

"Hear what?" he mumbled. "I didn't hear nothing."

"I thought I heard a hound," she muttered.

They stood for a time, but the only thing that came to their ears was the sound of the wind in the trees. Could it be she was weak and losing her mind already, hearing things like folks did when they got lost in the woods? Many times after that he noticed she stopped; just the way she stood, he could tell she was listening for the hound she thought she heard. But no voice of a dog came, and none during the night. Morning, when he looked at her, she lay like a dead person, the baby like a bundle of skin and bone in her arms. Then he saw her stir and watched as incredibly she pulled herself to her feet.

Never would they get far from this place, the boy told himself. Then they both saw what they had failed to see in the darkness when they lay down last night—what looked like a wall of logs hardly a dozen rods off in the forest. They stumbled nearer. It was an old cabin with a roof of bark and a window such as only a white man would make. The cabin stood black, fallen in and abandoned, but never did any house look so beautiful. Then, as they stood staring at it, they could hear, faint and far away through the morning mist, a sound neither of them could mistake.

"Cowbells!" Mary Harris whispered.

Before noon they reached the river. On the other side they could hear the cowbells more plainly now. To the north, blue pine smoke rose from chimneys among the trees. They took a path under the sycamores till they were across from the settlement. They saw a man fishing on the other side. When they called to him, he dropped his pole and ran. Presently they saw him come back with another man. Both carried guns. They got into a boat. Andy thought they were coming to get them, but the boat moved less than halfway across the water. Here it stopped.

"What do you want?" one of the men called.

"We belong over 'ar. We want to git across."

"You don't look white to us."

"I'm Mary Harris, from Black Run."

The two men conferred.

"You ain't her. She was took by the Indians."

"I know. I'm just agittin' back."

"You ain't Mary Harris. I knowed her. I seed her many a time."

The young woman looked down at herself. As if for the first time, she realized she was half naked, her clothes in shreds, her skin dark with blood and dirt, her hair a tangled mat. She looked forty years old.

"I'm her all right. If you come over, I can prove it."

"No, we ain't comin' nearder. You might have Indian friends in the bushes alayin' for us."

"Well, if you won't come over, I reckon I'll have to wade out to you the best I can," she said.

"No, it's too deep!" both men called, but she paid no attention. She handed the child to the boy. She warned him sternly not to let her fall. Then she stepped into the water and kept on till it reached her shoulders and threatened to engulf her head.

"Wait!" one man called. "We'll come a mite closer!"

Cautiously the boat edged toward her. Bit by bit, it grew nearer, until the boy heard an exclamation, followed by others. The boat came faster now, and he saw both men lift the dripping woman in. After that they paddled for Andy and the baby, left on the bank.

Boys must have run with the news, for the far bank swarmed with folks by the time the boat touched shore. Before they got there, the older boatman had taken off the hunting shirt that came halfway to his knees, and had given it to Mary to hide her nakedness. Now a man on horseback dismounted to let the exhausted woman ride. Against all these well-fed people, she looked little more than a skeleton, and so must he, too, the boy reckoned, for they lifted him up to ride behind her. Over and over, as the people trooped after, he heard them say how never would they have known her.

In the nearest house they put her to bed. Some of the women began pulling thorns from her feet. They counted a hundred and twelve and laid them on a piece of crockery to show. Others of the women had set to cooking. Now it began to smell good. Mary Harris and the young ones had starved a long time, but their empty bellies would get stuffed with rations now.

It was a man they called Major, in small clothes, his hair in a queue, who put a stop to it. He came stamping into the house with his cane and smelled the cookery.

"What's this?" he thundered. "You'll kill her! And the boy too! The first day you must give them nothing but whey. One spoonful at a time."

The boy hated him. Others would get the venison stew now. But he hated worse the other man who came bursting in the door after dark. All afternoon Andy had been lying on the bed beside Mary, as he had lain beside her so many nights in the woods, but never had he felt such possession and tenderness for her as now when others tried to come between them. She had fetched him out of the woods. If it hadn't been for her, he would not be here. Her face looked almost like a dead woman's on the bolster, but she needn't worry. Never would he leave her. Soon as he was bigger, he would marry and support her.

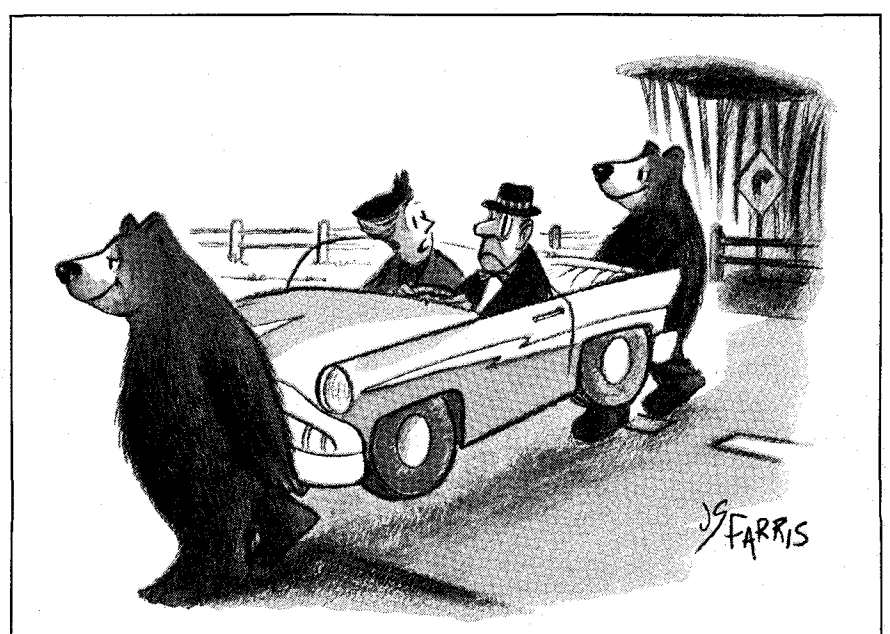
He felt outraged and affronted when this stranger came and claimed her as his wife. He hadn't even reckoned on a husband. Why couldn't the Indians have got him, like they had so many? But no, here he was putting his rough green-and-blue-linsey arm over Mary Harris' breast and her looking up at him like she had never looked at Andy.

"You leave her alone!" the boy said sharply. When some of the onlookers laughed, he turned his face away.

That laugh burned bitter inside of him. He tried to get up and go off by himself, but they wouldn't let him. All night he lay there hating Mary Harris' man. In the woods he had had her all to himself. Now he must share her with this ugly fellow.

Only Mary Harris' babe gave him comfort. The child knew him, had time for him, played with him a little, pulled and fiddled with his long hair. He looked the babe over with lackluster eyes. Anyway, she wasn't married. She wasn't tied up with any man. Should he want to, he might stake first rights to her. She wasn't much as yet, but she was something. If he couldn't have the mother, he might have the daughter—sometime on ahead when she got old enough to have a man.

The old man came back to the present with a start. Where was he? Oh, yes, here in the mansion office. Well, he did marry the daughter, didn't he? There was her picture hanging on the wall. But it was the woman in the other picture who still stirred him the most. He'd never forget her. She was the one to put iron in a man's soul. THE END



"Now what?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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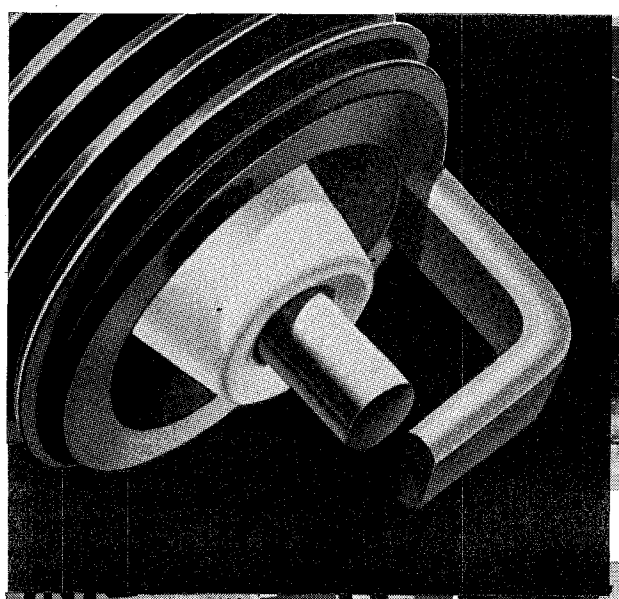

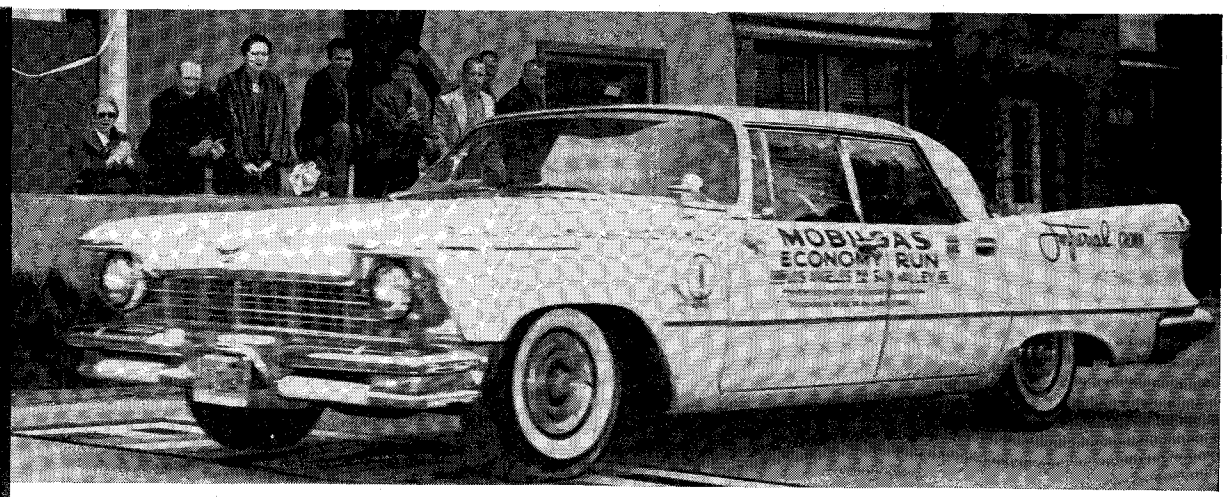

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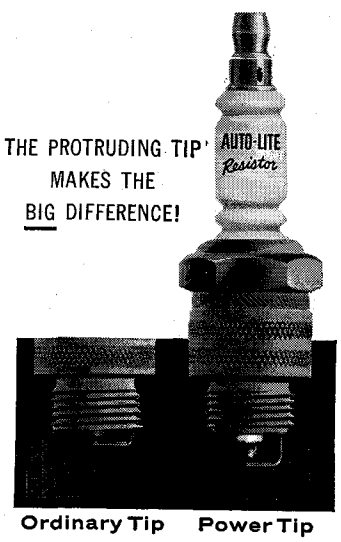

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Can We Stay Rich? (Continued from Page 22)

face of a nation and lifted 170,000,000 people to a level of living they'd never dreamed they could attain this side of Paradise.

The obvious next question, of course, was: What triggered it off? What started the great upsurge in the first place, and what kept it going? To many a thoughtful economist, the answer was: The war. The boom that began in 1946 was born in the hour that the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. At the time of the Japanese attack, America was still, in great degree, depression-minded, pessimistic and glum in its contemplation of the economic future. Mr. Roosevelt's great phrase, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," had a noble ring to it, but nobody had quite believed it. Throughout the '30's, therefore, the uneasy conviction persisted that the economy had matured, that buying power had reached its peak, that the population had stopped growing and that millions of unemployed, living at a subsistence level on Government bounty, would form the economic pattern of the future.

That spirit of listlessness, of grim foreboding, died with the war. A nation that with its allies fought and conquered two savage enemies in a conflict that spread to the ends of the earth, and fed and clothed and armed half the world while doing it, came out of victorious battle with a new concept of its own tremendous strength and power.

"Whatever the war might have cost us in lives and treasure," one economist said, "it left us one precious psychological heritage. It purged us of the old fears, the old distrusts that had haunted our forefathers. It convinced us that we had the power to shape our own destiny; that we need never be poor again, or hungry, or afraid. The brains, the money, the guts, the boldness that brought us victory in war could be employed in peacetime to shape the kind of world we wanted for ourselves and our children."

For ten years the American people have been working with the assiduity of a hive of somewhat neurotic bees to fashion that rich and comfortable environment. The figures reveal how fantastic has been their success. In 1950, midway of the great rise, the sum of all the goods and services that Americans produced stood at roughly $285,000,000,000. By spring of 1957 this Gross National Product had risen to $424,000,000,000. Disposable personal income, meaning what people had left to spend or save after they'd paid their taxes, stood at $206,000,000,000 in 1950. In 1956 it was nearly $290,000,000,000. In 1950, 59,000,000 people were at work. In January of '57, more than 62,000,000 were earning wages and salaries. In 1950, workers in manufacturing were taking home an average $59 a week in wages. In 1956 they were averaging close to $82 a week. In 1950, the nation's factories were producing 12 per cent more goods than they produced, on the average, from 1947 through 1949. By 1957 they were producing 46 per cent more.

There were, of course, a few sour notes in this happy song of unimpeded progress. A creeping inflation went along with it. The dollar in 1950 was worth about 58 cents in terms of the prewar dollar. The dollar in 1956 was worth about 50 cents when compared with the dollar before the war. Despite rising prices and taxes, however, and an increasing burden of personal debt, which was going up at a rate twice as fast as the rise in disposable income, nearly every American was better off at the beginning of 1957 than he would have been in 1947. He owed more, but he owned more. He spent more, but he made more.

Only widows and retired folk, living on pensions or savings which slowly eroded in value as the dollar dwindled, found that they had no share in the great prosperity of the past ten years. For white-collar workers whose salaries were not automatically geared to the rise in living costs, and for all teachers, it was also a difficult time. For a young man just entering on a career, however, particularly for a young college-trained engineer, it was the Golden Age. Graduating in '57 with a bachelor's degree, he could expect a starting salary of $5500 a year. If he had a master's, the average went up to $6360, and a man with a doctor's degree could go on the payroll at $8100.

It was a decade marked by great migrations, both of people and of capital. During the war, millions of civilians had traveled far from home to build ships and tanks, planes and guns; and millions of men in uniform had been shipped to the ends of the earth. Once uprooted, none of them, in peacetime, seemed to feel physical or spiritual distress at leaving the old industrial cities to find new jobs and a new way of life where factories were springing from the farm lands in the burgeoning industrial areas of the South, the Southwest and the Pacific Coast.

It was a decade of prodigious growth for some old industries, such as steel, aluminum and chemicals; and of a fierce struggle for survival by some others, such as cotton and woolen textiles, radio and the railway passenger train. It was a

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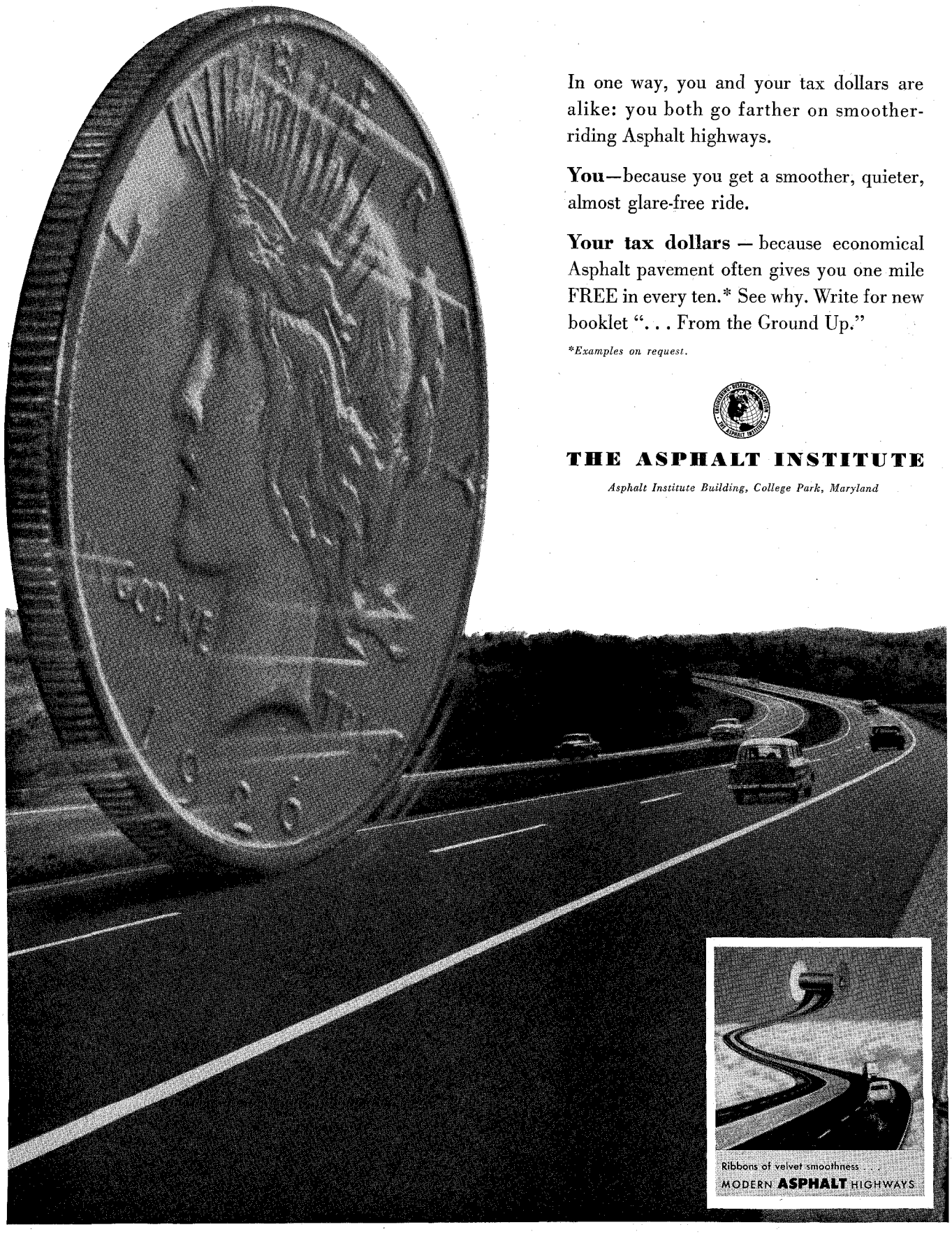

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decade of sudden flowering of great new factories, making antibiotics, plastics, synthetic fibers and electronic devices, and of huge new industries such as television. It was the age when the piston airplane began to give way to the jet, and when the days of the jet itself were numbered by the promise of the guided missile, rocket-propelled. It was the age in which men began to believe, seriously, that human beings might leave this earth and walk the face of the moon. It was the age when the power of the atom was harnessed to propel a submarine, and to search out cancers in the human body, and to preserve food, and to measure the thickness of a cigarette paper. It was a decade in which men began to rely on mammoth electronic computers to add and subtract and multiply for them, and in which they used little electric motors to raise the windows of their automobiles and to shave the whiskers off their chins.

It was an age of paradoxes. More people than ever before bought goods on the nothing-down, easy-monthly-payment plan. At the same time the discount house, selling for cash, became the merchandising phenomenon of the times. More machines took the place of men and women in clerical jobs and manufacturing, yet more people found work to do than in any other period in the nation's history. Farm lands grew up in weeds as millions of farmers moved to cities to find work in industry, yet farms continued to provide more foods and fibers than the population could eat and wear, and Government, its warehouses glutted with surpluses, paid out millions to persuade farmers to let their lands lie fallow. Cities withered at the core, but increased tremendously in population as satellite suburbs sprang up from woodlands and empty fields. It was the age of the little businessman, when anybody with a little capital could open a store, or a shop, or a factory of his own and, barring disastrous luck, prosper beyond his fondest dreaming. It was also the age of the mammoth corporations, formed when big businesses merged to create industrial titans that measured assets in billions.

This latter phenomenon, the economists say, was another psychological heritage from the war. The American people had not only lost their fear of poverty and depression, they had rid themselves of another incubus that had hagridden their forefathers. Somehow, during the decade, "bigness" lost its terrors and "Big Business" ceased to be a bad word. The trust-busting spirit died out in the populace, and the huge industrial combinations were formed with only the mildest of murmured protests from those few who still possessed a morbid dread of size.

The gigantic mergers, the economists say, did not in fact create monopoly. They created something called oligopoly, meaning a few great firms dominating an industry while competing fiercely with one another. Competing fiercely, that is, in all fields save one—that of price.

"Price competition," one banker-economist pointed out, "must be carried out with extreme caution. It can lead to reprisals, to price wars that may throw a whole industry into chaos, and ruin everybody in it. The amiable business of wooing your competitor's customers away from him must be carried on seductively and subtly. Whatever you are peddling is newer, smoother, softer, more satisfying. It's bigger, more beautiful, more powerful or more glamorous. It's rarely cheaper. Not in so many words, that is. You may imply that it costs less. But when you put a price tag on it, you make sure it's pretty close to what your competitor is charging for the same thing. If you cut his throat on price, he cuts yours, and pretty soon you both are dead."

The giving, with cash purchases, of stamps that can be hoarded and swapped later for sundry gadgets and bric-a-brac is one manifestation of price competition, indirectly applied, the economists say. So are such curious appeals to human foibles as the sale of an item for $1.25—with a fifty-cent kickback to the purchaser, in the form of a check signed personally by a television star.

In a time when big corporations, in their eagerness to expand, hungrily absorbed hundreds of their small and not-so-small competitors, many a small business thrived as a satellite, supplying goods and services to the big fellow. At the same time, thousands of vigorous and independent small firms, in their turn, grew into big businesses. The little neighborhood grocer might close his doors, unable to meet the competition of the big national chains. On the other hand, he might suddenly divide like an amoeba to become a chain operator himself. A bit of financial maneuvering much favored by big and little business alike helped make this rapid proliferation possible. A small grocer or manufacturer who could lay hands on some cash would build a new store or factory to his own specifications. Then he would sell it to an insurance company or a private investor, and rent it back on a long-term lease. This freed his original chunk of capital, enabling him to build another store or factory, and the process could be carried on as long as he could find a market for whatever he had to sell.

The economist, who studies the interplay of the subterranean, sometimes psychological, forces that may change economic patterns and living habits almost overnight, finds an absorbing story of cause and effect in the events of the past decade.

The pent-up yearnings of millions of people for the comforts and luxuries denied them during the lean years of the war, for example, stimulated the huge industrial expansion of the past few years, the economic theorists point out. The expansion of business, in its turn, created new jobs; new jobs created a heavier demand for labor; and competition for labor spurred wage increases, which, in turn, stimulated new demand. Increased demand, plus higher costs, sent prices climbing; and inflated prices brought new wage rises in those industries dominated by powerful unions, where pay was geared to living costs. The steady rise in prices and wages finally brought counterforces into play. More and more industries found themselves caught in a cost-price squeeze. Volume was rising, but profits were dropping as the margin narrowed between production costs and the price the manufacturer felt he could safely ask for in a competitive market.

The individual, too, felt the pinch of higher labor costs when he went to shop for services. The domestic servant, the yardman and gardener, the handy man, carpenter, painter, plumber and electrician had moved up into the higher wage brackets or disappeared into the industrial labor pool.

Both big business and the householder, each in his own way, found answers to this problem. Big industry turned to automation—building new factories in which iron hands, guided by electronic brains controlled by one man, did the work that hundreds of men had done before. The United Automobile Workers Union, somewhat to its surprise, found itself bargaining on behalf of brainy specialists classified as "Atomic Reactor Assembly Mechanics," "Electronic Data Processing Procedure Analysts," and "Missile Preflight Electronic Checkout Mechanics." The Electronic Data Processing Procedure Analyst was a man far removed, in skill and pay, from the old widget twister of the assembly line, who performed one simple task over and over again. The analyst's job was "to prepare machine instructions for application to an integrated electronic data-processing unit, consisting of an electrostatic memory, arithmetological unit and related peripheral equipment."

The individual adapted automation to his own needs, turning his household into a small factory, full of automatic washers, dryers, freezers, garbage grinders, and the like, thus vastly stimulating the market for durable goods. The jobs machines couldn't do for him—painting, papering and general repairs—he did, or tried to do for himself, creating a great new market for paint rollers, trowels, carpenter's tools, lathes, grinders, borers and sanders. Farsighted insurers, noticing this phenomenon, issued special Do-It-Yourself protection, accident policies that would compensate the insured for a collarbone broken when he fell off a ladder or a thumb mangled in a basement band saw.

One of America's curious sights, the economists say, is the spectacle of a $10,000-a-year executive placidly painting his own kitchen, paneling his own den or trudging over his own greensward behind a power mower. The do-it-yourself craze, of course, has caused its own counteraction. YOU DID IT YOURSELF, NOW LET US FIX IT FOR YOU, professional repairmen advertise, sardonically, in the suburban press.

Automation in big industry also set countercurrents flowing. Labor, fearing the day when the integrated electronic-data-processing unit, with its electrostatic memory, would shove the old-fashioned working stiff, jobless, into the street, began to murmur that man's only salvation might lie in the six-hour day, the four-day week.

"It is the hope of the U.A.W.," wrote Mr. James Stern, the union's automation specialist, "that social progress will match technological progress and that for the first time in modern history hours will be consciously reduced within a framework of full employment."

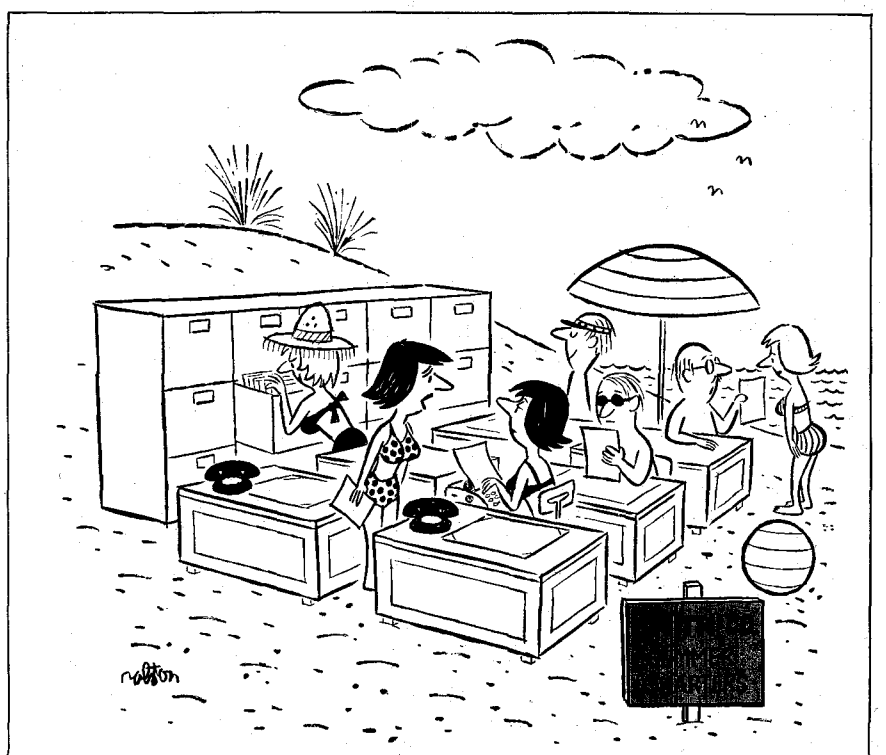
These shorter working hours, Mr. Stern pointed out in a learned article in The Antioch Review, would lead to "greater opportunities for spiritual, social, artistic and intellectual expression in America by providing for greatly increased leisure time."

Maybe so, the sociologists agree, somewhat dubiously. But it is the nature of the American to employ his leisure hours in activities that could only remotely be considered spiritual, artistic or intellectual in nature. He goes fishing, hunts, sails, swims, skis, plays golf or travels. He goes to the ball game or the races, or whiles his hours away in the corner tavern, watching the fights on television over a stein of beer.

The economists also sound a warning note. "Most of us," said one of them, broodingly, "have more leisure now than we can afford. Never before in history has the process of nonworking cost so much. Recreation is fine, both for the body and the spirit. But nothing so quickly leaves you flat financially."

Furthermore, the economists point out, the shorter work week may be impossible to attain, even under automation, if the demands of an expanding population are to be met in future years. Population is increasing faster than the labor force is expanding, and the worker of the future may be required to turn out goods and services for more nonproducers—infants and old folks—than he must provide for today. Automation may temporarily reduce employment, they admit. But if the dynamic drive of the past ten years continues, if living standards continue to rise, industry will need more, not fewer workers, and they must be far more skilled, and therefore more highly paid, than those that are now employed.

This prediction may have an ominous ring to those regions where the greatest industrial growth has taken place in the past decade. The worker of the future, the economists point out, must possess more than the manual skill to perform a simple repetitive job. He will be operating or supervising the automatic operation of complex machines that will require of him a knowledge and technical training that few workingmen yet possess. This means, the economists say, that the flow of industry to the South and Southwest may be reversed. New factories will be more likely to go to the Midwest, New England and the Pacific Coast, where the level of technical education is high and at least half of the young men entering the labor force are high-school graduates.



"It's nice but I'd still rather have two weeks' vacation with pay."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One other great change in the pattern of the past decade is almost sure to come, the economists say. The huge farm surpluses of the past will automatically disappear—eaten up by the expanding population.

"If Mr. Benson will just stick around another twenty years," one economist predicted, "he'll see his problem solved. He'll be offering bonuses for increased production, instead of paying farmers to put their land in a soil bank." This, of course, might stimulate a back-to-the-farm movement almost as great as the surge of the rural worker to the cities during the past decade.

One shift in living habits is already beginning, some economists believe. The rush to the suburbs seems to be slowing down just a little. There is a minor trickle of population—mainly elderly folk and young couples with school-age children—back to the cities, where schools, churches and shopping centers are likely to be in walking distance. The high price of cars and of gasoline has caused this, the economists say.

"It is one of those delicate adjustments the economy is always making," one theorist explained. "The automobile made suburban living possible. The rise of the suburbs, in turn, greatly stimulated the sale of automobiles. When Joe Smith moved out to his new house in the wooded hills, twelve miles from town, he naturally had to have a car to ride in to his job. His wife had to have a car at home, so she could get to the supermarket and the beauty parlor, four miles away, and to haul the kids to school, which might be a couple of miles in the other direction. Then when the kids got up to courting age, that meant a third car maybe; an old jalopy, probably, but a car nevertheless, that burned expensive gas. And Joe began to think nostalgically of the old days, when transportation meant going down to the corner and climbing on a bus."

The migration of commercial enterprises to the outlying areas also seems to have reached a crest and may be slowing down. There is evidence that we may have built more suburban supermarkets, beauty shops and filling stations than we need at the moment. The huge peripheral shopping centers are now beginning to compete with one another, instead of drawing their customers from the old established stores downtown.

City governments, spurred by frightened downtown merchants, are struggling to start the consumer tide flowing back to the central commercial districts. Broad expressways, designed to speed the flow of traffic into the heart of town, and vastly increased parking facilities are a part of this campaign. In Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and a hundred other cities, multimillion-dollar rehabilitation projects are replacing crumbling commercial areas with broad streets, parkways and new buildings. Every time the suburban dweller turns on his radio, his ears are bombarded with the persuasive voice of the huckster, telling him how easy and simple it is, now, to park and shop downtown.

How effective this campaign will be remains to be seen. There are many economists who believe that the downtown business house, particularly the old-line department store selling a multitude of items under one roof, inevitably must succumb to the competition of the smaller outlying stores. The rush to the suburbs will not be stemmed, they say, so long as families continue to grow in numbers, and when consumers move, stores must follow them or go broke. Sociologists, too, tend to the belief that Joe Smith's determination to live in the suburbs, despite transportation troubles, school problems and all the other vicissitudes of out-of-the-city living, will not diminish in our time. The command of space, they point out, has always been the distinguishing mark of the rich man, and he has always used his wealth to acquire elbowroom—the big house on the commanding knoll, surrounded by grass and trees. America's millions of Joe Smiths may not be really rich, but they feel rich, and they have sought these same satisfactions for themselves.

The whole complex picture of the American economy becomes more understandable when the economists translate their statistics into human terms, and describe what has happened to a hypothetical Joe Smith and his family over the past ten years. This, in rough outline, they say, has been the pattern of his life.

He was a soldier, sailor, airman or marine in World War II. He came out of the service with $300 mustering-out pay in his pocket, and another $100 or so in war bonds. Adding this to the $500 his wife had saved in war bonds, working during the war, gave the family, or "spending unit," liquid assets of about $900. He got his old job back, as his boss had promised, and she quit work when he came home. His pay was $2700 in the first year after the war, which meant that he might be either a foreman in a factory, a high-level clerk or salesman, or a minor executive in a business office.

He made his first impact on the economy the day after he got home. Still wearing his uniform, he went downtown to buy some clothes. He bought a suit for $45.00 and a pair of matching slacks at $12.50. He bought a pair of shoes for $8.95, a topcoat for $35.00 and five white shirts at $2.95 each. He bought a plain leather belt for $1.00 and a snap-brim felt hat for $7.50. He paid fifty-nine cents each for a half-dozen pairs of shorts, and sixty-nine cents apiece for six undershirts. He bought the T-shirt type, for in the service he'd got out of the habit of wearing the old-fashioned kind that are open under the arms—a fact that the knitting industry soon discovered. He bought three ties at a dollar each, and a dozen pairs of socks. Both ties and socks were bright in color—a subconscious reaction, perhaps, to the drab solid colors he'd worn as a G.I.

He didn't buy pajamas, for in the service he'd got in the habit of sleeping in his underwear, and it was nearly a year before his wife could break him of this habit, which somehow offended her. It also deeply grieved the pajama manufacturers, who suffered great losses of business in the first years after the war.

The next thing he wanted was a new car, for the 1939 model he was driving when he went into the service was pretty well shot by now. But new cars were hard to come by. So he bought a rebuilt engine for the '39 and had the brakes relined, and bought a new set of seat covers. The bill came to $180.00.

The baby came along in the fall of '46. The doctor's fee was $75.00, including prenatal care. The hospital room, semiprivate, cost $7.50 a day. The layette cost only $25.00, for the baby's two grandmothers came through nobly with dresses, bootees and tiny undershirts. The whole baby-garment industry, in fact, prospers because grandmothers are such prodigal spenders for baby things.

By 1947 his salary was up to $3000. He decided to buy a house, financed through the VA. It cost $8000. The war bonds he and his wife had saved took care of the $700 down payment and the title companies' fees. He financed the remaining $7300 at 4 per cent, on a twenty-year loan. It cost him $44.24 a month, principal and interest, and $12.00 for taxes and insurance—$56.24 a month in all—which was just a little more than the $55.00 he'd been paying for apartment rent. But there was another $15.00, for heat, lights, gas and water, that he hadn't been paying before.

The old furniture from the apartment looked pretty shabby in the new house. So he bought a new upholstered chair, for $69.95, and a wool-and-rayon living-room rug that cost about the same. He also bought a five-piece dinette set (a table and four chairs), at $79.95; and a bedroom suite (a bed, a vanity and a chest), at $119.50. All were made of maple. The new box springs and mattress were extra, of course. They came to $49.00.

The kitchen was pretty expensive too. The old stove from the apartment still worked all right, but with the baby's bottles to be kept cool, they needed a bigger refrigerator. It cost $229.95. A washing machine, wringer type, cost $179.95.

All these things were bought on time, and almost without knowing it, Joe Smith had settled down to carry the burden of installment debt that he would bear throughout most of his working life.

In 1948, he got another raise, to $3250, which eased the burden of carrying the monthly payments a little. By now, though, the clutch on the old car was beginning to chatter. But new cars were easier to get, so he decided to trade. Friendly Sam, the car dealer, in a burst of generosity, gave him $55.00 for his old machine and he drove out in a new sedan. It cost $1700, plus $196 finance charges and $120 insurance, a total of $2016. He financed it at $50.00 a month, with a renewable note at the end.

The new car spurs the idea of a trip. So far, he's taken his two weeks' vacation at home, puttering around the yard of the new house in his old G.I. clothes, clipping the hedge, planting flowers and watering the grass. Now he loads up his wife and baby for a visit to the grandparents, plus a four-day side trip to the beach on the way back home. Even after ten days of free-loading with the old folks, he comes home pretty broke.

Over the following years, the pattern of the Smith family's life varies only in degree. His salary rises to $3750 in 1950, to $4000 in 1951, $4300 in '52. By '53, he breaks through that barrier which, the economists say, marks the point at which a family begins to have a little money to play around with. His salary goes up to $5000. By spring of 1957 he is making $6200.

As his income rose, however, so did his wants and needs, his expenses and income taxes. In 1949, when the second baby came along, the doctor's bill, for the same services performed before, was $100 instead of $75. The semiprivate hospital room was $10.00 a day instead of $7.50. In 1950, when he replaced the old wringer washer with a new automatic machine, plus a dryer, the two gadgets came to $540.90—$30.00 a month for eighteen months. When he bought a second new car, in 1954, after driving the old one for six years and paying on it for three, the new one cost him $2100. But he got $800 on the trade-in for his old '48, which left him only $1300 to be financed. Cheered by this deal, he went down and bought his first TV, for $219.95. Not for himself, of course. But he thought it would help to keep the seven-year-old at home, who was always running across the street to watch the neighbors' television.

In '55 the third baby came along. It shocked him a little, the way the costs had risen. This time the obstetrician's bill was $150.00 and the hospital room was $15.00 a day, and even though there were blankets, and a bathinette, and a crib, and a lot of diapers left over from the two other babies, the new things for the baby cost around $40.00.

The third baby brought on another crisis too. The $8000 house was now too small. He'd have to add on a room and another bath upstairs in the unfinished attic, where the pipes and electric outlets were already in. It would mean ceiling and flooring and plastering. If he tried to do it himself, materials would cost around $700, and the results would be dubious. If he called in a contractor, it would run around $1200. Maybe he could float a three-year loan, at $38.00 a month, including interest and carrying charges.

Maybe, instead, it would be better to sell and move to that new subdivision farther out, where the houses were selling for $13,500, and the yards were big and shaded by trees, a fine place for kids to play. But that would mean a second car.

Which is where we might as well leave him—in his new house, with a new twenty-year mortgage on it, financed at 6 per cent instead of 4 per cent, with two cars now, instead of one, and three children instead of none, and a house full of gadgets, some of which he owns, some of which he'll be paying for for a long time to come.

Sometimes he wonders, glumly, how it is that he's more strapped for money, now that he's making $6200, than he was when he was making less than half of that. He is feeding, clothing and sheltering five people, of course, instead of two, and living in a far better house, in a better neighborhood, and driving more and better cars, and paying more taxes, and buying more insurance, and giving more to his church and to charity. But still and all ——

The economists can explain it fairly simply. Joe's income has risen spectacularly over the past ten years. But his wants have risen at an equal pace. And Joe's real income has not increased as much as he thinks it has. Inflation has weakened his dollars by nearly a third since 1947. Not enough, yet, really to hurt. Not enough to scare him into a nonbuying mood that could send the whole economy into a tailspin. But inflation is squeezing him as it squeezes everybody, except the speculators, in every boom. And it seems to be squeezing tighter month by month.

Joe could check it himself, of course, just by spending a little less and saving a little more. But that's hard for a man with a growing family to do. He has to have help. And one of the agencies which tries to help him is the Federal Reserve System, the great central bank that controls the nation's money supply. Next week's article, therefore, will examine the means by which the Federal fights to hold the line against inflation, while letting the level of business keep on rising, at a healthy, steady pace.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Harold Martin. The second will appear next week.

Right on My Toes

By Sibyl Krausz

Eyes glued to the highway,
I keep wide awake;
My hand's set to signal, my
foot's set to brake.
If I have my way, we'll be
safe on arriving.
It's really too bad I'm not
doing the driving.

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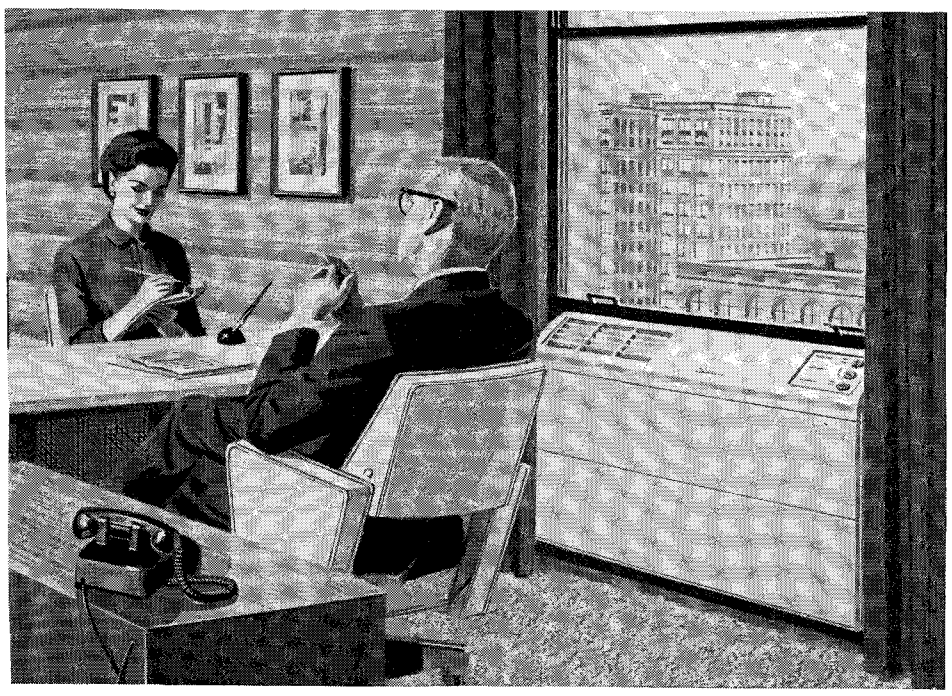

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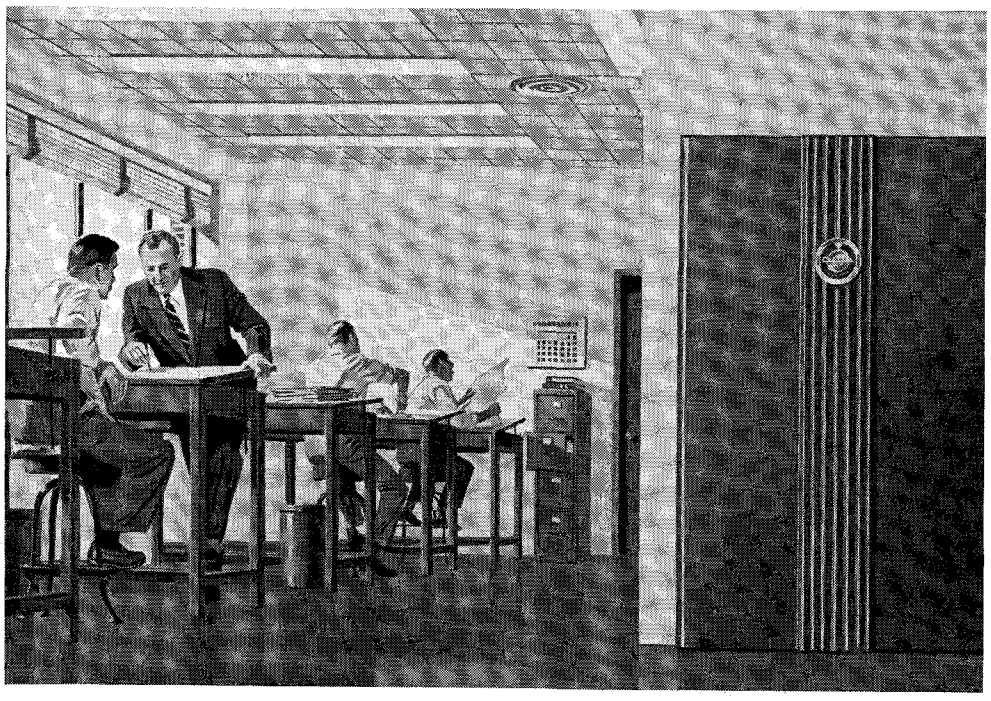

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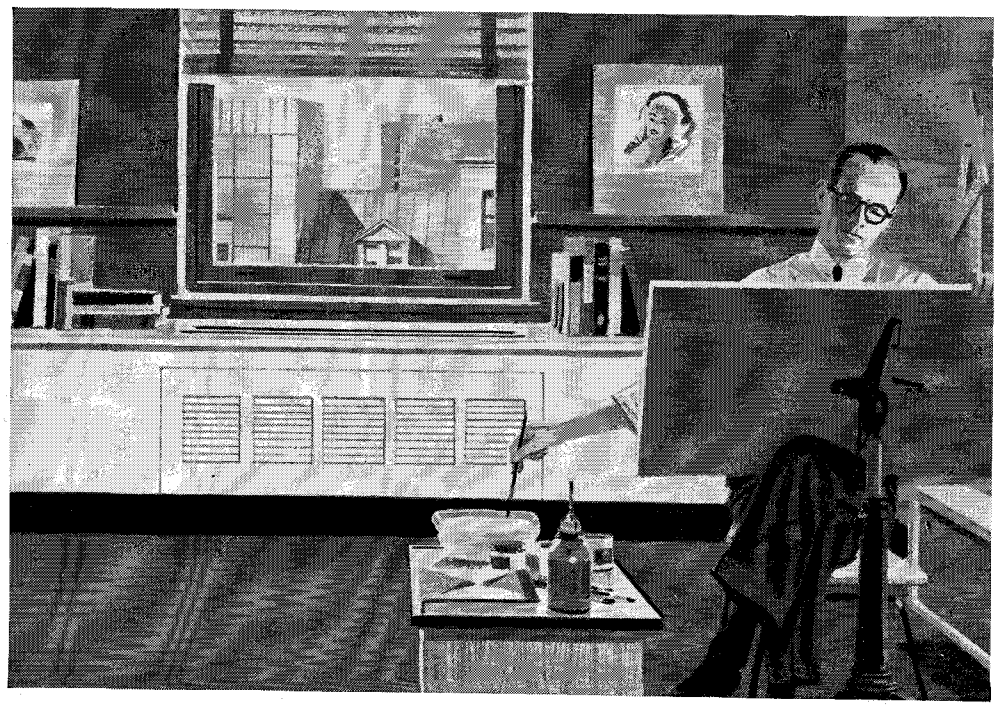

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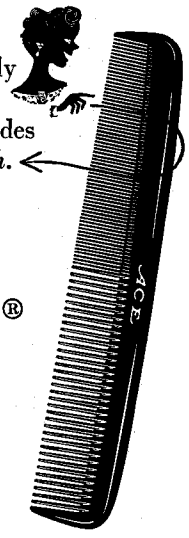

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Why Judges Can't Sleep

(Continued from Page 25)

The earnest young man went on to say that not one of his crimes had been vicious. What he sought from Judge Knudson was not so much justice as mercy.

"There is supposed to be a lot of religion in this world, your honor. If God will forgive a man—give him a chance—why can't people that believe in God do the same thing?" And he ended with a fervent plea, looking the judge straight in the eye:

"I need a break, your honor. I have got my dad in the hospital. He is dying. I made him a promise the last time I went to see him that I would straighten out and wouldn't get into any more trouble. Now, your honor, I can make you the same promise. If you give me a chance, I will give you my word I will never again appear in these courts for any crime. That's all, sir."

There was hardly a dry eye in the courtroom, Judge Knudson recalls. Even the crusty old bailiff, an ex-deputy sheriff with thirty years' experience, reached for his handkerchief. But Judge Knudson pronounced the longest sentence permitted under the law, imprisonment for a maximum of ten years.

"What the bailiff didn't know," Judge Knudson said later, "was that this appealing and plausible scoundrel had an unbroken record of offenses stretching far back into childhood."

Repeated efforts to rehabilitate him had failed. Three psychiatrists had examined him at various stages of his criminal career, and all three described him as a conscienceless, irresponsible "sociopath," a pathological liar of great cunning and dramatic skill who could bring tears to your eyes while he was picking your pocket. There could be no doubt that if left at large, he would surely continue his depredations.

"In this case I had the facts," Judge Knudson explained. "But in all too many courts, sentences must be meted out hurriedly, without adequate prior investigation, on the basis of little more information than the type of offense committed and the impression the offender happens to make on the judge. My fellow judges and I are currently sentencing offenders at the rate of more than a million a year. Our problem—and it's a crushing one—is how to sentence wisely in each of those million cases."

Judge Knudson spoke with feeling. He is one of forty-one experienced and respected jurists on the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Probation and Parole Association. This council has been meeting periodically since April, 1953, to wrestle with issues troubling to the consciences of judges everywhere. Included are local, state and Federal judges from every section of the country; their chairman is the eminent Chief Judge Bolitha J. Laws, of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia. Next week, one result of their four years of deliberation—a 112-page document entitled Guides for Sentencing—will be distributed by the N.P.P.A. to more than 5000 criminal-court judges throughout the country.

The need for such a guide was illustrated last summer when about 250 prisoners in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield staged a sit-down strike. This prison had long boasted a "club" composed of unhappy inmates whose two marks of distinction were known throughout the cell blocks: all were serving sentences far longer than those meted out to others with similar records; and all had been sentenced by the same "let's-throw-the-book-at-'em" judge. To give him his due, this judge suffered a change of heart later in his career. He did his best to secure the release on parole of men he had dealt with too sternly, but his best brought only moderate success.

Prisoners everywhere compare notes and are quick to spot sentencing disparities. They may complain of judges who let home-town boys off easy while giving terms two or three times as long to "foreigners" from neighboring counties. They may prove with pencil and paper that city judges are much tougher than their rural brethren. Many Wethersfield inmates were convinced that the color of a man's skin often affected the length of his sentence. And some Wethersfield sentences were so incomprehensible that even the most cynical prisoners could not explain them plausibly. Youthful first offenders were serving eight-to-twelve-year terms, while hardened "three-time losers" came and went after working off three-to-fives or even one-to-threes.

In some states, prisoner resentment has led to bloody riots and rebellions. Wethersfield's inmates, with exemplary self-restraint, simply sat down in the prison courtyard one evening last July and announced that they'd stay there until their grievances had been heard.

"We expected the usual gripes about food, discipline and overcrowding," Connecticut's Chief Justice Patrick B. O'Sullivan told us. "But when we talked with the prisoners we discovered that what concerned them most was justice."

O'Sullivan was chairman of a committee appointed by Gov. Abraham Ribicoff to investigate the strike. One case especially distressed him. A young convict alleged that the sentencing judge had said, "I'm giving you three-to-ten, but that isn't as tough as it sounds. With time off for good behavior, you'll be out on parole in two years and a half or so."

The convict's behavior had been excellent. Two years passed, then three, and then four, but no parole came through.

"We learned," says Chief Justice O'Sullivan, "that the judge really had intended a relatively short term. But the laws governing length of imprisonment and the parole rules which govern release were so vague and complex that the judge had misconstrued the effect of the sentence he was handing down. It's hardly surprising that this prisoner became one of the ringleaders in the sit-down strike."

Disparities of sentence plague our Federal courts too. The United States District Court for the Northern District of Indiana, for example, imposed terms of imprisonment averaging 46.9 months last year, as compared with terms averaging 8.6 months for the United States District Court in Vermont.

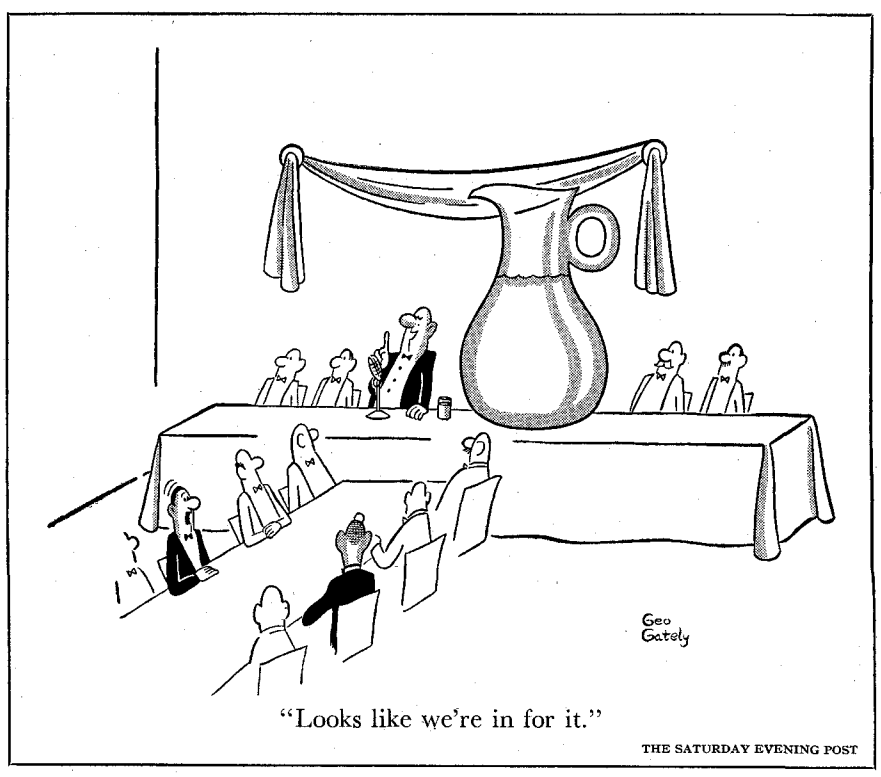
In New Hampshire, 84.2 per cent of Federal offenders were not imprisoned at all, but were supervised in the community under the guidance of probation officers. In Western Tennessee, only 8.5 per cent of Federal offenders were placed on probation.

In Chicago, Judge William J. Campbell and Judge Win G. Knoch sit on the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois. Both are honorable men, dispensing justice as they see it. Both frequently sentence car thieves and joy riders who have transported stolen vehicles across state lines. But there the resemblance ends. Offenders fortunate enough to be assigned to Judge Campbell last year received terms averaging nine months for interstate transportation of stolen vehicles, while the losers sentenced by Judge Knoch received terms averaging three times as long.

Nor was Judge Knoch exceptionally harsh. Down in Oklahoma, Federal Judge Royce H. Savage was handing out terms averaging more than four years and three months for violations of the same law in the same year. Judge Savage's offenders must have a lot to talk about when they meet Judge Campbell's men in Federal prison later on.

One judge on the N.P.P.A. Advisory Council summed up the sentencing problem for us:

"When determining guilt or innocence, our courts are scrupulous in the extreme. A judge may spend a week or more hearing the case of one person. If he errs in the slightest particular, his ruling may be appealed to a higher court. But when the moment of sentencing comes, most safeguards vanish. Men who have pleaded guilty may parade past the bench to have their fates determined at the rate of forty or fifty a day, during whatever time the judge can spare from the trying of cases and other pressing duties. The judge may be guided by hunch or influenced by his mood at the moment, yet there is no appeal from his sentence on the ground that it is too harsh or too lenient."



"Looks like we're in for it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The results dismay Chief Justice Irving Ben Cooper, of New York City's Court of Special Sessions, who is chairman of the section on criminal law of the Advisory Council of Judges. "There can be little doubt," he says, "that many men are locked up unnecessarily while many more are unwisely turned loose. Sentences haphazardly arrived at contribute much to the rising tide of crime and to periodic prison disturbances."

Such considerations led the late Gov. Alfred E. Smith, of New York State, a generation ago to urge that the power of sentencing be taken from judges and lodged in a board of experts trained in criminology, psychology and social work. Similar proposals have been made at intervals since. But to Will C. Turnbladh, the head of the N.P.P.A. and the moving spirit behind its Advisory Council of Judges, a much less radical solution seems preferable. Turnbladh, a six-foot Minnesotan of Scandinavian parentage, is both a lawyer and a trained social worker. Twenty of his forty-five years have been spent serving judges as probation officer, as administrator and as consultant in nearly forty states. Few men have so broad an understanding of how criminal justice is being dispensed throughout the country.

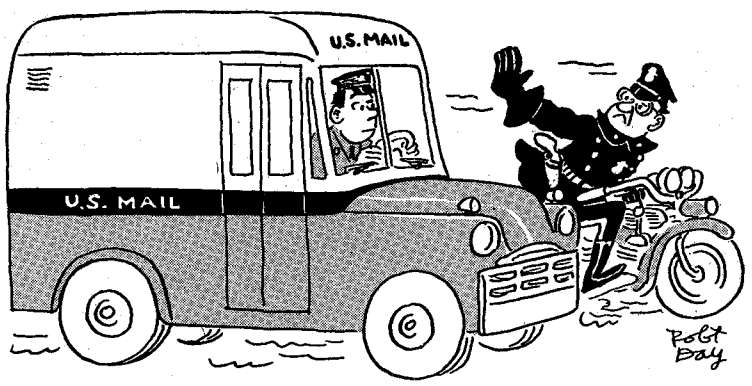
"The men who are losing the most sleep over judicial problems," Turnbladh told the N.P.P.A. trustees, "are our conscientious judges themselves. Why not call them in, seat them around a table and let them bring to bear the wisdom they've been accumulating on the actual firing line of justice?"

Turnbladh's suggestion was enthusiastically endorsed. Funds for the project were provided by the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, and on April 2, 1953, judges of the most varied backgrounds, personalities and philosophies assembled in New York City. They've been meeting periodically ever since, and the results have outstripped even Will Turnbladh's expectations. "I've never worked with a more industrious crew," he told us.

The council grappled with many basic issues: how to brief new juvenile-court judges on the vast differences between informal juvenile procedures and the orthodox rules of law; how to give law students and lawyers in criminal practice deeper insights into criminology; how to achieve co-operation between judges and community leaders to prevent delinquency.

The vagaries of judicial sentencing ranked high on its agenda, and an Advisory Council member, Associate Justice Amos N. Blandin, Jr., of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, told us why.

"Under the criminal codes of an earlier century," he explained, "a judge could find the appropriate sentence for each offense just by looking it up in a lawbook." Unendurable injustices resulted. A burglar who broke into a house with felonious intent ten minutes after sundown was more harshly punished than a man who broke in ten minutes before sundown. A thief apprehended while climbing in through an open window got off easier than one caught climbing out of the same window with a loaf of bread



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Rupert, while making his appointed rounds in his United States mail truck, was arrested for driving without a state driver's license.

At the trial, Rupert's lawyer waxed indignant. "If 'neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night' can stop the U. S. mails," he argued, "surely the state driver's license bureau shouldn't be permitted to do so."

"You're confusing the issue," state counsel replied. "The driver's-license law is a traffic safety measure which everyone must obey. Rupert can take the mail wherever he wishes, but until he qualifies for a driver's license, he'll have to carry it on his back."

If you were the judge, would you halt Rupert until he obtained a license?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rupert kept driving. The court held that while mail carriers must comply with state speed and right-of-way laws, a state attempt to impose *its driving qualifications on them* interferes unduly with the Federal Government. It "requires qualifications in addition to those that the Government has pronounced sufficient," *the court objected.*

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under his shirt. Young and old were punished alike.

Eventually common sense prevailed. Suspended sentences, indeterminate sentences, probation and other devices were introduced to give a judge elbowroom. Judges were urged to fit the penalty to the offender as well as to his offense.

"The merits of the newer sentencing philosophy," Justice Blandin said, "were vividly brought home to me one morning when I was called upon to sentence two men in succession." The first man had stolen seven dollars. If treated in the traditional way, he would no doubt have gone free after a few days in jail or the workhouse. Yet his criminal record of twenty-nine offenses included forgeries, thefts, assault and battery, and rape. "Thanks to the wide discretion now vested in a judge," Justice Blandin told us, "I was able to put this clearly dangerous criminal away for seven years despite the inconsequential value of his loot."

The next man up had stolen $3000, a felony punishable by many years in prison. Once again discretion was called for. Here was a respected citizen of unblemished record, whose wife was dying of an incurable and costly disease. The husband had used up all his resources in a frantic effort to make her last months bearable. The $3000 had lain right under his nose day after day in the office where he worked; he didn't touch it until all alternatives seemed exhausted. And he had suffered deeply from the disgrace of his arrest and arraignment. He got probation.

"He paid back every cent," Justice Blandin recalled, "and lived on thereafter in excellent repute."

Chief Justice Cooper agrees that judicial discretion is essential. "But how can you expect a judge to use his discretion wisely when he lacks the information he needs? During my first ten years as associate justice in New York's Court of Special Sessions, I must have dealt with more than a hundred thousand offenders—a couple of hundred each week. I had time to learn little more than the offenders' names, sex, age and personal appearance at the moment, plus the legal labels attached to their offenses, past and current.

"I shudder to think"—and his voice fell—"how many errors must have occurred. Throughout those harrowing years, we judges fought unsuccessfully to procure the facilities we needed. We hoped that we could someday develop a sentencing method of which we could all be proud." And he concluded, "The forthcoming Guides for Sentencing embodies just such a method."

The broadest judicial discretion, says the new guide, must remain the cornerstone of sentencing. Each sentence must be tailored to the particular offender. But this tailoring must be accompanied by adequate safeguards. For example:

A judge should explain to the offender at the moment of sentencing just why the sentence has been selected. Otherwise, "resentment of what appears to him to be unequal sentencing" may leave him contemptuous of law and filled with a vindictiveness that hampers his rehabilitation.

Judges should meet more often, to discuss frankly among themselves and with probation officers and prosecuting attorneys the basic routines of sentencing and the avoidance of sentencing paradoxes.

A sentencing judge should visit, on occasion, the institutions to which he can commit offenders. "This experience makes him familiar with each institution's programs, facilities and limitations, enabling him to learn what benefits, if any, can be derived from imprisonment." Some judges sentence offenders year after year to institutions in which they themselves have never set foot.

The N.P.P.A. Advisory Council considered with some concern the judicial custom of imposing harsher sentences on those who demand trial than on those who plead guilty. In many courts men who insist on a trial are invariably denied probation, and in some they may be sentenced to additional years of imprisonment for putting the judge and the prosecuting attorney to so much trouble.

A survey of forty-three Ohio counties not long ago revealed that fewer than one offender in ten was given probation following a trial. But nearly half of those who pleaded guilty got probation. A few months ago, a defendant who pleaded guilty in Massachusetts was given twenty years for murder. It was the same murder for which an earlier defendant, erroneously convicted after insisting upon his innocence, was already serving a life sentence.

Detailed recommendations are no doubt helpful, but they miss the heart of the matter. Guides for Sentencing accordingly stresses a central principle increasingly recognized in theory but repeatedly breached in practice: No judge should sentence an offender without a thorough presentence investigation, or "P.I."

This P.I. report, the guide goes on to say, should be prepared for the judge by his probation officer. It should "disclose to the judge both the favorable and unfavorable influences at work in the defendant's personality and circumstances, in order that choice of sentence may be as wise and enlightened as the predictability of human nature permits."

The probation officer writes up his P.I. after asking the police and social agencies, parents, teachers, employers, relatives, clergymen, physicians and others who know the defendant, as well as the defendant himself, such questions as these:

Does this man understand the implications of what he has done? Does he have a sense of guilt about his misconduct? Is he likely to repeat the offense?

Was he influenced by others or was he the leader?

Was the offense committed as the result of unusual circumstances or rather as part of an established behavior pattern? What was the motive?

What of his physical and mental condition? Does he require treatment for either?

What kind of school and employment record does he have? What of his family background, his friends, his church activities, his social life?

The role of the probation officer in sentencing is too little understood, says Judge Alfred P. Murrah, of Oklahoma City, who sits in the United States Court of Appeals for the Tenth Circuit. "Most laymen think of him as a sort of plain-clothes policeman who rides herd on offenders. Actually, he has two functions. He's the right-hand man of the judge in assembling fact and insights before sentencing, and he provides guidance and supervision to offenders placed on probation. Both roles are essential to justice."

Judge Richard J. Hughes, of the New Jersey Superior Court in Elizabeth, believes that erratic judicial sentencing is frequently due to an understaffed probation department. He noted that a recent N.P.P.A. survey of the courts in his state had shown 215 probation officers available to do the work of 500. An officer devoting all his time to preparing P.I.'s for a judge can complete ten or fifteen per month; some New Jersey officers were preparing twenty-five or thirty, in whatever time they could spare from supervising men on probation. Often such a P.I. must be based on a phone call or two, plus a hurried chat with the offender.

Yet New Jersey, despite its shortcomings, is considerably above average in this respect. Guides for Sentencing remarks that American courts need an estimated 40,000 probation officers to insure the dispensing of justice; only about 9000 are at work.

Lack of an adequate probation staff affects sentencing in a second way. When a judge makes the critical choice between probation and imprisonment, he must consider the quality of supervision available. A man who must be locked up in one state can safely be given probation in another where there is better supervision. New Hampshire's experience is typical. Back in 1937, its state prison held more than 300 inmates. Then a statewide probation system was installed; judges learned how much sound supervision can accomplish, and the prison population gradually fell to 167. Since then, probation officers have become greatly overburdened. As a result, judges are becoming distrustful of probation, and the prison is filling up again.

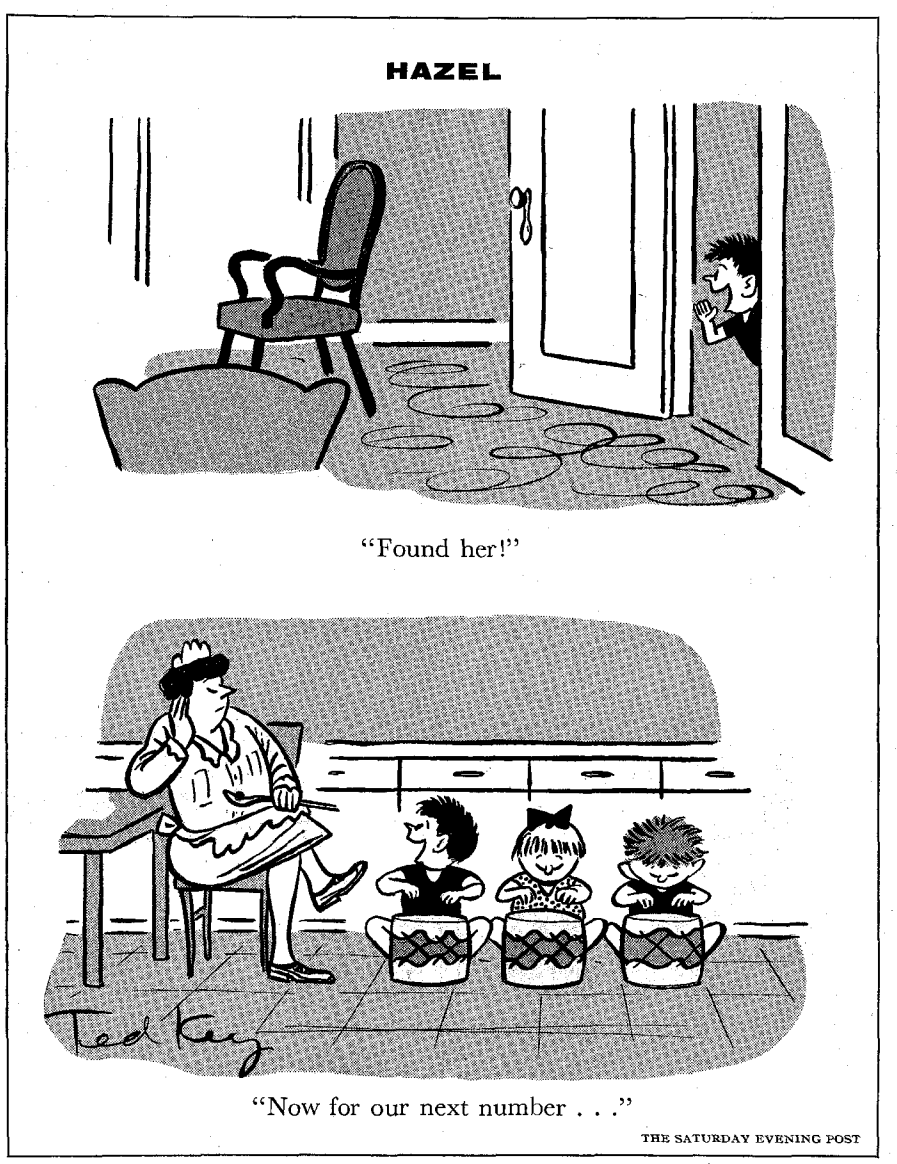
Probation costs money, of course, about $50 for a thorough P.I. and $150 a year for adequate probation supervision. But as Guides for Sentencing points out, imprisonment costs much more—about ten times as much in places where rehabilitation is attempted.

Though the current situation is grim, the judges we talked with were optimistic. Here and there across the country, they report, sentencing procedures are being improved. In Connecticut, for example, a new system has been installed to provide judges throughout the state with the probation services they need. A new state law requires that a P.I. be completed before sentencing for any offense in which the penalty may be a year or more. And at Chief Justice O'Sullivan's urgent request, the state legislature on May twentieth passed a measure which will give Connecticut offenders the right to have sentences which they deem excessive reviewed by a panel of three other trial judges. A similar law already exists in Massachusetts, and United States Court of Appeals Judge Simon E. Sobeloff, of Baltimore, has been urging that a right to judicial review of sentences be established in the Federal courts.

In New York City, Irving Ben Cooper was promoted to Chief Justice after ten years on the bench. The city administration has now given him what he previously lacked: the beginnings of a sound probation system. The trained men Chief Justice Cooper has assembled have made his Court of Special Sessions a model for other jurisdictions.

In New Jersey, reforms are coming so fast it's hard to keep up with them. County judges throughout the state, for example, spend several days each year visiting penal institutions. A judge must state his reasons in writing before sentencing a man to imprisonment. Last year, Judge Hughes, in Union County, campaigned to have his probation budget doubled, and won; his arguments were based squarely on data from the Advisory Council.

Chief Judge Laws, the council's chairman, summed up both the need and the hope. "Whenever it is discovered," he told us, "that even one innocent man has been convicted and imprisoned in error, the conscience of the nation is shocked. Yet injustice just as grave can result from sentencing a man unwisely as from convicting him unjustly. Guides for Sentencing is designed to make our courts' sentences as worthy of respect as their verdicts. Let's hope it is read and pondered by every criminal-court judge in the land." THE END



"Found her!"

"Now for our next number . . ."

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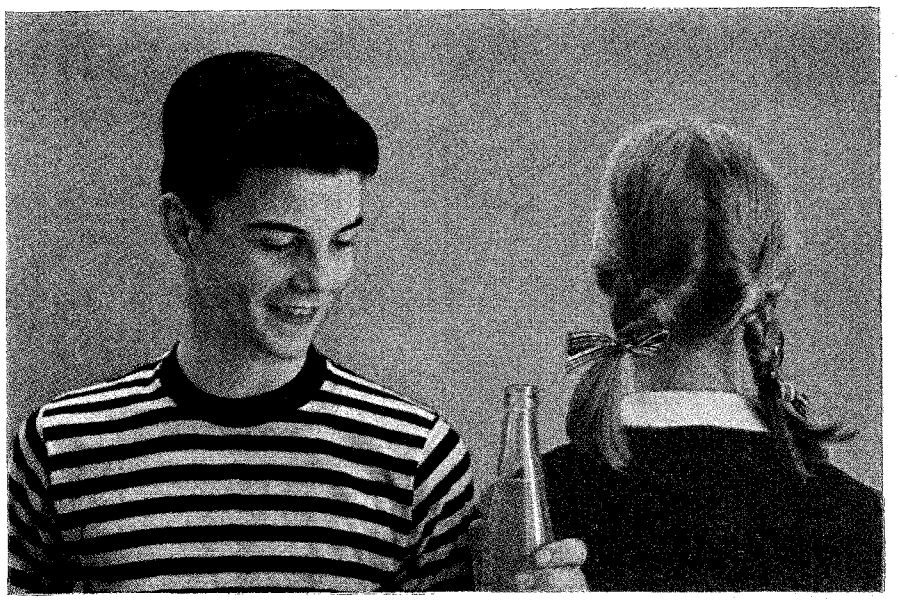

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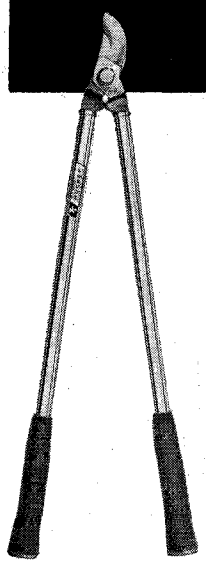

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Keeping Posted

Mr. Mowat Gets More Owls

Farley Mowat, owl, Sandy Mowat.

Farley Mowat, who with his wife and son lives in a log cabin built by himself near Palgrave, Ontario, sent this hysterical telegram one day: "Ship me two secretaries prepaid immediately blondes preferred." Remember his delicious article, PALS OF MY CHILDHOOD, April 13th Post, about two great horned owls that lived hilariously, and sometimes otherwise, in his boyhood home? Mowat needed the blondes not only to answer several hundred letters that poured in from multiple provinces, states and foreign climes, but to answer some of them *fast*. Example: a South African gentleman proposed to send two young hyenas to broaden Mowat's experience in housebreaking Nature's creatures. The frightened author strove to head off the hyenas by air mail, "but I live in daily dread that they'll come anyway out of sheer kindness." A South American reader who may ship a brace of live eagle owls to comfort the author is also dreaded.

A Californian sent Mowat a life-size wood carving of an owl as a wooden epitaph to the deceased birds of his childhood. Somebody else for some reason sent him a rubber ostrich. "When a New Yorker shipped a moth-eaten stuffed snowy owl, I explained to Customs that snowies are Canadian citizens and this one should be repatriated." And a Massachusetts artist's imaginative gift painting of the former Mowat family circle, complete with owls, will be used to promote his next book, The Dog Who Wouldn't Be (Little, Brown; out in August), containing the owl piece and similar reminiscences.

Late Bulletin: Mowat wins a Governor General's Award for best Canadian juvenile book of '56—Lost in the Barrens. Flash: Horned owls have nested outside Mowat's cabin and he's terrified that they will adopt him.

Footnotes to Two Pages

Page 20—Pulitzer-prize winner **Conrad Richter** reaped some nice reviews with his new novel, The Lady, which emerged from the Knopf presses recently. People who enjoyed its Post serialization this March and April were happy about it too.

Page 31—**John Reese's** Post novelette, Frontier Frenzy (Oct. 30, '54), heads into movie production this month—C. V. Whitney for Warners release. They're keeping the same title, so far, and the star is John Wayne's son, Patrick.

Speed Demons of Independence Square

Cliff Farrell, right, and his family circle.

Cliff Farrell, of Venice, California, recalls, "One day I was talking in a hotel with your associate editor Stuart Rose, who had come west with a blacksnake whip to stir writers like me to earn a living." This was on a Tuesday. Farrell had recently finished a novel and he told Rose that his New York agent had written him the previous Thursday that it had just been sent to the Post. He remarked, tensely, that at that very moment maybe editor Ben Hibbs was buying it. So at that very moment—honestly—the hotel phone rang and Farrell's wife emotionally read a telegram about his first Post serial being bought, see page 36. "Thursday to Tuesday," Farrell marvels. "Supersonic speed, that's what!" He's an old hand at the excitement of selling words (Post short stories since '41), yet he remembers virtually nothing that he and Rose said after that phone call.

Father's Day in Auckland

When **Laurence Murphy,** of Auckland, New Zealand, came home one evening, his wife and four teen-age children deferentially opened the door, took his hat and coat, led him to his chair and put on his slippers. So he became highly suspicious. But he felt better when they gave him a letter (preopened) about selling the words on page 24. He is another Post newcomer, but an oldcomer to magazines down under. From his last letter: "I am thirty-nine and my grandson has one tooth."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Were Trapped by Radioactive Fallout"

Dr. John Clark (above) tells for the first time the chilling story of how he and eight other top scientists were trapped 20 miles from ground zero when the biggest H-bomb of all went off.

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